

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

OCTOBER

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Address
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The famous MOONGLO name stands for guaranteed full value, real, genuine products. It always pays to use the best, and that is what you will find in the Cosmetic Combination advertised here. Add these ELEVEN essential items to your toilet group.

The finest quality. Full size containers. Ample quantity. If you were to buy these separately at retail prices, you would probably have to pay \$10.95 for them.

As an introduction we will mail this complete beauty outfit to the first 2500 Screenland Readers who ask for it for only 97c plus postage. We cannot guarantee any more sets.

**THESE WOULD COST AT LEAST \$10.95
IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY
AT MARKED RETAIL PRICES**

Be one of the lucky 2500. You will be proud of possessing these aids to beauty. Let nothing stop you from sending your order today. Time is the essence of all things, and you might lose the chance to get this wonderful combination at the bargain price, unless you act at once.

DON'T WAIT. We may never again be able to repeat this offer. Each toilet article is well worth more than the 97 cents you will pay for ALL OF THEM.

Send no money—just fill in coupon and mail NOW. If you do not want to cut the coupon just send a letter or postcard. But do it now.

Moonglo Products Co., Dept. SC, 303 Fourth Ave., New York

CHANDU..He Lives on the Screen!

The sensational CHANDU, The Magician, greatest of all radio mystery thrillers NOW on the screen—thanks to Fox Film. Millions have sat spellbound, listening to the exploits of daring of this super magic maker—NOW you can both see and hear and CHILL with CHANDU and his further adventures in this marvelous Fox Film.



CHANDU

THE MAGICIAN

WITH

EDMUND LOWE

IRENE • BELA • HENRY B.
WARE • LUGOSI • WALTHALL

DIRECTED BY MARCEL VARNEL AND
WILLIAM C. MENZIES

A F O X P I C T U R E

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

October, 1932

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXV, No. 6

KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD!

WHEN the talk turns to movie matters—as it's sure to do sooner or later—and someone asks, "Is it true that Garbo's new contract calls for \$15,000 a week?" or "When will Clara Bow make her come-back film?" you'll want to be the first to answer—and to add the latest gossip hot from Hollywood! You'll find it in SCREENLAND—this month—and every month. Watch our gossip pages for your screen news. Read our feature stories, every one with a fresh, novel slant. Look at our pictures of stars—all posed especially and originally. SCREENLAND brings Hollywood home to you.

May we present Mr. James M. Fidler, our Hollywood reporter? He's young and handsome enough to be a screen juvenile, but he prefers writing. Hollywood knows him and likes him—and how he knows his Hollywood and his stars! You'll enjoy his stories in SCREENLAND—you can depend upon Fidler for the genuine inside stuff.



He has Hollywood's private phone numbers!

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HAROLD LLOYD

in

"MOVIE CRAZY"

with

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

Happiness for Millions Everywhere! . . .
Entertainment for Everybody! . . . You'll
laugh and forget your troubles! . . . the
King of Comedy at his Very Best! . . . Fresh,
fast, gloriously funny! . . . See it - - - sure!

A Paramount Release

Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR,

PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Roses and Razzes

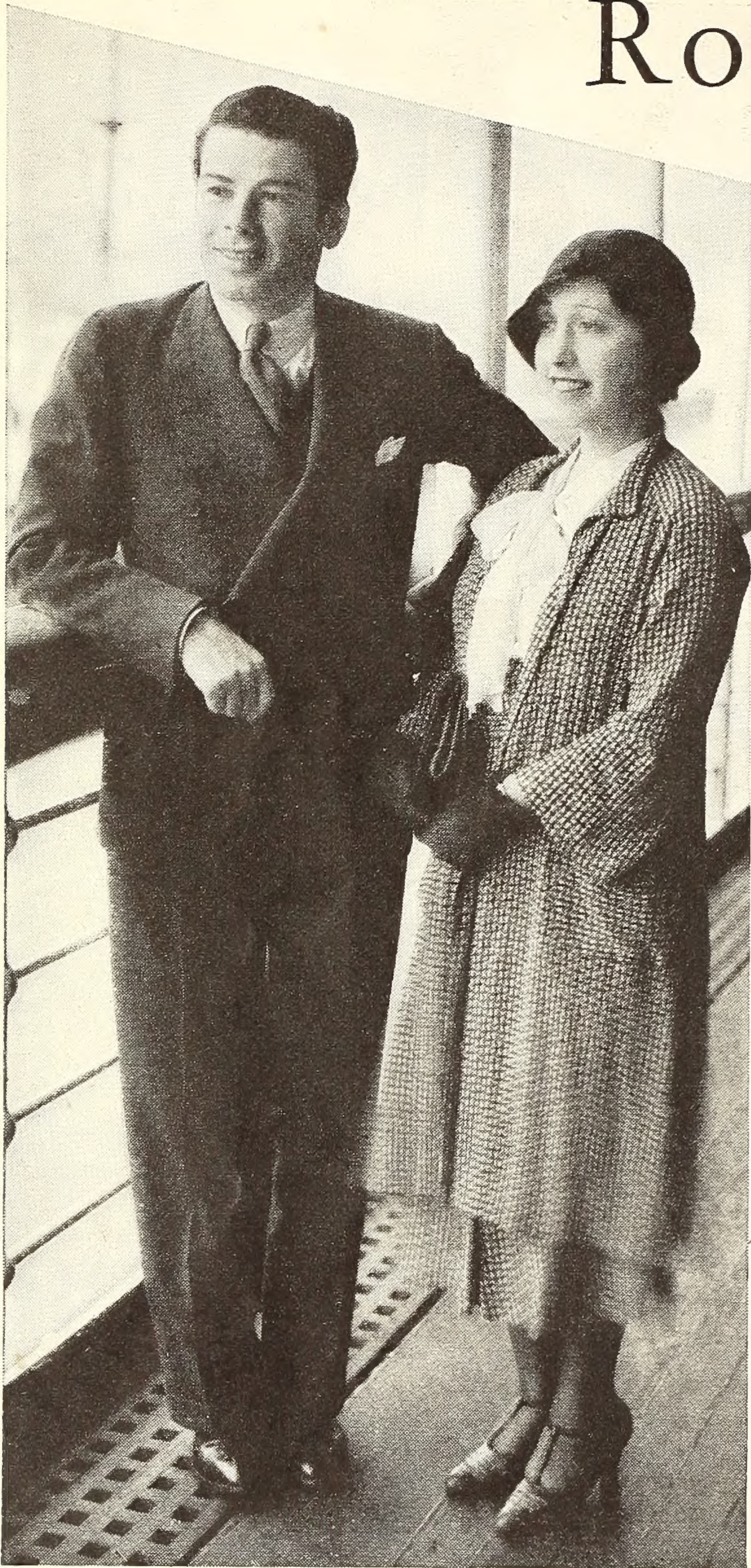
What Price "Movie Morons" Now?

What do you say, Hollywood—can you live up to your audience? SCREENLAND is proud of the letters from our readers this month. No longer need the movies apologize for the mentality of their audience. For, liberally sprinkled among that audience, there are dyed-in-the-wool fans who are also intelligent and cultivated readers of the classics of literature, and who take enough interest both in their movies and in their literature to offer cogent suggestions for widening the appeal of one through the medium of the other.

When such modern masterpieces as "An American Tragedy," "Arrow-smith," and "Strange Interlude" came to the screen we received many shouts of applause from our readers. Now one fan suggests going back to Thackeray with "Vanity Fair." Another calls loudly for Dickens, Hugo, Brontë.

Will Hollywood give us a literary festival on the screen? Movie fans—at least those who have been writing to SCREENLAND—seem ready for it!

We have with us this month another choice sprinkling of bouquets for deserving actors. But there are bumps as well as boosts—roses as well as razzes. Join in the discussion, whether you come to bury or to praise—but write constructively. Keep your letters within 150 words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Roses and Razzes, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York. And don't forget about those prizes—\$20, \$10, \$5 and \$5 respectively for the four best letters.



An actor to the marrow! Here's Paul "Scarface" Muni with his wife, Bella. Muni, who disclaims any romantic appeal, has won the widespread popularity which our mail indicates is his, solely on his merits as an actor. Watch for him in "I'm A Fugitive."

understand a word she said. All those different modulations of the voice, so distracting and confusing, helped make a weak story even weaker!

How about passing a law limiting each picture to one accent?

Katharine W. Herbert,
4 Bayard Street,
Larchmont, N. Y.

JOCULAR JABS À LA OETTINGER!

(Third Prize Letter—\$5)

Ramon Novarro: Sir Galahad with his halo cocked over one eye.

Clark Gable: Markham's "Man With a Hoe" in evening clothes.

Constance Bennett: Little girl in big sister's best dress trying to look just too bored with it all.

Marlene Dietrich: Mechanical doll giving the illusion of beauty, which someone forgot to wind up.

Lew Ayres: Rodin's "The Thinker" walking in his sleep.

Ronald Colman: Swift and darkly dangerous water, three inches deep. Baffling reserve, concealing—nothing!

Richard Barthelmess: The perennial college boy. Everlasting youth, too whimsical for words.

Irene M. Woodruff,
26 Monument Square,
Charlestown, Mass

SCREENLAND'S Readers Speak!

ATTENTION, MR. PRODUCERS! (First Prize Letter—\$20)

There seems to be a great demand for talkie versions of such classics as "Les Miserables," "The Three Musketeers," and so on. This idea is all right, but why not a little experimentation and pioneering? First there is Charlotte Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." This hauntingly beautiful romance against a background of stark moor country would be a grand vehicle for Garbo and Gable. In place of "Oliver Twist" I would vote for "Barnaby Rudge," Dickens' tale of the Gordon riots. Then there is Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," a much better thing to my mind than either "Les Miserables" or "Notre Dame."

All in favor say "Aye." Then go to your nearest movie cathedral and see and hear Mickey Mouse or Krazy Kat in

"Strangers May Kiss—But Who Cares?"

Frank Tully,
20 New Street,
Danbury, Conn.

OH, THOSE ACCENTS! (Second Prize Letter—\$10)

Well, the flesh may be weak, but the accents are the things that are driving me to distraction! I don't mind a few accents here and there, but in Robert Montgomery's picture, "But the Flesh is Weak," there were three different accents! That's too many for one picture. First there was Montgomery's "American" accent; then there was the English accent; and on top of all that the heroine spoke in an accent which she claimed was Viennese. I have no doubt it was Viennese, but I couldn't

PAGE MR. THACKERAY!

(Fourth Prize Letter—\$5)

Miss Sidney Fox as *Becky Sharp* in "Vanity Fair!" There is a combination to make frazzled movie addicts sit up!

"Vanity Fair" has everything but bootleggers and machine guns. It does not need those. Sex, war, love, insanity, social scramble, gambling and gold digging (to mention a few) should be enough for anybody.

And if the rôle of *Rebecca* does not fasten little Sidney Fox firmly to the Milky Way of Hollywood stars, I shall do something desperate like—well, swearing off the movies!

Give an excellent little actress a break in a part that should bring her the Motion Picture Academy award. Make another "Grand Hotel" of "Vanity Fair," with Miss Sidney Fox.

A. J. Paar,
6843 Clyde Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 13)



BACK STREET

Fannie Hurst's
POWERFUL HUMAN
STORY IMMORTALIZED
ON THE SCREEN

**Waiting—always waiting
—in the shadows of the
back streets . . . longing
for the man she loves . . .
asking nothing, receiv-
ing nothing—yet content
to sacrifice all for him.**

IRENE DUNNE
LEADING WOMAN OF
"CIMARRON"

with

JOHN BOLES
LEADING MAN OF "SEED"

Directed by **JOHN STAHL**

WHY?

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ASK ME!

Try to keep up with Jean! Will she be a red-head in "Ritz Bar" or a platinum-top in "Red Dust," a story of Soviet Russia with John Gilbert? Probably the latter—anyway, we're watching!

You're asking about Jean Harlow, Janet Gaynor, many other favorites this month—and Miss Vee Dee is answering you!

Ivan M. Hot-cha Harlow is this month's rave winner. Everybody is talking about Platinum Blonde Jean's tremendous hit in "Red - Headed Woman." Her real name is Harlean Carpenter. She was born in Kansas City on March 3, 1911. Jean is five feet three inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and her eyes are a grayish-greenish blue—yes they are, too! Jean recently married Paul Bern, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive. You'll probably see La Harlow next in "Red Dust," with John Gilbert. And that's not all—Anita Loos is writing a story especially for this Original Platinum Blonde called, "Ritz Bar"—and besides that, Jean is scheduled to do "Lulu Belle," the sensational stage play in which Lenore Ulrich starred on Broadway.

Gaynor Fan. Janet has been hitting the high spots with the fans to rank high in these columns again. In "The First Year" you'll see a new Janet with new bob, new grown-up manner, and everything, but, after all, the same smile. Janet was born Oct. 6, 1907, in Philadelphia, Pa. A trifle over 5 feet, she weighs 100 pounds and has golden brown hair and brown eyes. At the beginning of her screen career she played extra rôles for six months and was then cast for the lead in a two-reel comedy. This was the beginning of her success which led to the never-to-be-forgotten rôle of Diane in "Seventh Heaven" with Charles Farrell. She has played in "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Pigs," "The Johnstown Flood," "Two Girls Wanted," "Christina," "Street Angel," "Sunrise," "Four Devils," "Lucky Star," "Man Who Came Back," "Merely Mary Ann," "High Society Blues," "Delicious," and "Daddy Long Legs." Janet was married on Sept. 11, 1929, to Lydell Peck. (And still married!)

Mr. J. P. S. I believe George Arliss, as the pianist in "Man Who Played God," played Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. "A Successful Calamity" is the latest Arliss opus. Mary Astor is the screen wife and Evalyn Knapp plays the daughter of Mr. Arliss.

Roberta K. In "The Guardsman" Lynn Fontanne played a Chopin nocturne, I think. If you love Chopin as Lynn did, just what nocturne was it? You want to know if Fredric March actually played the organ in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? Roberta, you do ask the most embarrassing questions! Your favorite, Fredric March, is to appear with Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Thru." Freddie's wife, Florence Eldridge, is in the cast of "Thirteen Women" with Irene Dunne and Myrna Loy, along with ten other femme players.

Cuban Boy. Your letters are charming. Line up, Cuban Boy, for the class in weights and measures of your favorite stars. Ruth Chatterton is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds; her eyes are blue and hair is brown. Norma Shearer has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Charlotte Greenwood,

the big cut-up, is 5 feet 9½ inches tall, weighs 140 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Marie Dressler, whose name is a household word, is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs around 200 pounds, and has brown hair and green eyes.

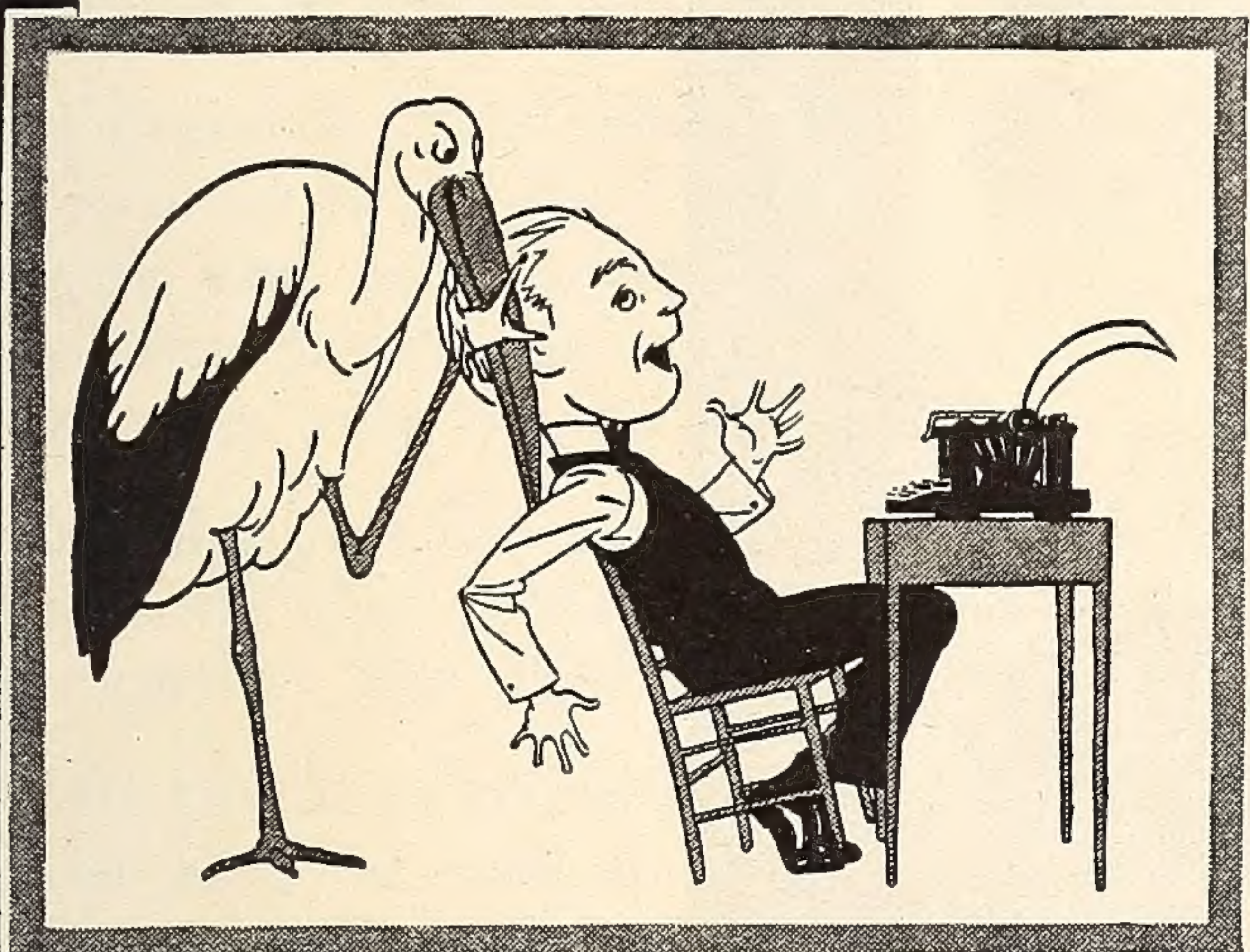
Helen C. Little Dorothy Jordan is neither Russian nor Scandinavian, but a real American, born in Clarksville, Tenn., on August 9, 1910. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 100 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She made her professional début in musical comedy and entered pictures in January, 1929. Her next release is "The Cabin in the Cotton" with Richard Barthelmess. Loretta Young and Sally Eilers are not sisters. Loretta has two sisters in pictures, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

Clarence W. You want to be a Western (Continued on page 92)

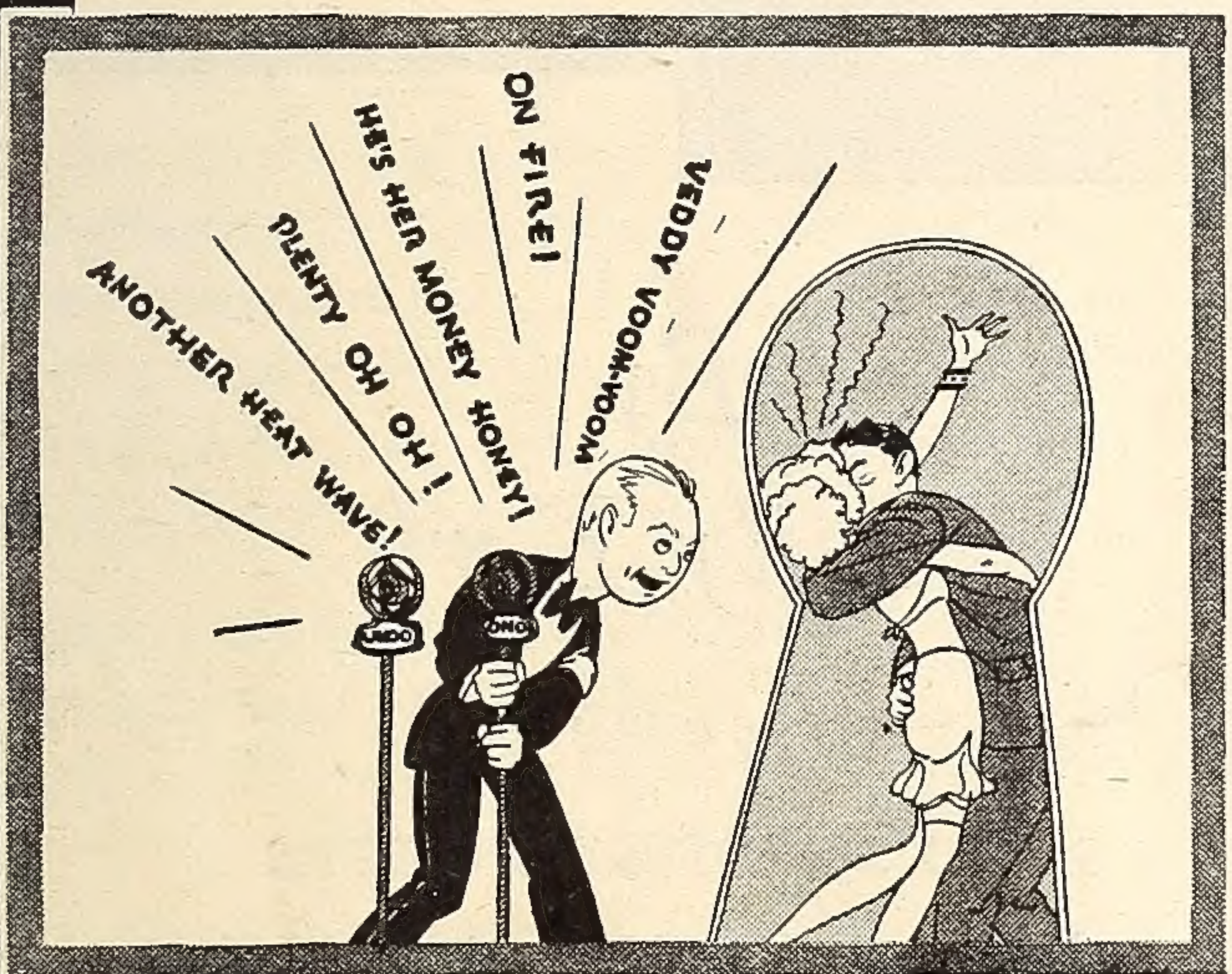




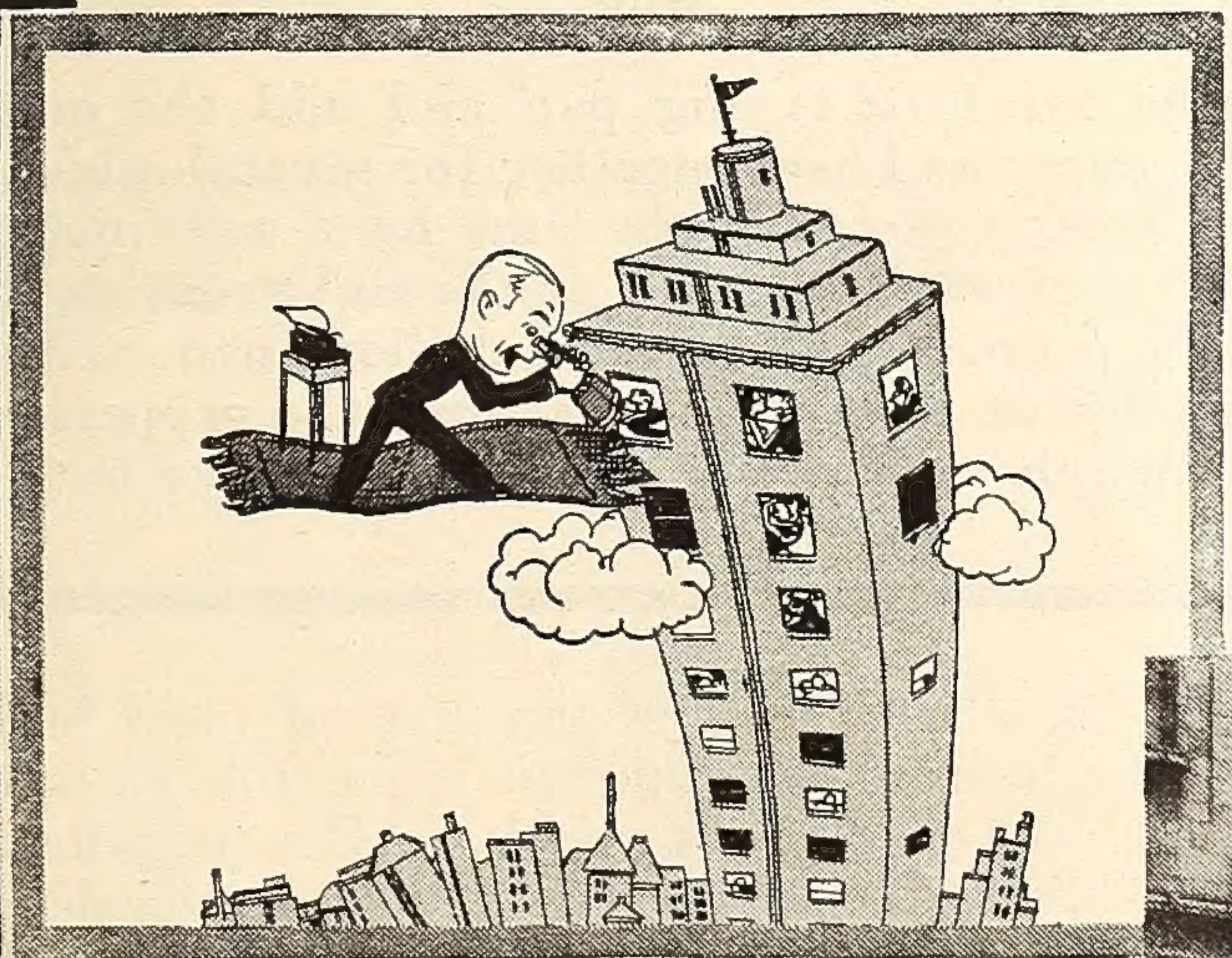
He has bedroom eyes—
and a nose for news...



Predicts babies like the weather
bureau predicts the weather...

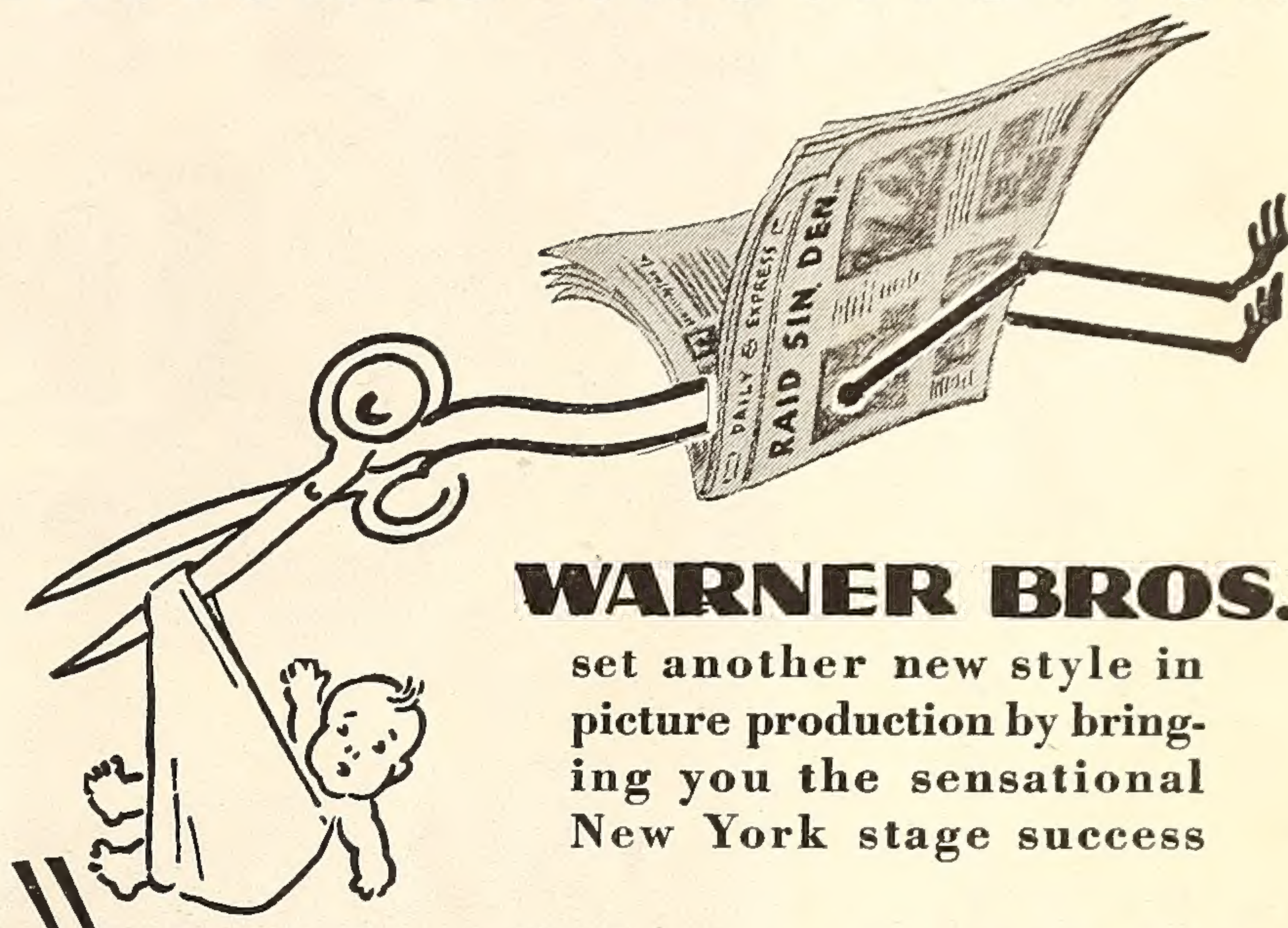


Sells scandal by the square inch—and
cleans up in the shock market...



Sees all—knows all—
and tells everything!

Here it is! The scandalous comedy
of a scandal columnist who rose
**FROM A KEYHOLE TO A
NATIONAL INSTITUTION**



WARNER BROS.

set another new style in
picture production by bring-
ing you the sensational
New York stage success

BLESSED EVENT

with **LEE TRACY** . . . **MARY BRIAN**

DICK POWELL

Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH**



The famous Longacre
Theatre where New York
crowded to pay \$3.30 a
seat to see "Blessed Event"

The private life of the
man who abolished pri-
vacy...The lowdown on
the Gossip King whose
name bounced from
Broadway 'round the
world!...Take the *Los
Angeles Times*' word for
it—"it's the best screen
entertainment seen in
many a day"...By all
means watch for your
theatre's announce-
ment of this great hit.



WARNER BROS.

will bring you the new season's
biggest thrills!

Sally Eilers
likes to go into
the kitchen
and stir things
up!



Baked stuffed potatoes à la Eilers! Sally likes plain food and when she cooks it's always some good wholesome dish.

When the Cook's Away

By
Emily Kirk

Try This!

SALLY'S STUFFED PEPPERS

2 tbs. ham fat	1½ cups steamed rice
1 small chopped onion	½ cup bread crumbs
½ tsp. salt	½ cup finely chopped ham
Dash of pepper	Milk

Melt the fat in a frying pan and add the onion, salt, and pepper and heat together for several minutes. Add the rice, bread crumbs and ham and moisten with milk until the mixture is of the right consistency. Use to fill peppers. Place in a shallow pan, with a small amount of water, to bake until the peppers are soft enough to pierce with a fork. Serve hot.

YOU know Sally Eilers, the actress—now meet Sally Eilers, the cook! Sally Eilers Gibson isn't exactly a domestic person but she does have a cooking specialty, and that specialty is—stuffed peppers! When Sally gets a stuffed pepper yen, Hooter (that's another specialty—Sally's special name for husband Hoot Gibson) and all the boys on the ranch are in for a treat.

Sally admits that she can't cook anything fussy or elaborate. And besides, she likes plain food. She gets all the other kind of food she wants when she dines out.

Another of her culinary delights is baked stuffed potatoes. And here's Sally's recipe:

BAKED STUFFED POTATOES

6 potatoes	½ cup bread crumbs
1 egg	¼ cup scalded milk
2 tbs. butter	½ tbs. salt

Sprinkle with paprika

Prepare the potatoes by scrubbing them thoroughly.

Then place them in a shallow pan and set them in the oven. Allow them to bake until it is possible to pierce them through the center with a fork. After the potatoes are thoroughly baked the contents are removed and treated as mashed potatoes. Season well and add an egg and some bread crumbs. Mix thoroughly and stuff back into the shells. Set in oven for a few minutes.

Now..... is the ideal time to **REDUCE**

The Ventilated Perfolastic Girdle Is Guaranteed
To Reduce Your Hips At Least 3 Inches In 10 Days

If you dread the time when you will wear the new Fall Frocks, because of fat, bulky hips—START NOW to reduce! In 10 days you can actually take inches off your hips. Note our money-back guarantee....Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days or your money refunded.

Reclaim your lost figure—have the fashionable slim waist and tapering hips...and be comfortable, too...for unlike most rubber girdles, the PERFOLASTIC gives with every movement.

This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle works while you walk, work, or sit—gently removing the fat you move you make.

The Perfolastic will not chafe, itch or irritate the skin. A special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So permeable it absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps you perfectly cool and fresh, every moment you wear it. And one of the reasons the girdle reduces is that it can be worn next to the skin.

Don't wait any longer—act today. You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to spend a penny—try it for 10 days—then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results—and your money will be immediately refunded, including the postage.

The coupon brings you FREE BOOKLET and sample of the
Ventilated PERFOLASTIC RUBBER.



SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

"I REDUCED 20 POUNDS"

After convalescing from severe illness this Spring, I found I was putting on considerable weight; 20 pounds above normal. My physician advised against any reducing diet or strenuous exercise—so I used your girdle instead. You might be interested to know that—I reduced almost twenty pounds.
MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE
Rye, New York

"I REDUCED 9 INCHES"

I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results of my Perfolastic girdle—it seems almost impossible that since last May, when I first started wearing the corset, my hips have been reduced nine inches. I think this is perfectly marvelous—at least twenty of my friends are now wearing the Perfolastic girdle. This reduction was made without the slightest diet.
MISS JEAN HEALY
299 Park Ave., New York City

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 7310, 41 East 42nd Street, New York City

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day FREE Trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

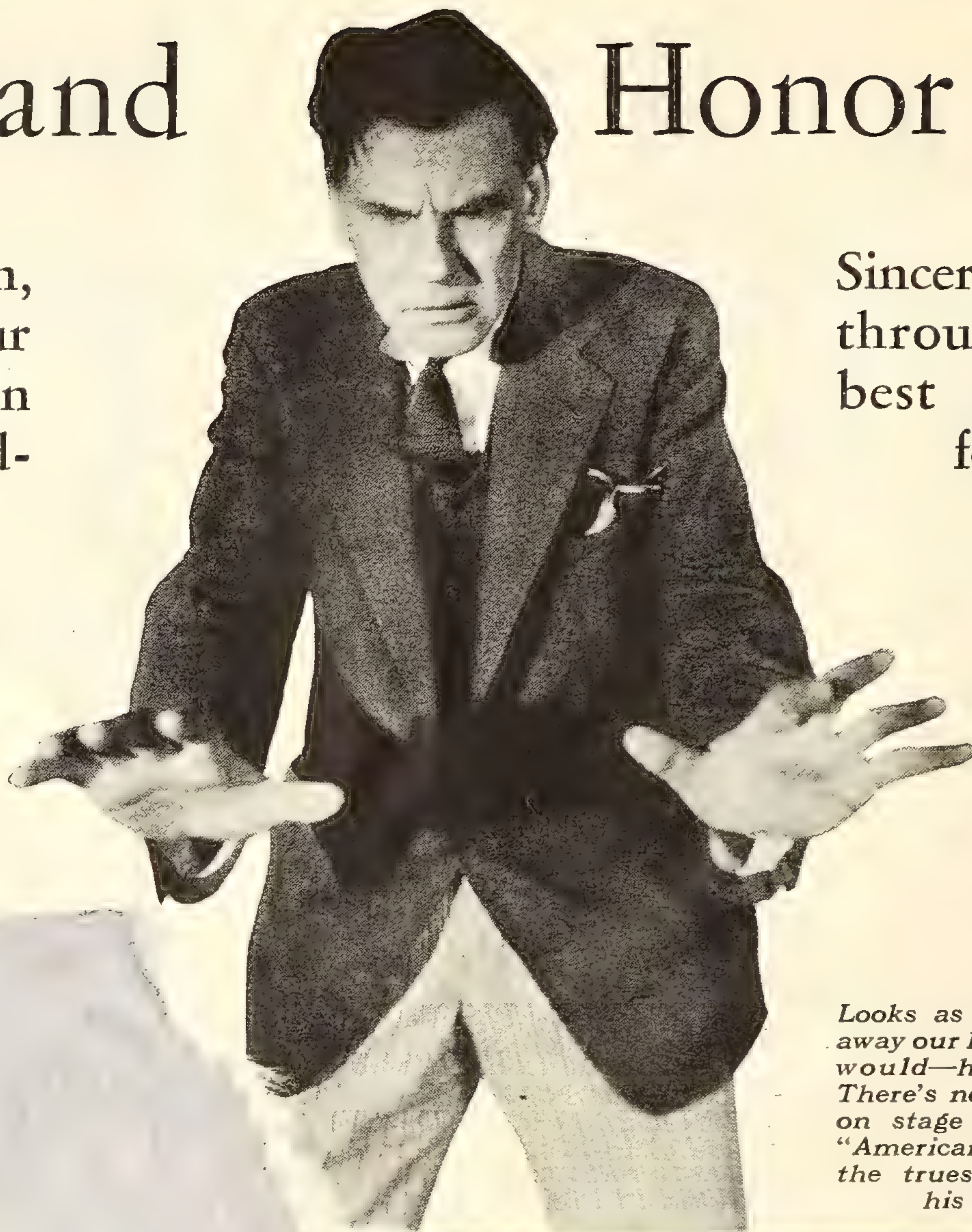
City _____

State _____

Screenland Honor Page

Walter Huston,
you win! For your
fine portrayal in
"American Mad-
ness"

Sincerity! It shines
through Huston's
best screen per-
formance



Looks as if Walter is pushing away our laurel wreaths! And he would—he's that modest. There's no more splendid actor on stage or screen. And in "American Madness" he gives the truest characterization of his celluloid career.

Now, a scene from Columbia's "American Madness"—one of the six films of the month. Huston plays a hard-working banker with Johnson as his devoted, though somewhat neglected, wife. This, by the way, marks Miss Johnson's return to the screen after a long absence; and audiences who appreciate charm, quiet humor, and naturalness will welcome her back.

When the
Cook's Away

...on, the man. He is
the most popular actors
on Broadway or Hollywood Blvd.
Dick Arlen's pal; a proud father
—his son John is a successful
scenario writer; and a friend to
the whole film colony.

PAUL MUNI calls him one of America's great actors. And praise from Muni is praise indeed. We suggest that Mr. Muni, as a Huston fan, hurry right out to see "American Madness," for in it Walter Huston gives his grandest performance. Frankly, while we have always liked Huston's work, we have missed the fine ring of sincerity in many of his characterizations. In fact, we argued the point with Paul Muni. Of course Muni won—he knows more about acting than we do! And we give in gracefully and admit that—while in the past Huston's portrayals may have been over-theatrical at times—in this new picture he makes up for everything. He has created a character—a brilliant business man, honest, upstanding, who sticks to his ideals through a hard fight. Hail Huston!



Roses & Razzes

(Continued from page 6)

SEE PAGE 16

Producers, your long, weary, world-wide search for a second Valentino has ended—you have found him! He is George Raft.

Please give Raft some more good pictures—he deserves them. You who have seen "Scarface" have witnessed one of the best dramatic performances of the year: the death scene of George Raft. No clumsy gestures—just a poignant look, and presto! half the thrill of "Scarface" had been put over. Let's have more interviews about Raft—he's worth it!

Lillie Higgins,
2834-61st Avenue,
Oakland, Calif.

ELECTIONEERING FOR JOAN

Why all this excitement because Greta Garbo doesn't broadcast her future plans? Garbo is undoubtedly a great actress. But if Garbo goes, she goes—and it is up to us to elevate someone else to the position she leaves vacant.

In my opinion, Joan Crawford wouldn't need much elevating to fill that niche admirably. She can emote at least as well as Garbo; and to me she is much more human and alive, reminding one of a smoldering fire that bursts into flame occasionally. Crawford can fill the place left by Garbo to overflowing with her own individual personality, and not by imitating the Swedish star.

When bigger and better stars are seen, Crawford will lead them!

Hermina Boehr,
R. F. D. 6,
Milford, Mich.

SOMETHING NEW—A
"TARZAN" RAZZ!

I can't help but wonder how many others were disappointed by the latest film version of "Tarzan of the Apes." It was beautifully done, but my *Tarzan* has always been a super-man. I like to imagine him as having a body like a Greek statue or developed muscularly like the best of our modern muscle enthusiasts at least.

My den is decorated with pictures of men who have developed their bodies into an acme of strength and grace, and I have striven with some success to emulate them. Imagine then my disappointment in finding that with hundreds of men with perfect physiques to pick from, the powers that be had given this steller rôle to a youngster whose physique barely equals my own!

Fred J. Gamble,
Toppenish, Wash.

SOME PERFECTLY GRAND
IDEAS

Hollywood has hundreds of beautiful girls, but only one Sylvia Sydney. A girl who never depends upon close-ups—an actress who isn't afraid to act! I'll match Sylvia Sydney any day against the finest German and Russian screen artists.

And by the way—Roscoe Ates stutters on the screen, and hundreds of little boys try to imitate him. Ah, yes, the screen is a terrible influence on the kids. So keep your wife at home and she won't be thinking about Clark Gable!

Rexford Grant,
Box 7,
Duncan, Okla.

(Continued on page 85)

Paris

FLATTERS THE AMERICAN GIRL



IN THE new styles, Paris pays tribute to the healthy figure of the average American girl. These new fashions accent the youthful, feminine curves.

To some of us, this means reducing. But when dieting, care must be taken not to harm beauty.

When the reducing diet lacks the proper "bulk," faulty elimination develops. Eyes often lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow and lifeless, and other complexion troubles may appear.

Laboratory experiments show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes the required "bulk"—and also supplies Vitamin B to help tone the system. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables. ALL-BRAN is also rich in blood-building iron.



The simple, workmanlike clothes of active sports . . . the intricate, fitted lines of evening . . . Dorothy Mackaill, lovely, blonde screen star, has the figure to wear them both.

Enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN as a tasty cereal with milk—or cook into fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than unpleasant pills and drugs.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger, without adding many calories to the diet. Recommended by dietitians. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Packed with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



KELLOGG COMPANY

Dept. G-10, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

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The Editor's Page.

Watch your step, ♦ ♦ Ann Dvorak!

THIS editorial is dedicated to all sulky Hollywood girls, and to Ann Dvorak in particular.

Ann, you're a smart young thing—pretty, spirited, promising. You made a personal hit in "Scarface." You've become increasingly popular in several pictures. Hollywood considers you one of the best bets among the younger screen players. But, Ann Dvorak, you have not yet "arrived." And I think you should get wise to yourself—while there's still time.

Two years or so ago you were just one of the hundreds of Hollywood strugglers. Glad to get a job as a dancer in "The Hollywood Revue." Gladder to be made assistant on the Metro lot to dancing Director Sammy Lee. Coached Joan Crawford and other Metro stars for their movie dances. Worked hard. Made good. But all the time thinking—weren't you?—"Wish I could get *my* chance at acting!" Then Karen Morley helped you get a test, and "Scarface" was the result. Life suddenly opened up to you. People pointed you out. When Warners grabbed you for their pictures, no less a personage than Ruth Chatterton got down on her hands and knees to peek into the set where "that new Dvorak girl" was working. Fans pronounced your name a dozen different ways, but they pronounced it, which



was what counted. More power to you, we all said.

Romance, too. You eloped with Leslie Fenton. Your real friends said, "It's grand. She'll make him happy. He'll make her a great actress." The future looked as rosy as an extra's cheeks after a bawling-out by a third assistant director. And then—something happened to you. In a Barrymore it's temperament; in a little, new actress it's—something else. You came to New York with your husband, and why not? A honeymoon. But it began to look more like a business trip what with newspaper interviews quoting you complaining about your salary and Hollywood producers being slave drivers and all. A honeymoon—with the bride saying, "Why, a baby in one of my pictures earned more than I did"; and the groom, "There are other companies besides Warner Brothers." It was a rude shock, Miss Dvorak. Doing a Cagney? Anyway, it was "see my lawyer," and you went to Europe, shaking off the sordid dust of that commercial Hollywood.

And now let me tell you something! Success must be earned. Joan Crawford worked eight years in Hollywood to win the fame she has today—eight pretty hard years, too, with Joan striving and slaving to make good. She had her flurries of discontent, I know—but she was wise enough, or

Warning to Hollywood Girls!



Ann Dvorak and her husband, Leslie Fenton. Theirs was a real screen romance—they acted together in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," fell in love, and eloped. Now they have left Hollywood flat for foreign parts. Ann signed up to play in a British film, with Fenton opposite. Will they stay in England, or will they come home to Hollywood? It's our guess they will be back.

humble enough, not to let them sweep her off her path. She was afraid to do "Rain"—but she did; and *Sadie Thompson* is her greatest performance. And Crawford is still humble, and a little scared—even today. That's why we love her. Barrymore and Arliss, Barthelmess and Garbo, Shearer and Helen Hayes—years of hard work built their solid success, and nothing can take it away from them. James Cagney, the rebel, who won screen fame so swiftly, is still, at this writing, "resting."

You, Ann Dvorak, are not yet important enough to get away with it. And when you are important enough, you won't want to. The motion picture industry is bigger than you are. It can get along without you, but you can't, excuse me, get along without it. Because no other profession in the world can give you so much. Granted that your salary of something like \$250 a week isn't much for Hollywood, it was more than you'd ever made before—and it would be only the beginning for a bright girl like you. If you are really good you have a long career ahead of you—

it's not necessary to make big money fast. Give yourself a chance!

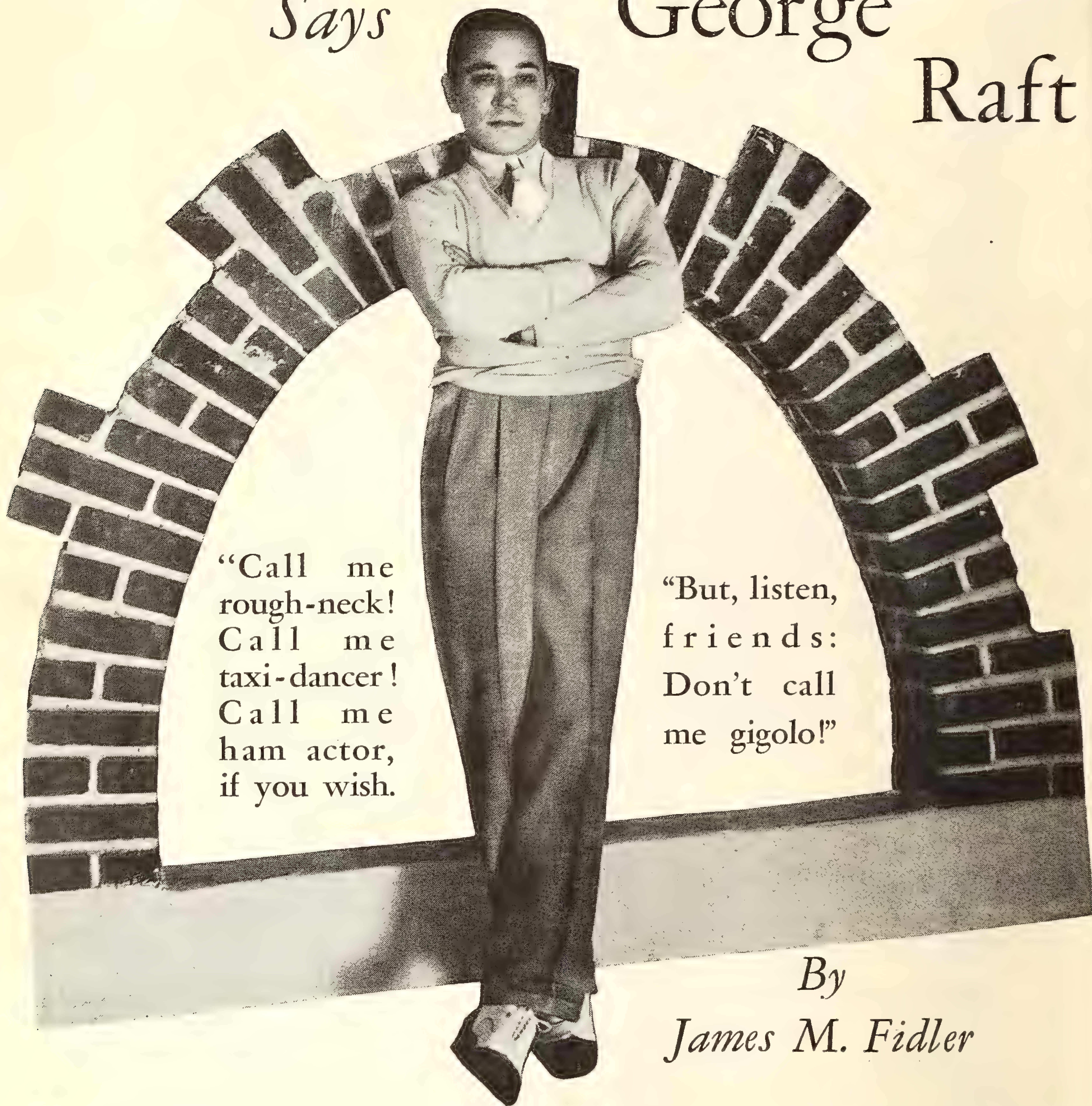
And don't forget how Paul Muni came to the studio at six o'clock some mornings to help you with your work in "Scarface." Muni, who has been an actor since he was a kid; who knows what it means to work hard over a period of years; who is only just now coming into the fame he so richly deserves. You can learn a lot from him.

You may wonder why, since I feel this way about you, I take the trouble and the space to spank you. It's because I think you have real stuff. That's why I say to you, Ann Dvorak, "Be a trouper!"

Delight Swann

"I'M NO GIGOLO!"

Says George Raft



"Call me
rough-neck!
Call me
taxi-dancer!
Call me
ham actor,
if you wish.

"But, listen,
friends:
Don't call
me gigolo!"

By
James M. Fidler

IN "THE VIRGINIAN," the title rôlist says to *Trampas*, "When you call me that, SMILE!" He delivers this ultimatum directly after *Trampas* hurls an insulting term that begins with *son* and doesn't end with *shine*.

Likewise, George Raft boils when the term *gigolo* is applied to him. That's his fighting word. Of course, Raft will fight at the drop of a hat, even during his most peaceful moods, and if there is no hat to drop, that is all right, too—George will fight regardless. But he is particularly pugnacious when he hears himself called *gigolo*.

"I am not a gigolo! I never was one! I will punch

the nose of any man who says I am or was—try me!"

Thus, in no uncertain terms, does Raft deliver himself. Furthermore, he declares that the American public confuses the definition of the word. A *gigolo*, in this country, has come to include practically all men who earn their livelihood in professions that depend strictly upon feminine trade. The original and true meaning was descriptive of a class of males who were supported by women; in other words, *kept men*. This meaning was gradually broadened to include young men who married wealthy old dowagers.

"One writer stated that I glorify the gigolo," muttered

Here's the frankest story ever written about a motion picture actor

Raft. He spat savagely, as if to clear his mouth of a bad taste. "Can you glorify a sewer rat? I know only disgust for such men; why would I exalt them?"

"To be frank, I recently rejected one of the finest motion picture stories I ever read because my rôle would have been that of a gigolo. Had not such an unfortunate publicity blast made it appear I was once one of the breed, I might have taken the rôle and perhaps won renown. But I don't want to be known as a gigolo, and I am positive that the picture, combined with the publicity that has been broadcast, would confirm me in the public mind as a first-class kept man!"



That Raft look! Here it is levelled on pretty Gertrude Messinger while George holds her make-up box for her. This picture answers the question, "Why do movie actresses like to work on the Paramount lot?"

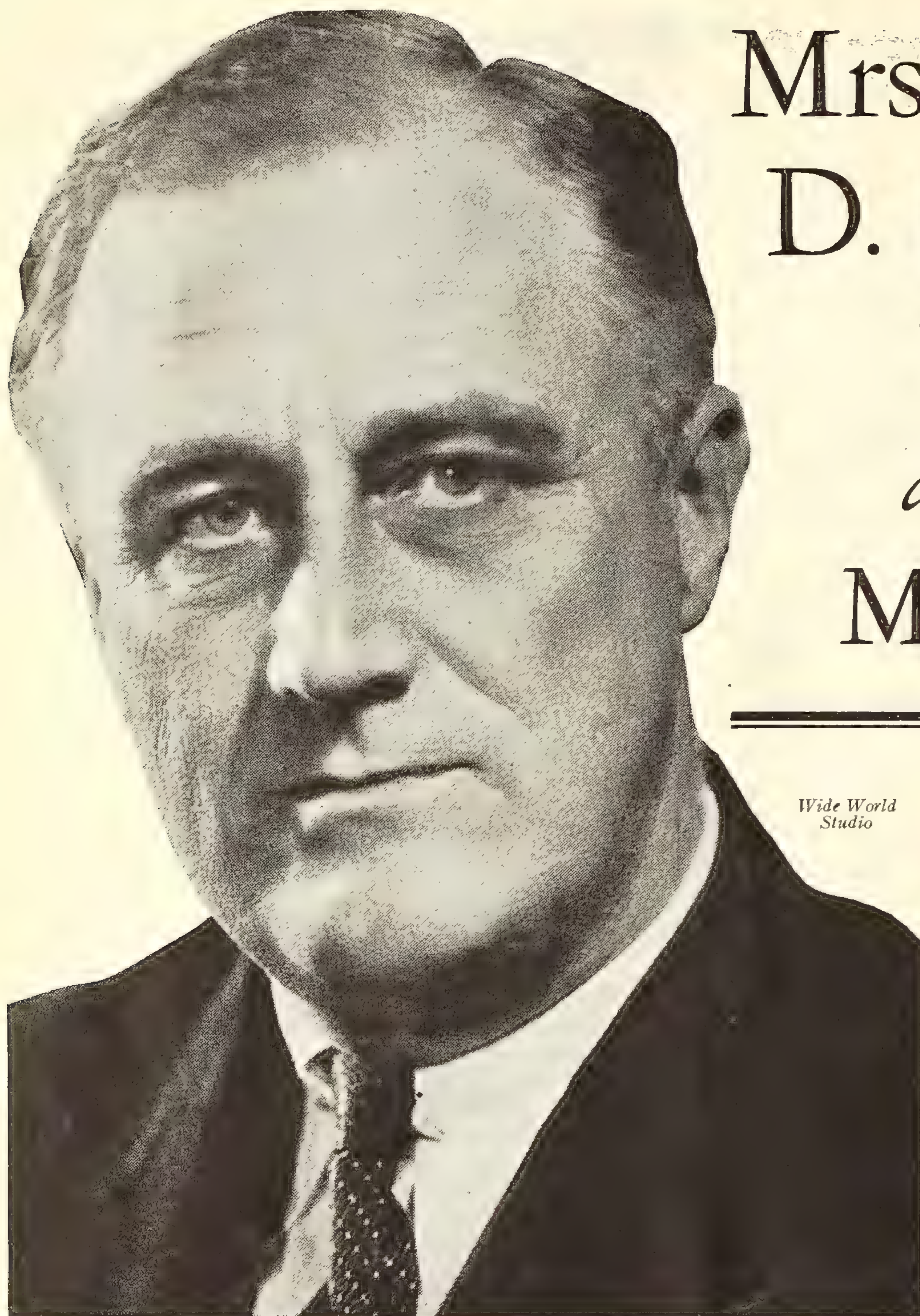
The term gigolo was first applied to Raft when it was learned that several years ago he worked as a taxi-dancer in a public restaurant-dance palace. It was his duty, as one of several gentlemen employed by the management, to dance with unaccompanied feminine patrons who felt the urge of Terpsichore. For this duty, sometimes pleasant but more often irksome, he received a ticket for each dance. At the end of an afternoon or evening, the management paid him for his tickets; the more tickets, of course, the more money. The majority of ladies who danced were middle-aged and homely; the sort of women who *must* pay. Few were good dancers; most were clumsy; many were fat. When Raft went home each night, he soaked his numbed, trampled feet in hot water, after which he rubbed them with olive oil.

"But I was no gigolo," he insists. "I earned an honest living. As a taxi-dancer, I made seventy-five dollars or more every week. As a clerk in a store, I might have earned twenty-five. Whatever else I may be, I am not dumb; I'll take seventy-five in preference to twenty-five any day, provided it is honestly earned."

Raft learned patience when (*Continued on page 89*)



George Raft's new home is in the heart of Beverly Hills—and here's George in front of it.



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Talks *about the* MOVIES!

Wide World
Studio

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Governor of New York State and Democratic Nominee for President, is a movie fan even as you and I! His favorite film stars? Mickey Mouse and Krazy Kat!

“ONE motion picture makes the whole world kin! “That is what I sometimes think when over-hearing my own children conversing with young people from far distant parts of the country for the first time. To hear them chattering away among themselves you would think they had known each other always, when perhaps they have just met. The pictures they have seen in common have served to introduce them, and given even the shyest child among them something to talk about.

“This is one of the strong points in favor of the cinema, I think—its power to bring children together—and adults—and nations.

“It is one of the great unifying forces, along with the radio and with aircraft, that is bringing the countries of the world close together. It belongs to the timeless, spaceless era, the new world, that is dawning. And yet its basis—the pictures—is as old as the race. Communications were written in pictures before there was an alphabet.”

The speaker was a tall, gracious woman with quantities of sunny brown hair which she wore caught into a

wide barrette of filigreed gold at the back of the neck, and piled high on the crown of her head. She was a type who would command attention in any gathering, not alone because of her height and dignity of bearing, but for her charm of manner, and the warmth of her smile. Such a smile, it was, as could only well up from depths of kindness and human understanding.

You would guess at once, on looking at her, that she was a woman who would deeply care if a child were unhappy or felt left out. Or if an adult were ill at ease. Or a nation felt misunderstood.

Just now, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, for she it was who was speaking, was seated before a pile of partially answered letters, a picture of cool and collected efficiency in a simple dress of lavender flowered silk. Her sleeves reached trimly to her wrists, so as not to interfere with action, and the heels of her black tie pumps were comfortably low. We were at the offices of the Women's Division of the Democratic Committee for the State of New York. Activities in connection with Governor Roosevelt's coming campaign for the Presidency of the United States were under way. Telephones jingled.

The first interview ever given on the subject of motion pictures by the late President Theodore Roosevelt's favorite niece, who may be our next First Lady!

By
Betty Shannon

Says Mrs. Roosevelt:

"Motion pictures are a relaxation for persons who need for a while to have their minds taken off their work and filled with something entirely new and refreshing. Pictures carry people through hours of seeming crisis when anxious waiting would avail them nothing. They even make glum men laugh, which is often no little achievement!"



Wide World Studio

A tall, gracious woman with sunny brown hair and dignity of bearing; with charm of manner and warmth of smile: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who gave SCREENLAND this exclusive interview—the first time she has talked about the movies for publication.

Typewriters clicked. And pleasant-faced women office workers slipped noiselessly in and out on important-looking missions.

Mrs. Roosevelt had consented to talk to me about motion pictures, though she modestly felt that she knew very little about them for a person in whose home pictures are shown on the average of one night a week, sometimes more often. The Executive Mansion of the Governor of New York at Albany has its own talking picture projection machine, where Governor Roosevelt sees pictures as often as he wishes.

She just never could keep the stars straight, she said, except Mickey Mouse, who is a great favorite with her husband, and Krazy Kat! And she was hopeless about the titles of pictures and who played in what. She was the same way about the theatre. Her friend, Mrs. Henry J. Morgenthau, Jr., daughter-in-law of the late ambassador to Turkey, with whom she often went to the theatre, was quite in despair about her!

"I am just that way," said Mrs. Roosevelt. So many of us understand what she means.

"I have always been so busy that my opinions about

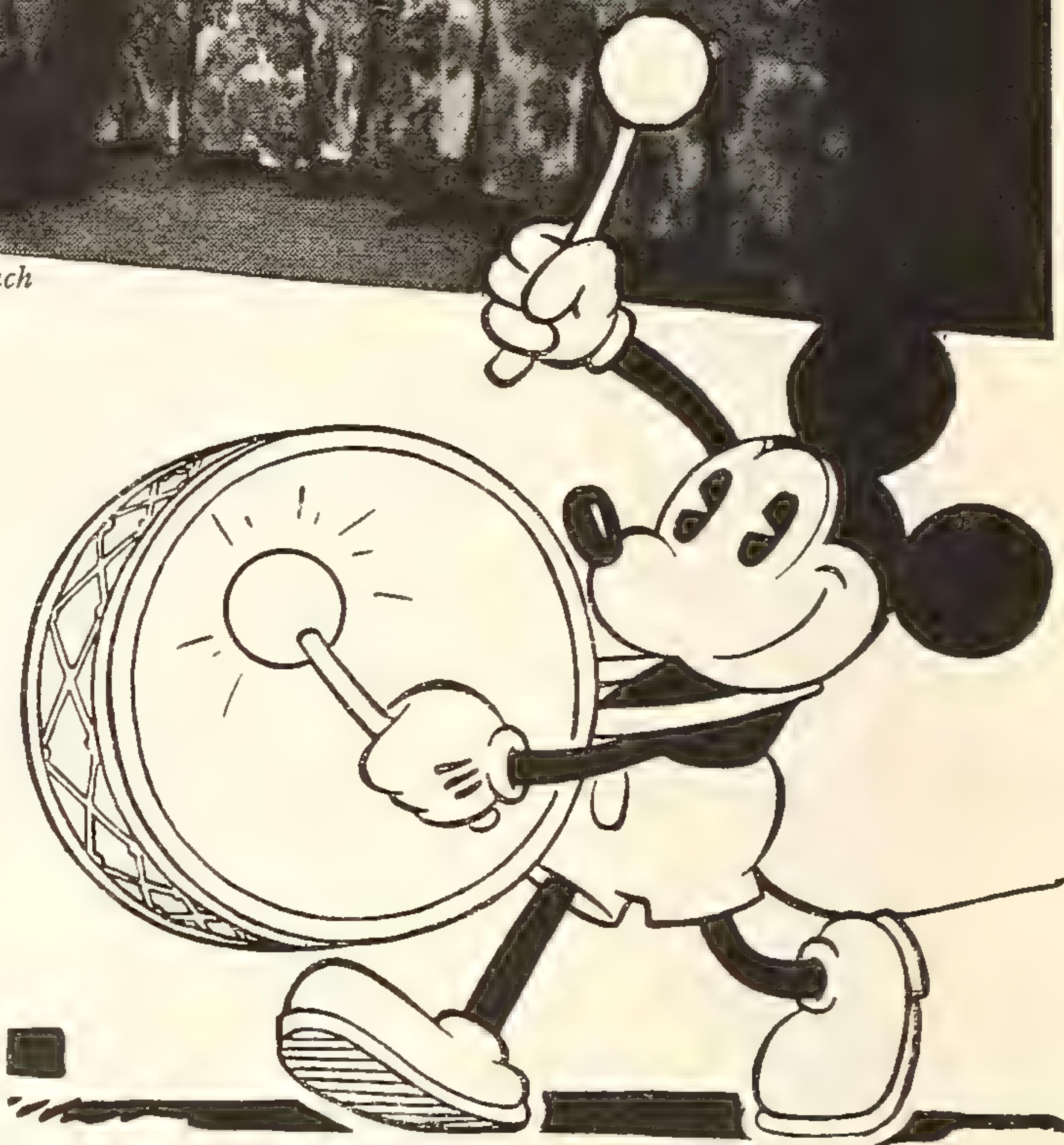
the motion pictures are mostly off-hand," she added, almost apologetically. "They are based on discussions and conversations with many persons, and on just what I have seen and heard as I have gone here and there."

When you stop to realize what "here and there" means to this favorite niece of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, and what types of mind it is with which she has discussed the movies—you know that the subject is safe in her hands. She has gathered her data from the most varied circles. She has always moved in the most distinguished society, but has been interested in the humblest. Statesmen of world renown, financiers, farmers' wives, school children, social leaders and foreign dignitaries enter into her life in never-ending stream, and with equal welcome.



Here is the favorite informal photograph of Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt, taken at the Executive Mansion in Albany, N. Y. And who is this funny little fellow sneaking in at the right, below? He's Mickey Mouse, the Governor's favorite movie star, who is right at home because he knows he is always welcome!

Bachrach



There are many reasons why it is important for the Governor of a State to have a projection machine where he may see pictures privately. Sometimes it is for political reasons. Sometimes it is to help settle a dispute as to whether a picture should be passed by a censor board.

And always it makes possible a pleasant and easy means for a busy man to find diversion himself and to entertain his friends without going away from home.

Governor Roosevelt never goes out in the evening, unless to some supremely important function. His daily schedule is very heavy. But he usually manages to see pictures once a week at least. Often there are guests with him. When the Roosevelt children are home for the holidays or for some special celebration such as their father's birthday, which is a great occasion in the Roosevelt home, there is usually a film celebration.

"I am a school teacher, you know," she said, smiling. "I leave Albany every Sunday night during the school term to spend three days a week teaching girls American History and Economics. So frequently I am not at Albany at all, when pictures are being projected."

Governor Roosevelt is especially fond of news-reels, I learned from his wife, and of cartoon comics. Master Mickey Mouse is very much at home in the hall on the top floor of the Executive Mansion where the picture showings are held, and where the screen is viewed from the depth of spacious chairs and comfortable lounges.

In fact, Mickey Mouse could truthfully say that Governor Roosevelt and he are pals, I suppose. He is called in on many a night when the New York Legislature is in

session to help his friend the Governor while the time away when he has to sit up for telephone reports and important communications. Mickey and Krazy Kat are both very popular with His Excellency, as they are with the Roosevelt children. Though it cannot be said that he has been able to make heavy inroads upon the affections of the mistress of the Mansion. Perhaps it is because so excellent a housewife just cannot like mice in any guise!

George Arliss is a much admired visitor to the gubernatorial screen at Albany. The yearning voice of Al Jolson has "mammied" down the wide Colonial staircase into the front hall more than once.

The spectacular drama of prison life at Sing Sing, "The Big House," had a showing before the Governor. "Young America," with Spencer Tracy, Doris Kenyon, and Tommy Conlon, has also been shown at Albany at the Executive Mansion. As has "Cheaters at Play," with



Wide World

Three of the younger members of Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt's happy family. From left to right, the Governor's daughter, Mrs. Curtis Dall; Mrs. James Roosevelt, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., one of the Governor's four sons.

Thomas Meighan, Charlotte Greenwood, William Bakewell and Barbara Weeks. And countless others.

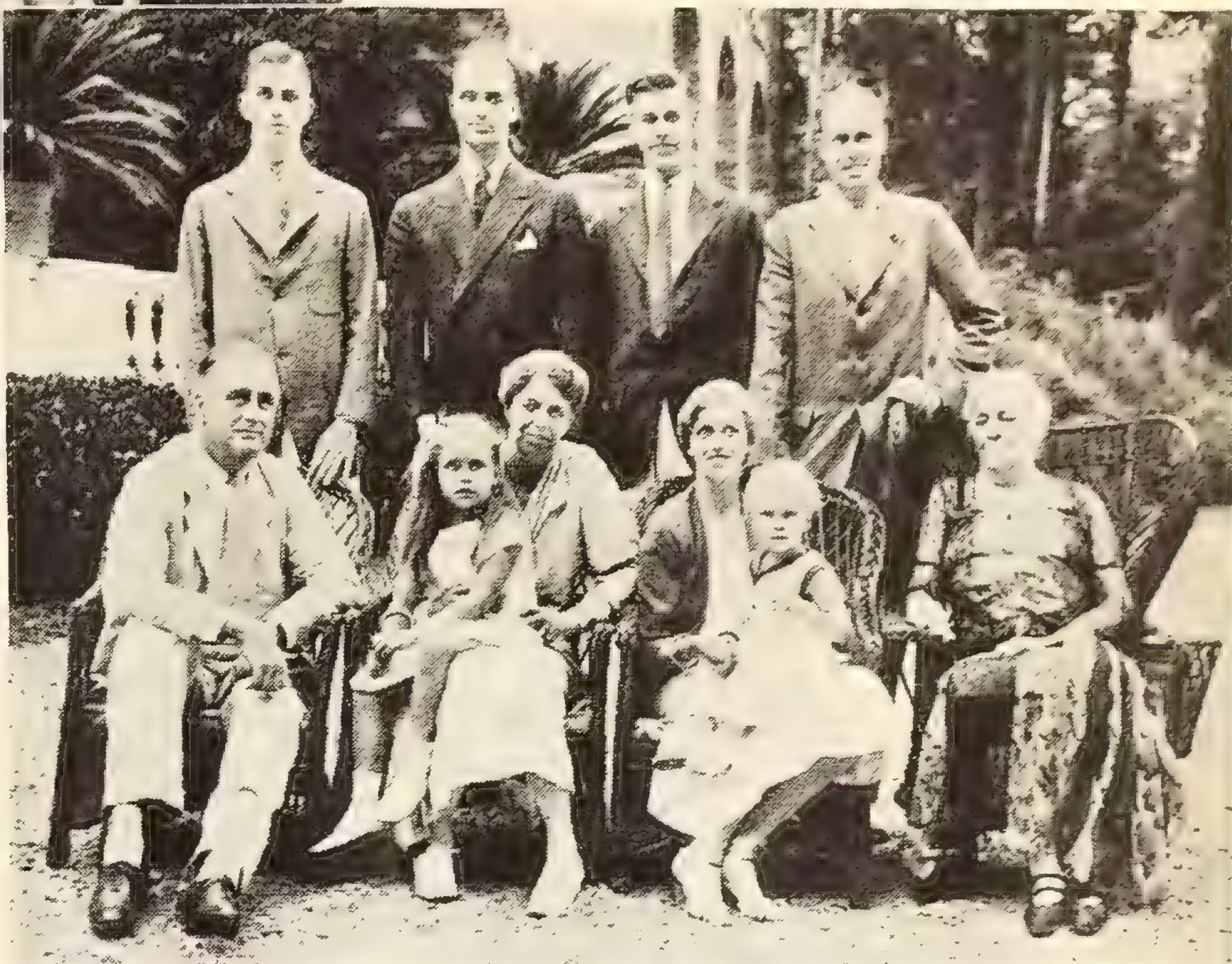
The pictures shown at the Roosevelt establishment arrive in various ways, Mrs. Roosevelt told me. Usually some one of the Governor's under secretaries is assigned the task of booking them and keeping an eye out for significant subjects which she thinks the Governor will like. Frequently, engagements for screenings are made over the telephone at the request of motion picture companies which have something special that they want the Governor to see.

Not infrequently the Governor's Mansion has to take just what it can get. Governor Roosevelt is usually not able to set his picture nights long in advance. But he is as a rule content with what he can obtain. As long as he gets his news-reel and a cartoon subject or two, he is pretty well satisfied with any good feature picture he has not seen, even if it is a little old. But the children, when they are home, are much more exacting. The feature picture had better be good—or they will walk out on the show and go down and raid the Executive larder!

"Although I could not, myself, be called a 'movie fan', to use the popular expression, I have quite a number of

'fans' right in my own household, you see," concluded Mrs. Roosevelt, after telling me these many things. "And I think I understand a little what it is that motion pictures do to so inspire the fervent attachment of the people.

"They amuse and entertain, of course. They are a tonic and relaxation for persons burdened with a sense of care and responsibility, who need for a while to have their minds taken off their work and filled with



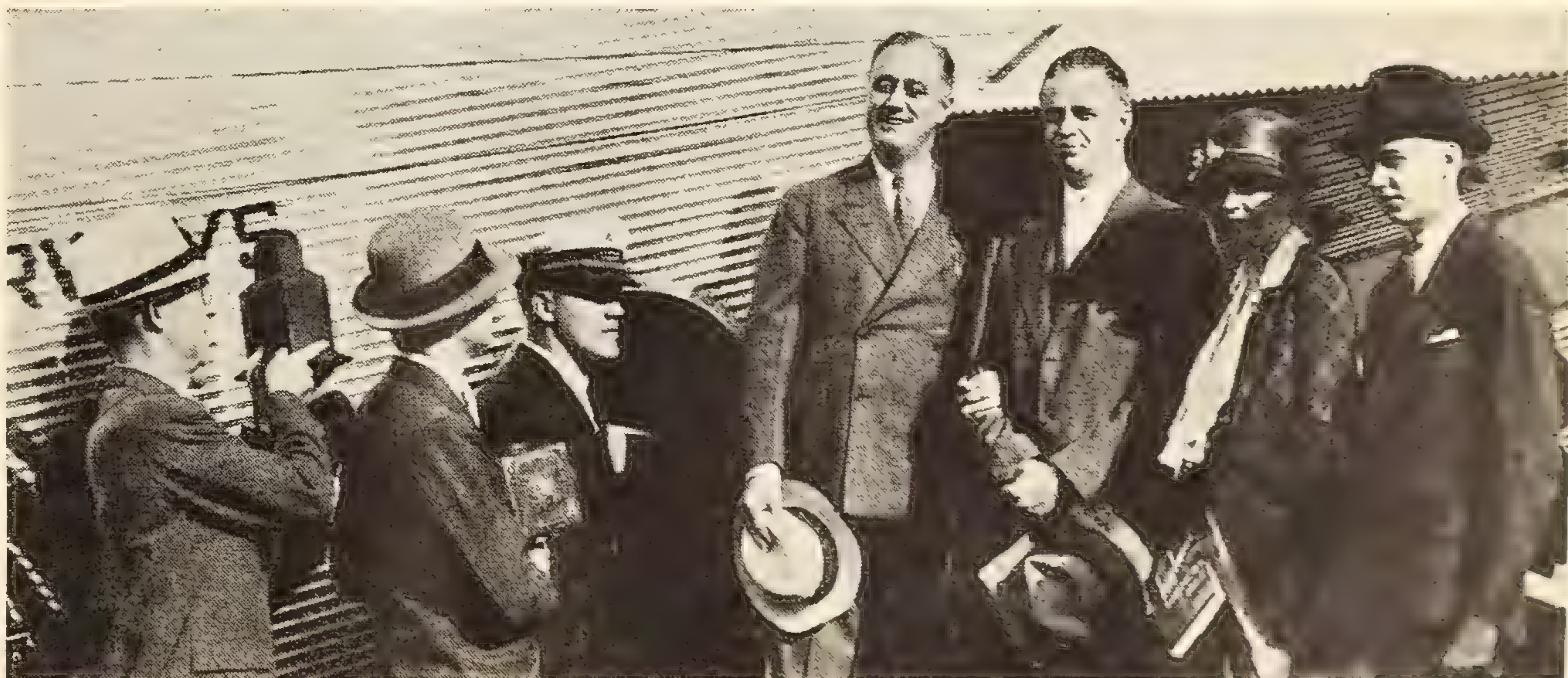
Wide World

Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt with the Governor's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, three of the Roosevelt sons, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Dall, and the Dall children, at the Roosevelt country home, "Hyde Park."

something entirely new and refreshing. Pictures carry people through hours of seeming crisis when anxious waiting would avail them nothing. They divert thought from self, and restore a sense of proportion. They even make glum men laugh, which is often no little achievement!"

It is natural that Eleanor Roosevelt should think of the pleasant, helpful ways in which motion pictures have added their share of benefits to humankind. She has always loved to see people happy. (Continued on page 86)

After Governor Roosevelt was nominated as the Democratic National Candidate, he took an airplane for Chicago to address the convention—remember? Here he is with Mrs. Roosevelt and two of his sons, just before the hop.



Wide World

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright," sang the poet—and well might his subject have been Marlene Dietrich! Benton tells you why. Read his intimate analysis.



DIETRICH— The Lady and the Tigress!

By
William E. Benton

Tawny hair, slanting eyes, smooth, feline grace—she's the Blonde Tigress! Get this new and revealing angle on Marlene from Character Analyst Benton and compare it with your own qualities

YOU have noticed that all unusual personalities resemble or suggest some bird or animal—yes, sometimes there are even those who suggest certain fish. For instance, Von Hindenburg has been compared to a great bulldog; certainly he has been a dog of war for Germany. Friedrich Nietzsche, the great German philosopher, wrote of "the superman" and likened him to a great blond beast.

The Royal Bengal Tiger has been worshipped even more than it was feared all through India for countless centuries. The whole "cat" tribe, even tabby, the house cat, was worshipped and had temples built to her glory all along the Nile. The Egyptians saw something marvelous in her "nine lives" or tenacity to this life, coupled with her fecundity and wonderful care of her young.

The heroes and heroines of the motion picture world can but expect to be likened to the creatures they suggest, if that has been the fate of the world's best-known personalities down the corridors of time.

Marlene Dietrich may not believe in the transmigration of souls or that she was ever a Royal Bengal Tigress. But I can see much of the likeness to that royal animal in her face today. Her mass of tawny gold hair, and greenish blue eyes tipped up at the outer corners, are most feline in appearance. There is something in her smooth controlled movements suggestive of quiet, cool efficiency.

You have never seen her in a position that she did not seem as graceful as a tigress, be it in repose or quick but quiet action.

Think of all the people you know with the almond-shaped eyes of Dietrich—do you know of any who are dull and stupid with such eyes? You do not. The chances are that, those who come to mind with such eyes are clever, alert, controlled, and can do a great deal with the least apparent effort.

You might do worse than take a look into the mirror at the windows of your own soul. If your eyes are as widespread as Marlene Dietrich's—that is, so wide between the eyes that there would be room for an eye and a third, put yourself down for a most unusual person, for the great majority of the world's population have just the space of the width of an eye between the eyes or a fraction less. She is literally and figuratively broad-minded, but very level-headed and balanced about it.

"Cats," you know, have a marvelous sense of taste, touch and balance. No matter (Continued on page 79)

LET BENTON SHOW YOU YOUR TRUE PERSONALITY!

All human beings are alike, yet each is distinctive—unique. Your features, if properly analyzed, can furnish the key to your real character and possibilities. William E. Benton, SCREENLAND's faceologist, can perform this vital service for you through these three modern branches of human analysis:

1. **FACEOLOGY.** The study of the features. Send your photograph—a small snapshot which can be sent in an ordinary-sized envelope.

2. **GRAPHOLOGY.** Send sample of your handwriting. A dozen words are sufficient.

3. **NUMEROLOGY.** Send your full name—including given name—and your birth date.

Send these indexes of your character with 25c and stamped self-addressed envelope to William E. Benton, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th St., New York City, and you will receive a comparative analysis of yourself that will entertain as well as help you.



Notice the width between Dietrich's tip-tilted eyes; the wide-winged nose; the easy, cat-like grace of posture. These things, to the trained observer, suggest an affinity with the royal creature of the jungle. Does your face show any of these attributes?



Marlene Dietrich in a tender scene with Dickie Moore in "The Blonde Venus." Here the most attractive feline characteristics are brought out in the lovely star's acting—the graceful posture, the cuddling, purring movement, the love of things domestic.

Charlie

Scoop! SCREENLAND gives you the first intimate story about the Chaplin children, who will soon be seen on the screen

By Ida Zeitlin



The one and only Charlie Chaplin. What does he think of his sons going into pictures? Does he know that Charlie, Jr., does a perfect imitation of his dad?



The two subjects of this story—Sydney Earl Chaplin, nicknamed Tommy, and Charles Chaplin, Jr. Read every word of this interview! It is the most enchanting we have ever given you.

IF I were stood against a wall and ordered to name in the flash of an eye, or perish, the screen's most enchanting figure—the sweetest and rarest, the most brilliant and beautiful, the pearl without price and the glory of Hollywood, past, present and (for my part) to come—I should answer, with a fleeting regret, perhaps, that I hadn't been allowed to name two, but still without hesitation—"Charlie Chaplin!"

I now rise to proclaim that the father's charm has descended upon the children. Which isn't quite fair, since their mother is equally involved. Not knowing the lady, I can only compliment her on the beauty, the breeding and the intelligence of her sons. And while I'm handing out compliments, I should like to bestow an accolade on their grandmother who has brought them up and is certainly entitled to a solid slice of credit in the finished product.

I am no child-fan. Children embarrass me, I don't know what to say to them, and I'd much rather leave them than take them. But I defy the surliest misanthrope to spend an hour with Charlie Chaplin's boys and come away without a smile in his eyes and a sense of warmth around what was once his heart.

I should like to share with the readers of SCREENLAND the delight of my experience in meeting the Chaplin children. And I think I can best do that by taking you with me and trying to show them to you as I saw them that hot day in New York, just after their return from France whence they had been brought to be launched on their screen careers.

I ring the bell of the hotel room, and wait. The door is suddenly flung wide to reveal two small figures, armed with boxing gloves, and clad in brief summer suits—one yellow, one blue. Two pairs of friendly dark eyes are raised to mine, and the slightly taller of the figures—the one whose front teeth are missing—does the honors. "I'm Charlie—he's Tommy—please come in."

Their grandmother, Mrs. Grey, emerges from the bedroom, where she's been packing. Tiny and dark, with short curling hair, a gentle manner and a deliciously soft voice, she looks much too young to be anyone's grandmother.

I ask her how Tommy came to be Tommy, since his real name is Sydney Earl. "Oh," she replies, with a shrug which must be a heritage from her Spanish mother, "only because he's such a tomboy."

The children listen with grave attention for a moment, then go about their business. Neither shy nor forward, and utterly unselfconscious, they seem to take everything

Chaplin's Kids!

for granted. If, through all your short life, people have crowded about you and asked you questions and taken your picture and inquired about your daddy, it becomes as much a matter of course as eating and sleeping; though even then you might conceivably balk in the end, as Charlie did, and cry to your grandmother: "I'm tired of them taking pictures of me, Nana. Haven't they taken enough?"

At first glance, the boys seem to me so much alike that I feel I might have difficulty in telling them apart, except for the difference in height and those front teeth! The same lustrous brown eyes—not quite the same, either, for Charlie's have an attractive Oriental tilt—the same silky brown hair, the same delicate chins and sensitive mouths and delectable baby contours—even though they are six and seven; the same clarity of enunciation, the same admirable choice of words, the same excellent manners. But this surface similarity fades on very brief acquaintance, to reveal two distinct and distinctive personalities.

A tall grizzled Irishman enters. "That man's a detective." Charlie looks up from his stereoscope to volunteer the information. "He's watching me, in case anything happens to me." Then he buries his nose in the stereoscope again.

The detective and a newspaper man had taken them

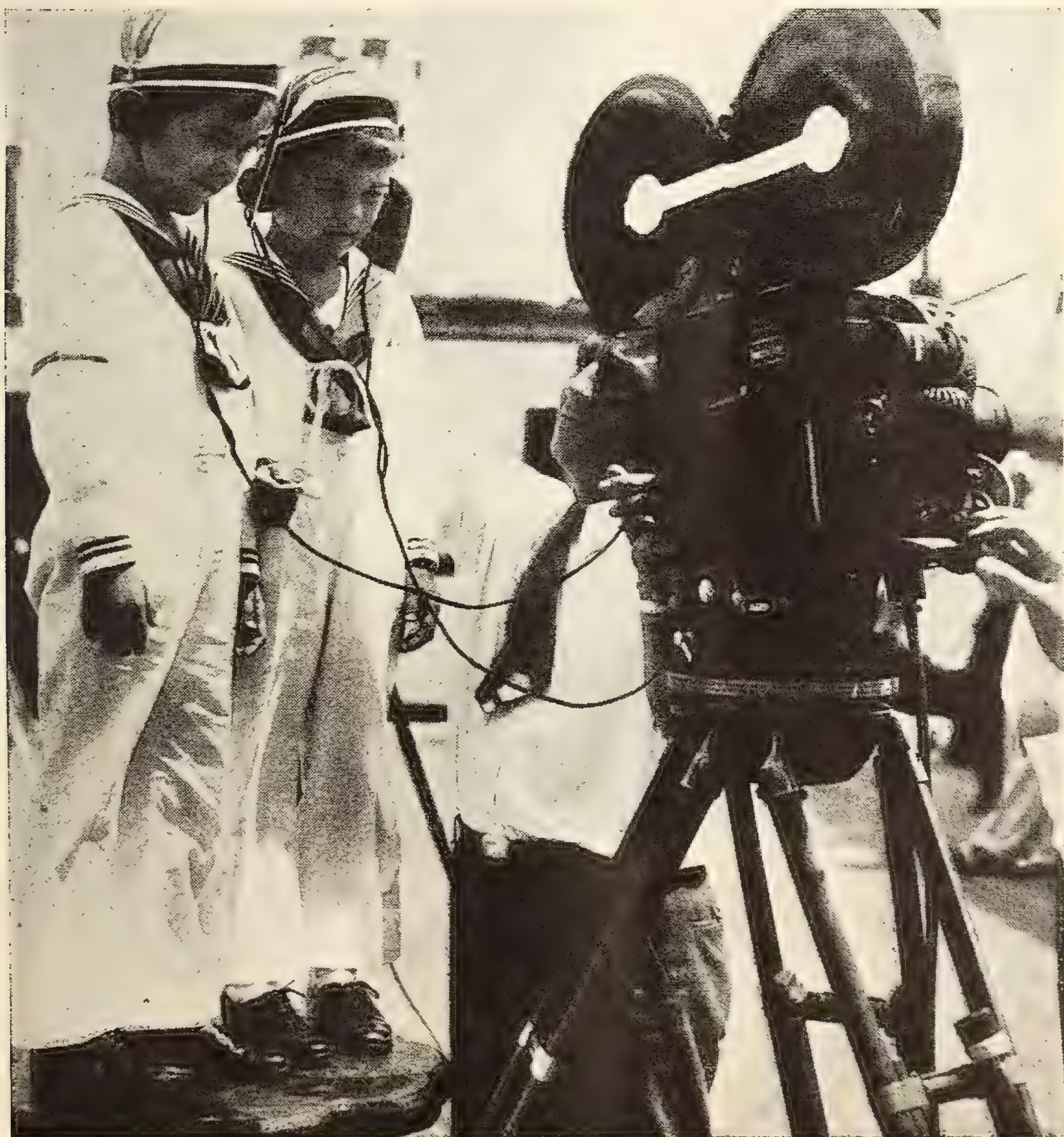
to the Zoo that morning to have their pictures taken. They had been given peanuts and popcorn to feed to the animals. Charlie hadn't been sure at first that he wanted to stick his hand right under the wet mouth of a deer, but Tommy had leaped at the chance. It was Charlie, though, who, having conquered his timidity, quivered with happiness as the deer licked his outstretched paw. "See! He likes me now!" he cried rapturously. "He's nice, isn't he? He's a nice little animool, isn't he? When I come next time, he'll know me." His voice broke with excitement.

He's telling his grandmother about it now, his eyes kindling. "I feeded a little calf right in his mouth, Nana. I feeded him this way. He liked me." That's obviously the all-important thing to Charlie.

"The man brought me a bird," Tommy contributes,

Lita Grey Chaplin, the young mother of Charlie Chaplin's two sons. She has been touring in vaudeville, but will soon be in Hollywood making "The Little Teacher."

Below, the Chaplin kids making a news talkie on their return from Europe.



Read about the two little boys who will carry on the Chaplin name in pictures



Will Charlie Chaplin, Jr., and Tommy some day be as famous as their father?

Above, the Chaplin kids when they were babies, with their pretty Spanish mother. The romance of Charlie and Lita went on the rocks about this time.

"but his tail fell off. He took our picture with popcorn and then we ate some." He eyes his grandmother speculatively, not quite sure how this piece of news will be received. "But not peanuts, Nana," he added virtuously. "I told him to not give us any peanuts."

Tommy is lively and venturesome, where Charlie is reflective and reserved. With Tommy, to have an idea is to act on it, but Charlie will think twice before he moves. Tommy is restless, turbulent, independent—Charlie is sensitive, high-strung, and craves affection. Nothing is safe with Tommy—his toys have a habit of breaking apart in his hands. Charlie's clothes are always folded neatly at night and his small shoes placed carefully side by side. Tommy would sleep sweetly, says his grandmother, through an explosion, but there aren't many nights when she isn't awakened by an apprehensive little voice from Charlie's bed: "Are you there, Nana?" And only on being reassured, does Charlie fall asleep again. Charlie has his father's troubled temperament—Tommy, like his mother, is equable; and if signs mean anything, life is going to be considerably harder on Charlie than on his



The latest portrait of Lita Grey Chaplin, who returns to the screen in "The Little Teacher," the Fox picture in which she will play with her sons. (Left.)

little brother Tommy.

Tommy's grown tired of rolling two perfectly good apples around the floor, and comes to sit cross-legged in front of me.

"Now you have to speak a little about me," he suggests. "I like trains."

Charlie joins us. "And I like boats. Big boats to cross the ocean with."

These children know how to make things easy for the interviewer.

"I like big buildings," Tommy says helpfully. "I like the Empire State building." And he looks at his brother to indicate that it's his turn now.

"I have been to the Zoo," Charlie chimes in obediently. "I saw a monkey and a little

calf." Oh, that "calf" that has found her way deep into Charlie's heart! "I put my hand right in his mouth. It was the mama calf. It feelled good."

Tommy decides it's time to branch off.

"We used to live in Bronxville—years and years and years ago—before we lived in France."

"We had a chauffeur." Charlie's eyes turned dreamy. "His name was Albert—the chauffeur's name."

"We had a cook too." (Continued on page 78)



Here, against a background of Hollywood, is Elinor Guthrie, SCREENLAND'S new Beauty Editor, who will help girls east, west, north and south to find their true "types" and to make loveliness out of their good looks!

Fairchild Aerial
Surveys Photo

Of what value is a resemblance? Can it be helpful to you to imitate the loveliness of another woman? The ambition of most of us, of course, is to achieve individuality of personality, dress, and make-up, but it is dangerous ground until you know the road perfectly because the result may be only freakishness. Therefore is it not wise first to study and copy the skill of clever women of your own type before you can hope to develop the perfection of your particular individuality? In November SCREENLAND you will see the wonders that one girl, eager to learn, has worked with a slight resemblance to—but we can't tell you that magic name until next month! Watch for it.

Elinor Guthrie

Another Hollywood Conquest!

By Elinor Guthrie

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Magic word, Beauty! Packed with lure and promise for all girls, everywhere—and particularly girls who, at the movies, see *themselves* in the speaking shadows of Joan Crawford, or Connie Bennett, or Claudette Colbert. "See" themselves—until they get home and glance into a mirror, and find that, despite a resemblance, something has come between them and the personality they dreamed of achieving. Here is where Elinor Guthrie steps into the picture—SCREENLAND'S picture. Born in New Orleans, educated in a French school in Switzerland, and in Virginia, editor of a magazine for American débutantes, an enthusiast of Hollywood and the screen scene, Miss Guthrie makes her bow as our new Beauty Editor—with a new and exciting idea.

Let her tell you about it!

WHERE have I been all my life? I have believed for years, in my smug Eastern way, that really smart trends in fashions, manners and make-up, all had to originate in either Paris or New York. I used to think that a Park Avenue débutante was the final say in "chic," good looks and luxuriousness just because her clothes were designed by the leading Parisian or New York modistes, and her parties were staged with the finest music, flowers and catering which the town could provide. Her name appeared in the society columns of every paper at least three times each day. There she was, surrounded by an admiring throng of relations and new friends. And I thought *this* was fame—success—in fact, everything that a girl's heart could desire!

Well, I'm sorry, I take it all back—I've gone com-

pletely Hollywood! This is what happened: One night last winter I went to a party given by some friends here in New York in honor of a "big movie star." It's become terribly smart for the society crowd to rush the leading lights of the stage and screen. I was frightfully excited at the prospect of meeting and actually talking to a real screen personality. It gives you a strange and wonderful sensation to see someone in the flesh whom you have gazed at for hours in the movies. The great lady had brought with her two or three other moving picture people and gradually, the whole topic of conversation at this typical New York party became—Hollywood!

Suddenly a great urge took possession of me to go out there and see for myself all those wonders—find out all about the pictures and the stars and how they created the magic which they do. I fortunately managed to have quite a long chat with the gorgeous guest of honor and before the evening was over, she had invited me to visit her! Was I excited? I jumped at it, and within a week, was on my way to Hollywood.

To begin to tell you of the worlds that opened up to me during my three months' stay in that amazing place would require a thousand pages, so I shall just touch the high-spots this time, and perhaps later on, I shall gradually be able to describe some of the fascinating things which I unearthed out there.

I met everyone, (and like an idiot, couldn't help falling in love five or six times—(Continued on page 90)

The Rudolph Valentino Memorial, one of the most beautiful monuments in California, is the daily shrine of many worshippers of the star's memory.

The "Garbo Bob." What girl or woman hasn't heard of it? If Garbo's acting were not sufficient to immortalize her, this coiffure will do it.



By
*Gregory
Williams*

"Immortals" of Hollywood

YEARS into the tomorrow, when Mary Pickford and Rudolph Valentino are but memories in the hearts and minds of motion picture fans, their fame will live on, for proud home towns and staunch fans have found countless ways to perpetuate the names of their favorites.

Future generations will stare at street signs and wonder why boulevards were given their names, (just as you now wonder), but probably few of them will understand that Pickford Avenue in Hollywood commemorates the world's love for Mary Pickford, and that other stars have been similarly honored in Hollywood and elsewhere, some of them in far corners of the world.

Dix Street, less than two blocks from the business center of Hollywood, bears silent testimony to the success of Richard Dix. In Claremore, Oklahoma, birthplace of Will Rogers and Rochelle Hudson, Rogers Boulevard is intersected by Hudson Drive, and both were named for the screen stars. Ramon Novarro has a street named for him in the town of his birth—Durango, Mexico. In Great Neck, Long Island, there is a Genevieve Avenue, which was named for Genevieve Tobin. It is crossed by Vivian Boulevard, named for Miss Tobin's sister. The two actresses were so honored when they were prominent on the New York stage.

In Paris, France, a prominent thoroughfare bears the last name of Lily Damita. Brook Avenue, named for Clive Brook, penetrates one of London's thriving suburbs. Other streets in foreign countries have been named after Emil Jannings, (Jannings Drive in Berlin, Germany); Ernest and David Torrence, (Torrence Avenue in Edinburgh, Scotland); Maureen O'Sullivan,

(Maureen Place in Cork, Ireland); and Barry Norton, (Norton Street in Buenos Aires, Argentine).

Two screen notables have had airplane landing fields named for them. In California, the Beery Airport is a prominent commercial field. The Auto Club of Southern California has stationed hundreds of highway direction signs within a radius of one hundred miles of Beery Field. Rogers Airport, situated in middle Kansas and used by transcontinental fliers and mail planes, honors the name of Charles "Buddy" Rogers, who was born in the state.

An entire community in Los Angeles, known as Roland Square, will probably stand for centuries as a mark of honor to Ruth Roland. While the property was originally owned by the former serial star, and was subdivided by her own organized company, the name was officially agreed upon by city officials of Los Angeles.

Gary Cooper goes Miss Roland one better—he has a town named in his honor. When the village of Sunnyside, Montana, decided to perpetuate the name of its home-town boy by re-naming itself Gary, the cowboy star journeyed by airplane in order to be present on the day the new name was officially dedicated, and it was Cooper who nailed the new title board to the side of the depot. Gary's ranch is situated close to the newly named township.

While many stars have been honored by song writers who named popular tunes for them, it remained for Claudette Colbert to be glorified with a waltz composition that is likely to live into musical annals. "Claudette" was composed by Vincent de Rubertis, a member of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, and was played



The Marion Davies Hospital, built for the benefit of war veterans' children by Miss Davies, and now the sanctuary of thousands of ailing youngsters annually, will stand for countless generations as a glorious monument to her.

How the stars of yesterday and today are having their memories perpetuated by worshipping fans



How long in the future will Jean Harlow—above—be remembered for the term, "Platinum Blonde," first applied to her hair?

Do the burghers of Hollywood like Richard Dix? Here's the answer—Rich has been commemorated by the City Fathers with a street named Dix.

for the first time over the radio by Claire Mellinino, concert pianist. It is now included in the repertoire of some of the world's best orchestras. Sue Carol has "Sweet Sue" named for her; Betty Compson was honored with a song titled "Betty," and Mary Brian, Mary Pickford, and other stars have been similarly flattered.

The *Dispensaire Maurice Chevalier*, located in Paris, France, was organized and is supported in a large part by the French screen star, who donates the proceeds of his every first night stage performance to the hospital fund. The clinic is devoted to the care of all members of all branches of the theatrical profession in Europe.

Another hospital and clinic, the Marion Davies Foundation, is located in Sawtelle, California, a suburb of Los Angeles. It is a magnificent collection of buildings of mercy, to which a new sur- (Continued on page 91)

The thrill that comes but once! When the town of Sunnyside, Montana, changed its name to Gary in honor of Gary Cooper, the rangy film star was invited down to signalize the change with his own hands.

The Story *of* “Sad Face” Zasu Pitts

Tearfully funny,
tragically comic,
Zasu Pitts became
a female “Merton
of the Movies” en-
dowed with true
acting talent!

By
S. R. Mook

EIGHTEEN years ago come Michaelmas or maybe it was St. Patrick's day or even St. Valentine's and it might have been sixteen years or seventeen—neither the accused nor this biographer having much of a head for figures—Zasu Pitts dashed into the grocery store in Santa Cruz, California, seized a box of currants with fluttering hands and started out with them, murmuring something to the astonished grocer that sounded like “Charge it.”

She'd been living there (in



SCREENLAND gives you the first really intimate life story of an amazing actress who is better loved than many stars

Santa Cruz, that is, not the grocery) for a number of years, had looked over the crop of local boys who'd made good—and also those who hadn't—decided there was nothing to any of them, had talked things over with her mother and come to the conclusion the next best thing to matrimony was a starring career in the movies. Maybe they had even decided the career was preferable to matrimony but the latter was closer to home and seemed easier of accomplishment so if there had been any likely prospects she might have been content with second best for her life's work.

Fortunately the boll weevil had hit the Stalwart Youth crop in California that year and it was the realization of it that gave Zasu the frustrated look she still wears.

A day was set for her descent on the film capital and Zasu was all packed and rarin' to go when she suddenly realized she hadn't put up any currant jelly for the winter. She looked at the clock and was sure she wouldn't have time to do it before the train left. Her hands started fluttering—first towards the clock, which she thought she might set back a little, and then towards the door that opened into the street that led to the grocery. The door was closer so the currants won.

She got them on the stove but didn't have time to finish her cooking so she left her mother weeping and the berries stewing while she took the train to Los Angeles.

Established in a tiny apartment in downtown Los Angeles, she started looking for the work that never came. Directors took one look at her and asked her to please go home to mother. But that wasn't Zasu's plan. She wrote cheerful letters home and moistened the envelopes with tears. On days when she was too blue and discouraged to look for work, she amused herself by riding the escalators in the large department stores. When that palled she took to the fast elevators in the tall buildings—eleven floors up and the same number down.

Then someone at Universal saw her and thought the tragic look in her eyes was funny. They thought they recognized in her a female "Merton of the Movies" and gave her a test. They were right. Zasu thought she was being dramatic and the executives thought she had Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton backed off the map.

That test was probably the most unusual hundred feet of film ever run through a camera. They gave her a shawl and a rag doll and told her to hop to it and strut

her stuff. Zasu was tired from the strain and seized a rocking chair that happened to be on the set. She sat rocking and crooning to her baby. Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby hadn't been discovered then so I suppose you could call Zasu the original crooner.

Everything was very happy and peaceful when her supposed-to-be husband bounded in with the startling news that marriage irked him. As an afterthought he added that he was leaving her flat. Zasu took the news sitting but its import brought her to her feet.

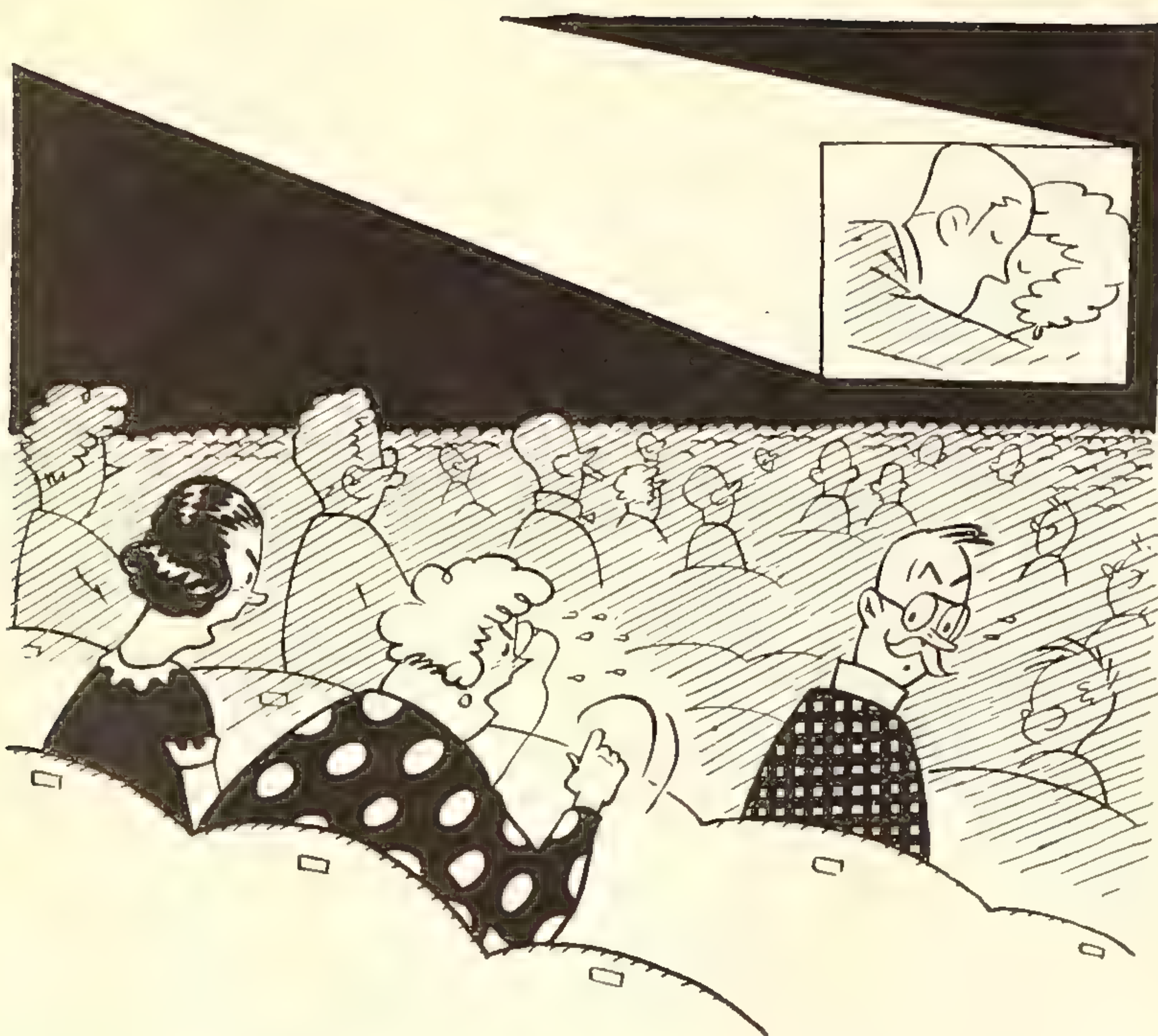
There were no microphones in those days so she didn't have to worry about blowing out a fuse. She emoted long and lustily. In fact, you might say she emoted at the top of her lungs—and the salt air of Santa Cruz had developed them to an ex- (Continued on page 80)



Robbed of early fame at the threshold of a promising career, Zasu smiled tremulously, waved her hands perplexedly, and went forth to hew out a bigger and better name for herself.

And she made good.

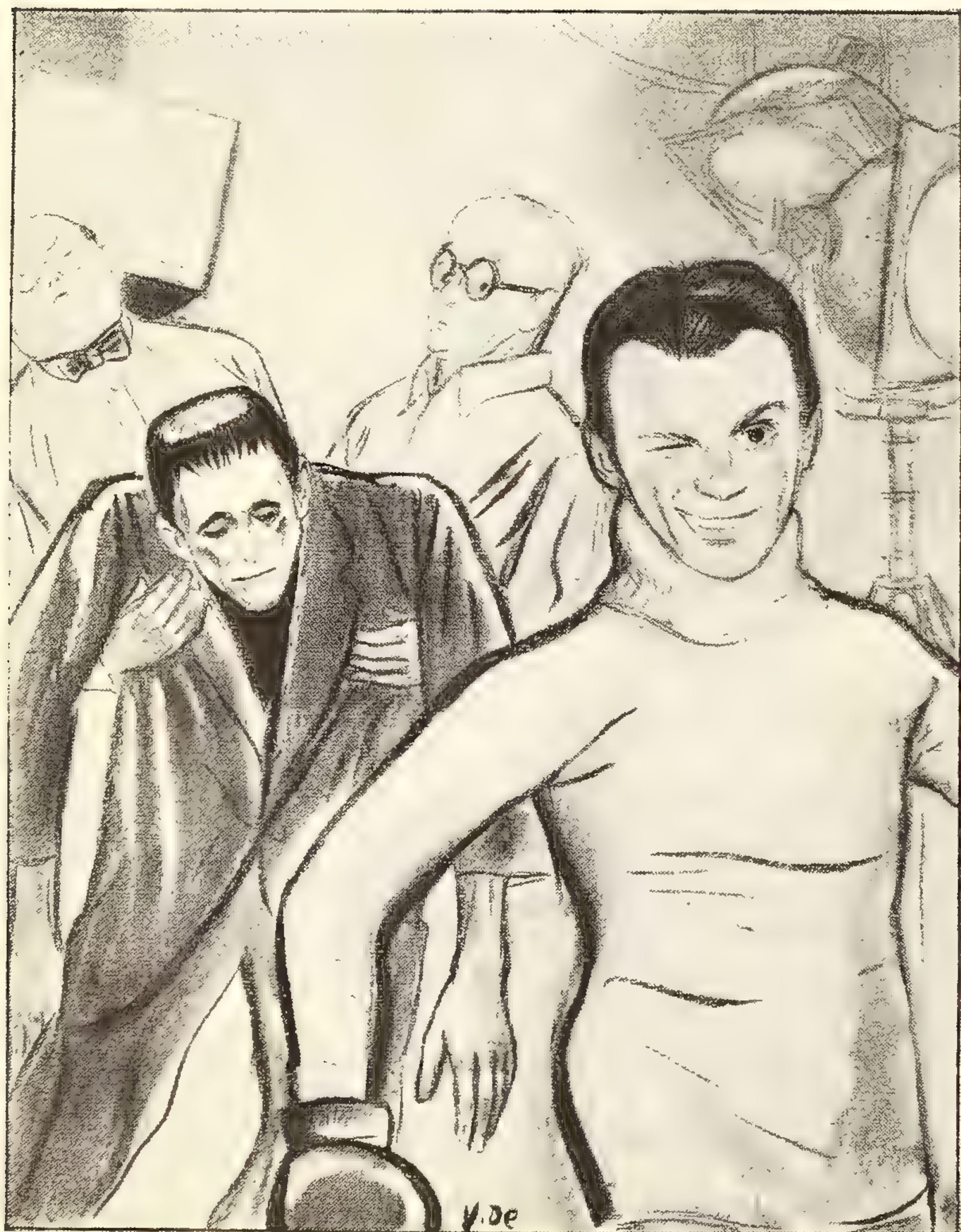
As with Duse, Zasu Pitts' most expressive acting medium is her hands. A world of pathos is inherent in those fluttering fingers! Left, in a scene from "Roar of the Dragon" with Gwili Andre and Richard Dix.



Drawing by Fred Neher

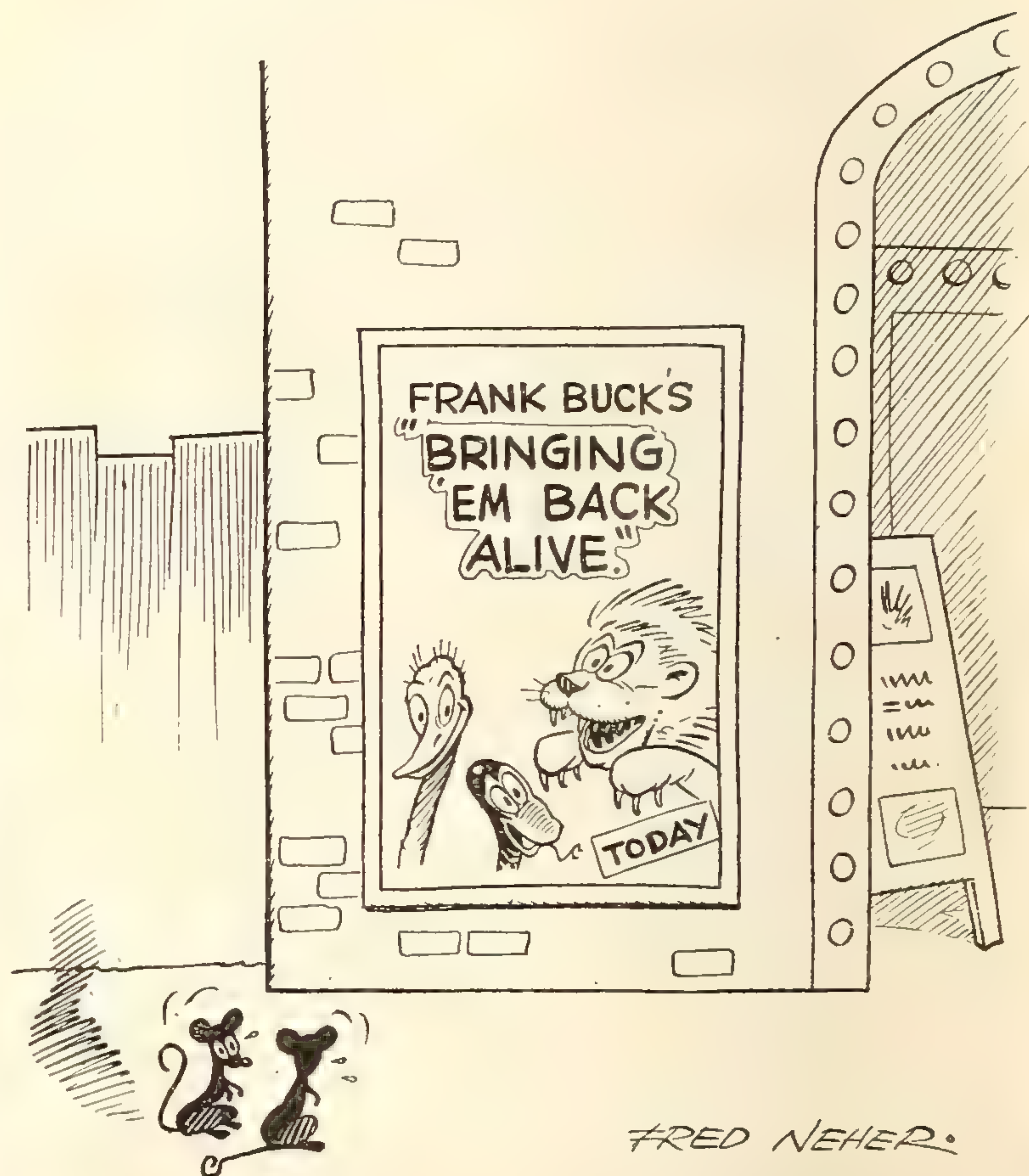
"No, we won't shut up—we came here to enjoy ourselves!"

Drawing by Victor De Pauw



Screenland Screamies

A cock-eyed view
of Movieland, as
seen by our caustic
cartoonists



FRED NEHER

"I hear he's going to Hollywood to see if he can bring Mickey back alive."

IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEWS
(With apologies to Vanity Fair)
Frankenstein's monster versus
Jimmy Cagney

- MUSHY PICTURES, INC.

The assistant cameraman who draws seventy-five dollars a week and sometimes picks up a little extra!



"I'll take this one for the mother part or I just won't play!"

Drawing by Walter Schmidt



Victor De Pauw

Assistant to the Assistant of the Assistant Casting Director: "So sorry, but I'm afraid you're really not the type."

George Brent Crashes Through!



George Brent and Ruth Chatterton. Each is the other's favorite actor—which is a most fortunate coincidence, for by the time you read this they'll probably be married.

When Ireland became too hot to hold George Brent, he found new excitement in trying to "crash" the New York stage. Read how the movies discovered him—at his own suggestion!

He sought the career of an actor—and found it one big obstacle race. Part II of his life story tells what he did about it

By
Carlisle Jones

It began to look almost too easy. One played a while in stock companies and then one was called to New York and given leading rôles on Broadway!

He played one season in the Bronx and another in Brooklyn. He even saved a little money. Then he let it be known he was available for rôles in New York productions. He made the rounds of the agents and booking offices. He waited as patiently as his Irish nature and his hectic youthful training would permit.

When his money was gone he signed again with a stock company and went on the road. He repeated this procedure again and again, holding out for a New York rôle each time until his funds were exhausted and then accepting the first offer to play in stock that came along.

So it happened that Brent, in 1924, was sent out in one of the numerous road companies which were taking that modern day box-office miracle, "Abie's Irish Rose," to the "hinterlanders." Brent played *Abie*. He played *Abie* for a year and ten months throughout the middle west. He played it in theatres, halls, churches and barns. He played it in big cities and in small towns. He can name the principal theatre and hotel in every town of any size in Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri or Colorado.

It is these audiences and hundreds more like them in all parts of the country, where Brent has played in stock, which the young actor hopes will remember him when they see him playing rôles in talking pictures. He believes that if they like him and his work on the screen his future will take care of itself.

A year and ten months of steady work let Brent return to New York late in (Continued on page 82)

WHEN George Brent reached New York nine years ago, his mind was made up. The stage was to become his stamping ground; the theatrical world was to be his oyster. He was nineteen. He was broke.

For two years he had lived in an atmosphere of suspense and excitement as dispatch runner for the Irish revolutionists. For two years he had dabbled in theatricals, with the famous Abbey players in Dublin. He had just negotiated a successful, if hair-raising escape from Ireland, via Scotland, England and Montreal, and the stage seemed to him to be the only profession which offered any continuation of the excitement he had come to feel necessary for his peace of mind.

It was absurdly simple. He asked for a chance to play in stock and he got it.

"I was big," he explains, "and had a slight brogue. I got a place almost immediately."

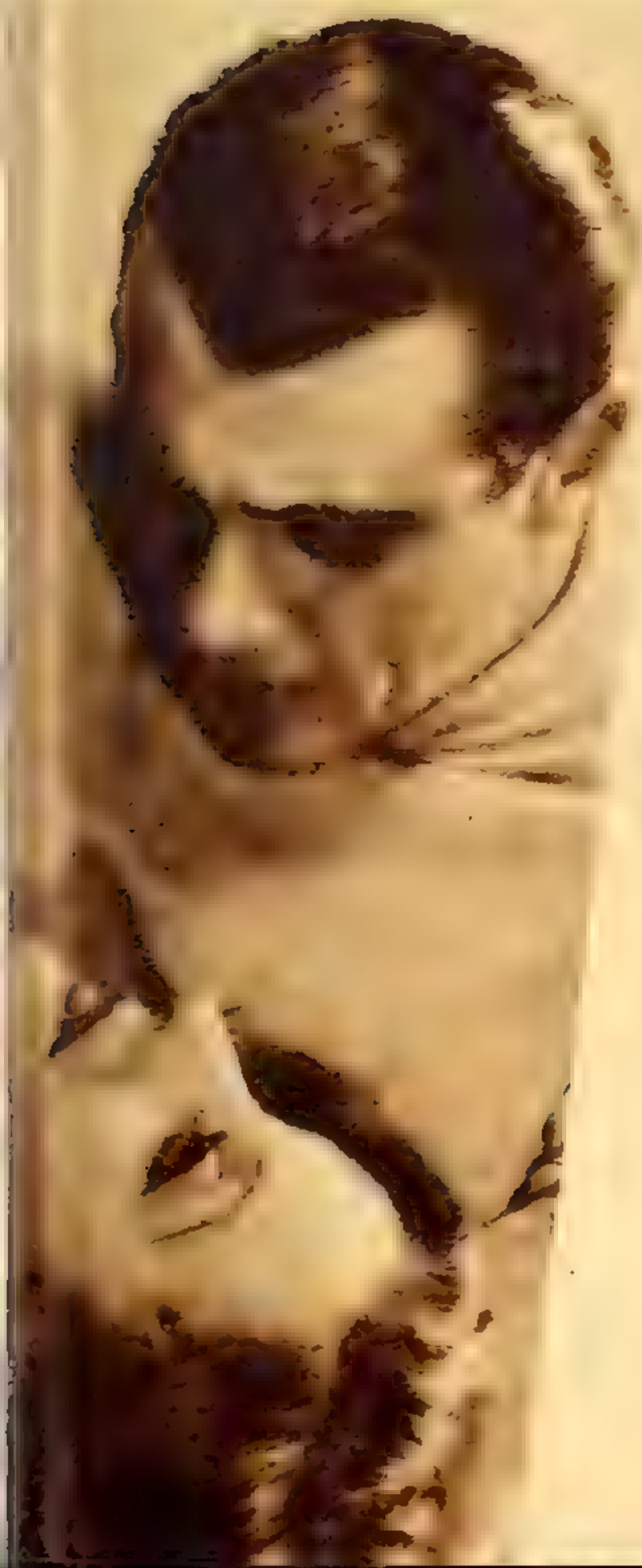
WHAT *Makes* Hollywood Exciting?

We're telling you, right here on these pages!
First, last, and always, there's—LOVE!

Different kinds of love! Lilyan Tashman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., show you the passionate product in "Son of Russia"—right. "Downstairs," John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, sweet tender love. Below, tropical love, posed by Douglas Fairbanks and Maria Alba, from "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." Below that, Gary Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead, loving romantically in "The Devil and the Deep."



AH, LOVE!



A Certain Beautiful Brunette

Name, Claudette Colbert. Studio address, Paramount. Home address, try and get it. Telephone number, over Norman Foster's dead body. But notwithstanding all these drawbacks, Claudette is just about the loveliest of the dark-eyed ladies who vie with the blondes and the titians in making Hollywood the most exciting place in the world. See Claudette's brand-new bangs? New excitement!



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hood is exciting because it fools its critics. Just as you are thinking that it
"thing new and different to offer you, along comes a screenplay with Aline
Gibon in the cast. And you sit up and take an interest again. Miss Mac-
like most interesting Broadway personalities, has sold her soul to the movies,
we're glad of it. She has given splendid performances in the past in "Five Star
and "The Mouthpiece," and she will give more in "One-Way Passage" and
"Once in a Lifetime."

Elmer Fryer

This Fine Actress



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Marie Dressler— That's All

And she is enough for most people. We don't need to tell you why Marie is one of Hollywood's major excitements. She has won, at sixty, the fame and the fortune she so richly deserves. Dukes and diplomats and international social leaders visit Marie when they come to Hollywood. Studio prop boys adore her—and so does Marion Davies. And you, and you. See her next in "Prosperity," with Polly Moran.

Colleen Moore's Come-Back



It takes Hollywood to stage a come-back like Colleen Moore's! The little girl who made a million a year in silent flaming-youth pictures featuring her Dutch bob and pert smile was licked by the talkies. So she went on a long stage tour, studied, worked. When she came back to Hollywood she was ready. Look at her now! A new person, smart, poised, modern. Metro has signed her, and her first "come-back" film will probably be "Flesh," with Wallace Beery. Real-life drama and heartache; struggles and success? Hollywood has 'em!

Hurrell

Fascinating Newcomers

Herbert Marshall, noted English actor from the stage, adds his ability to Paramount pictures. You'll see him in "The Blonde Venus," with Dietrich.

Maria Alba is the oh, so tropical heroine of "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," the picture filmed in the South Seas by Douglas Fairbanks, the first.



Vivian Gaye came to Hollywood from England as Sari Maritza's manager. Vivian is so pretty and charming she has been signed for films, herself. Watch for her.





Lovely. Sheila Terry is a Warner discovery. She is playing small parts in "Son of Russia" and "Two against the World"—but just wait!

The latest chapter in that exciting serial, "H o l l y w o o d Success Stories," features Dorothy Wilson, below. One day, as script girl at the RKO-Radio Studio, she typed the script for "Fraternity House." Next day she was selected to play the lead opposite Richard Cromwell! Looking at her, we don't wonder.



Here's real excitement! Half the leading ladies in Hollywood would give at least three cherished close-ups to play opposite Cary Grant. Cary grins—like this—and gives good performances in "The Devil and the Deep" and "The Blonde Venus." So far he is completely unattached, just another reason for fresh excitement in Screen Town!

Otto Dyar

**Hollywood is a never-ending pageant
of new charm, new talent, new thrills!**

Girls! Girls!

G-I-R-L-S!



Hollywood specializes in girls—gay, gorgeous, grand; lovely, luscious, languorous. Adrienne Ames, above, is Hollywood's prize patrician. She is a rich man's wife who likes to work! Her next film is with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, titled—probably tentatively—"Guilty as Hell."



Grace! Only her name is Claire—Claire Dodd. She may be no Duse, but how she adorns Paramount pictures! Claire came to Hollywood from the Follies, like Billie Dove and Marion Davies and so many other screen beauties.

The hot-cha charmer at the right is, of course, Joan Blondell, one of your film favorites. Her new picture, "Central Park," with Charles Farrell playing opposite, will probably be filmed right on the spot, in little old New York.



Girls! Girls!

Here's real excitement for you! Claudette Colbert poses for the camera in a bathing suit for the very first time. Her Paramount contract says she is not to be asked to pose for what Hollywood calls "leg pictures." But in the balmy air of Hollywood La Colbert forgot all about that clause to give us this gorgeous picture. Thanks, Claudette.



There are a good many Hollywoodians who persist in the opinion that Anita Page is the most beautiful blonde in town. We are not taking sides or anything but we must admit that we can't, at this moment, think of a prettier blonde than Anita. She has a real acting rôle in "Skyscraper Souls."



The answer to the question, "Why does Hollywood have to send to Europe for talent?" Sari Maritza has that certain lure that only little imports seem to give us. Wait until Paramount gives Sari a girl-sized part and watch her fulfill the promise of her "still" pictures—of this grand study, for example. Maritza is the youngest member of the "foreign menace" club.



Left, Dick is taking this scene seriously. For the new Barthelmess picture, "The Cabin in the Cotton."

Loretta Young, Louis Calhern, and extras are lined up at the bar of this studio speakeasy—right.



STARS at WORK



Sometimes it's safe; often it's better to duck when you see that sign, "Stars at Work!" But whether all's quiet on the western front, or one of your celluloid favorites is battling with her director, you can count on sufficient excitement when you visit a Hollywood studio. What? No, we can't get you a pass. We are not Will Hays. But the pictures on these two pages are almost as good as a personally-conducted tour of the leading studios. Study the big "spread"—it is one of the best studio pictures you'll ever see.



Billie Dove and Marion Davies are freshening up their make-up between shots for Marion's Follies film.

Find Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., among these players. Clue: he's "de tool of a bootiful dame," like Durante.



The large picture shows Connie Bennett and her leading man, Neil Hamilton, taking final orders from Director Archie Mayo before the shooting begins on the court-room scene for "Two Against the World," for Warners. See Connie's pleased grin? She likes this picture. Then look at the others; upper left, Barthelmess making a scene for "The Cabin in the Cotton." Next, a Manhattan speakeasy set for "They Call It Sin." Then Billie Dove and Marion Davies in "Blondie of the Follies." Finally, a stunning view of a lavish set for "Son of Russia."

Originals!

Positively no copies here — distinctive personalities, distinctive designs in dress

Long black suede gloves—good! Claudette Colbert wears a bracelet with brilliants, too. Note that our Cover Girl this month, Connie Bennett, wears gloves like these.



**Dash!
Daring!**



Fur the smart woman! Kay Francis made Hollywood gasp when she emerged with this excitingly new fur cape-wrap of red fox, with the skins arranged in a round effect across the shoulders.

Bette Davis' autumn street costume is of navy blue silk with perpendicular tucking on both skirt and jacket. The blue of the dress is contrasted with a high-waisted blouse of white, and a red belt. An extremely original touch is the narrow band of ermine collaring the jacket, and trimming the cuffs.



Barbara Weeks, right, favors brown for fall. The only splash of color in her ensemble is her novel and gay plaid taffeta scarf. And that's an idea!

A late 1932 version of the sailor hat is introduced by Lilyan Tashman. Just one of the things she picked up in Paris.



Verree Teasdale—very smart turban. The chapeau is of black velvet, with black net nose veil. Wear your corsage of gardenias on the front of your frock, if you want to be a fashion step ahead of the other gals!



For the young sophisticate, Loretta Young suggests this very formal black chiffon and tulle frock. The heavily frilled and puffed sleevelets give that broad-shouldered effect. See the gracefully flaring semi-train. Loretta is growing up on us!



Get your evening wrap to match your gown. Leila Hyams' cape-wrap is of pale green velvet. Leila's wrap is made like Kay Francis' fur wrap. And there are those gardenias again, this time on the shoulder.



If you haven't a checked street suit you'll be out of the fashion parade. Patricia Ellis' suit is of black-and-white zephyr wool. With it she wears a white sweater, black hat, and a black patent leather belt.



Adrian designed this small black toque for Karen Morley, left. Hats still seem to be tipping toward the right, says Adrian, the noted Metro designer.



Another black hat! But how do you like Leila Hyams' black and white striped scarf? It matches the wide lapels of her jacket.

Marian Nixon's hat is one of the loveliest we've seen. She wears it with her Sunday night supper frocks. It's of black lace and net and tilts pertly over the right eye.





Scotty Welbourne

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Nancy Carroll and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Son of Russia."

Screaming Beauty

Meet Hollywood's official
"yip artist"

By
Brian Herbert

Her voice is as high-powered as her smile! Alice Doll made her screaming debut in a panic sequence in "The Mad Genius"—and she certainly was a panic! Now she uncorks her high "C" for Hollywood's best actresses.



"EE-EE-EE-EE-YOW-OW-OW-OW-OOOOH!" Did you ever hear Constance Bennett scream like that in a picture? Or Ruth Chatterton? Or Kay Francis? Or any other favorite star of yours?

"Of course I have," you will say. "And I was pretty frightened, too."

Well, you heard nothing of the kind!

Connie Bennett never has screamed in a picture. Nor has Ruth Chatterton. Nor Kay Francis. Nor a lot of these other high-strung ladies.

Yes, here we are, breaking another illusion like an old meanie. Connie Bennett cannot scream, nor can the other ladies just mentioned. Not a good scream in any of 'em.

Consequently, pretty little Alice Doll has a job.

When Constance Bennett comes face to face with the murderer in her next picture, "Two Against the World," she goes through all of the frenzied, hysterical motions of screaming. Believe it or not, she didn't utter a sound. Not a peep.

"When I scream," she explains, "all that comes out is something like an 'ee-ee-eeek'." To prove it, she gave a demonstration. Then: "You see? And if I really do scream as loudly as possible I can't talk again for hours."

"Don't scream," advised Director Archie Mayo. "It would be much too expensive. We'll send for Alice Doll. She'll scream for you—and how!"

Months ago, during the filming of John Barrymore's "The Mad Genius," Director Michael Curtiz shot a theatre panic-sequence. A feature of which, of course, was screams, shouts, yells and wails.

That was when Alice Doll's amazing talent was discovered. Up to then she had been hiding her shrieks

under a bushel—a bushel without sound effects!

After the young player had been put before the "mike" and had screamed long and loud and in varied degrees of agony she was put down on the studio casting office records as an "A-1 Official Screamer For Screaming Sequences."

Simply because a star's voice is too valuable a thing to risk in the middle of an expensive production. The human throat is a delicate contraption and in some people can be easily damaged by straining.

So it came about that Alice Doll, whose throat seems to stand up well under the strain of repeated and unholy screams, has screeched for the Best People of Hollywood. She varies her cries to fit the personalities and the voices of the lovely ladies she screams for.

Ruth Chatterton is not often confronted with the necessity of screaming in her rôles. In "The Rich Are Always With Us" not a peep was called for, but in her latest, "The Crash," Alice Doll was summoned to raise her voice to the skies for La Chatterton.

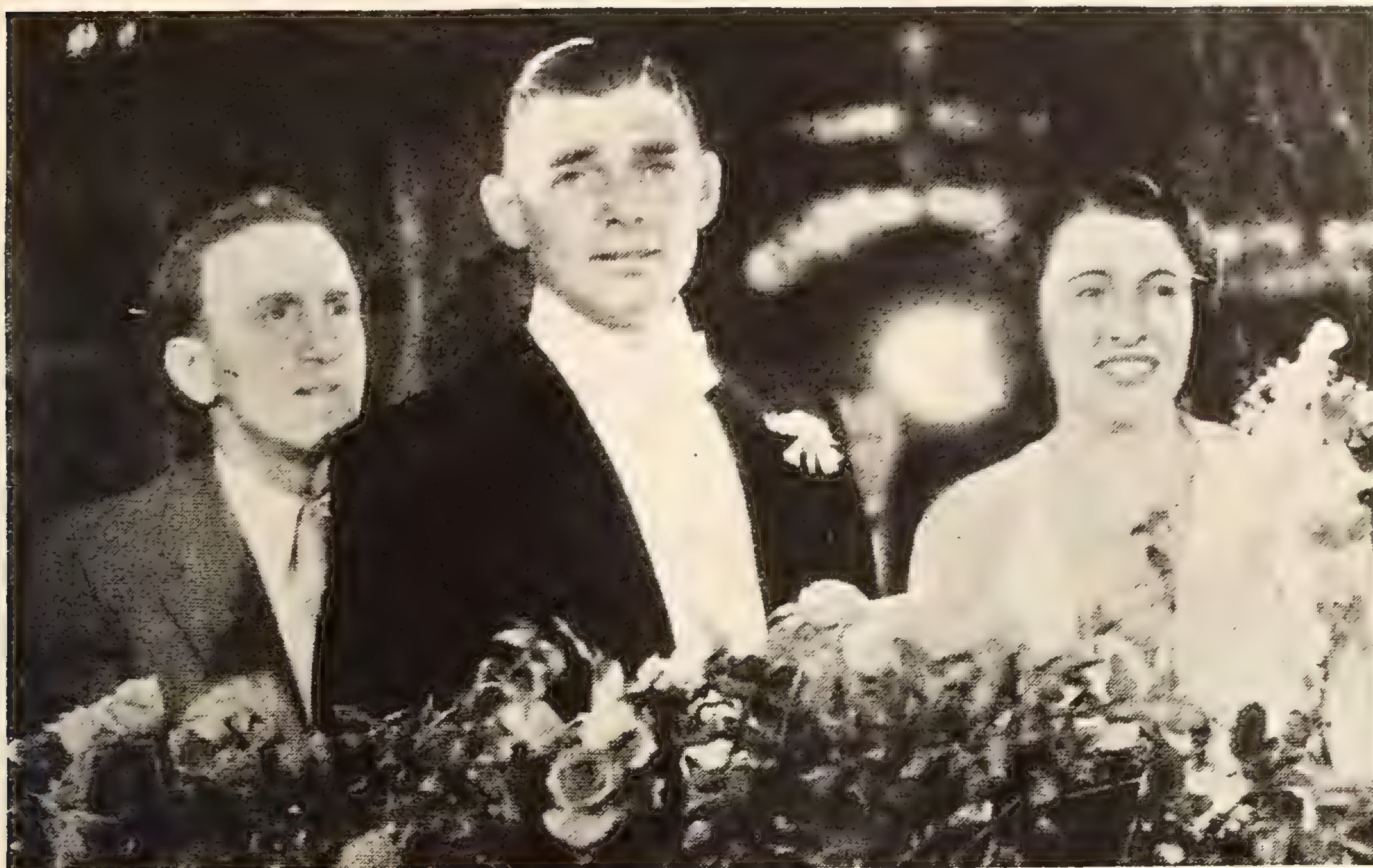
Barbara Stanwyck is the champion screamer among the ladies of the screen and therefore has never used Miss Doll's vocal pipes. In "The Purchase Price" you will hear Barbara scream long, loud and repeatedly. It's dandy. Before the sequence was photographed Director William Wellman murmured words to the effect that he didn't think she should risk her voice; that maybe Miss Doll should be sent for.

"I'll do my own screaming," Miss Stanwyck said. And that was that.

Loretta Young screams her own screams in pictures, too, a high, immature scream which promises in time to reach really admirable proportions. Joan Blondell owns a scream which will posi- (Continued on page 94)

What *about* Now? Clark Gable





Acme

Here's the great he-man of the movies at a Hollywood first night. No, no—not Jimmie Durante! Clark Gable, with Mrs. Gable. Jimmy's the runner-upper.

By Ben Maddox

MEET Clark Gable today!

This he-man with dimples; this gangster who went heroic by feminine demand; this most desired of all current screen lovers—where does he go from here?

His powerful performance in "Strange Interlude" has clinched his right to stardom. Unofficially M-G-M's biggest male draw for the past six months, he is on his own for the first time in the just completed "China Seas."

What is Hollywood doing to him? How has this amazing whirl from obscurity to the foremost position in the talkies affected him? Can he possibly live up to all the grand breaks he has had so far? And, to be personal, is it true that fame is splitting up his second marriage?

Some other stellar men about town have been saying, "Poor Clark! We feel sorry for him. No one could keep a level head with all the publicity and adulation that have been showered on him!"

Logical, but after you meet and talk to Clark Gable you're ready to answer, "Sour grapes!"

Hollywood has affected him, certainly! What's more, he's man enough to admit it. But the change is a sensible, admirable one!

Every actress yearns to play opposite Gable. Every honest male star recognizes the potent appeal Clark exerts in pictures. And you and I know that he is one of the best topics in any social gathering. The Gable craze can be likened only to the Valentino boom of yester-year.

I wanted to know what he, himself, thinks of all the excitement he has stirred up. Learn his own conception of how popularity has altered him. There's nothing quite so authentic as letting a man speak for himself.

The first thing he said was the most unusual statement I've ever heard from the lips of a star. I've interviewed most of them, and Gable is the very first who ever announced, "I haven't done anything big yet!"

This from the fellow who has teamed with Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, Davies—and won equal honors with these long acclaimed ladies!

"I have never carried a pic- (Continued on page 81)

Gable,
Today!
Has he
Changed?
Is he
Happy?
What's
New?



Above, the house in Cadiz, Ohio, where Gable was born. Right, his new Beverly Hills home.



Joan, at twenty-one, has been a bride, a mother, a divorcée, the apex of a famous triangle—and now a bride again. Who can match her career to date?

ON HOLLYWOOD'S marry-go-round Joan Bennett has pulled the golden ring!

True, on the spirited chargers that so gaily pirouette to a mad jazz rhythm, vaguely reminiscent of Mendelssohn, one only goes round-and-round—grasping at new rings, hopeful that the next will be better than the last, throwing the past aside for “just one more chance.”

Joan Bennett Fox Markey, at twenty-one, has been

Joan Grabs the Bennett Spotlight!

Sister Connie has our cover—
here's where Joan stars

By Helen Harrison

the central figure of at least two famous triangles—but in her quiet, wide-eyed manner the little blonde sophisticate has plucked Hollywood's (and points East) most eligible bachelor with all the ease she has consistently exercised since, at sixteen, she left the confines of a French convent to marry John Martin Fox, then matriculating at an English college.

That was five years ago—enough time for an up-standing Bennett to annex a wee daughter—Adrienne, blonde elf—named for her grandmama, to divorce her husband, time indeed to declare she was “through with romance,” and then to figure prominently in the John Considine-Carmen Pantages triangle. There are those who have felt Carmen, as Mrs. Considine, came off the victor in that hot-cold-luke-warm-hot-again romance—but I share the opinion of most that Joan had ceased to care, or else there might have been a different ending to that story. Considine, you will recall, was the one to first sign Joan to her contract, when she was immediately cast opposite Ronald Colman in “Bulldog Drummond.” She had had other plans then, had actually studied interior decorating and endeavored to persuade her mother to go into business with her. Since then *exterior* decorating has been Joan's line—and what grand curves and divine color schemes she has accomplished.

At all events, last autumn Joan found herself whole-hearted and single—long-distanced daily by a famous political play-boy and a first-water critic, and short-stopped nightly by several of California's most regal Romeos!

Back in 1929, when Joan was seriously considering the movies as a means of earning her sarouks and sabres, a nebulous triangle was forming across the continent. Ina Claire, blonde, beautiful, and bewitching had done just that to Gene Markey, gifted magazine writer and coming premier scenarist. For many years Ina and Gene had been a familiar pair at the Algonquin, and week-ends at Ina's beautiful Portchester menage were unfailingly graced by the certain charm of Markey. Here, on the broad lawns of Westchester, Ina would sit, a script in hand, her lovely dogs grouped at her feet—Gene figuratively so—the centre of admiring friends, and it seemed to those who knew them best that life would go on so forever—that Ina Claire (née Fagan), the sensation of the 1912 Follies, the scintillating star of innumerable Broadway successes, would soon be Ina



Some of the Bennetts at play. Joan's mother (now Mrs. Eric Pinker); Joan herself; Gene Markey, her husband; and Sister Connie. Don't the Markeys make an impressive couple?

Markey, and Gene's bachelor days would be at an end. And then another famous star, the recent husband of Leatrice Joy, the adored of Garbo, twisted that papier-mâché triangle into a cocked hat!

It was in the summer of that same '29 that prosperity, the Claire-Markey combine and Wall Street all took a nose dive. Ina had been signed by Pathé for two pictures and was sent to the Coast to begin "The Awful Truth." Gene followed soon after, stopping off at Chicago for some trousseau miscellany. It was there he received a preview of "The Awful Truth"—the horrible, irrefutable reality of his shattered romance—Ina Claire had married John Gilbert!

There are those who believe Gene had dallied too long, but I do know it was thought by those "in the know" that Ina's previous marriage and more recent divorce had violated Gene's religious scruples. It may have been that time was needed to reconcile Gene's Catholicism to Ina's situation—and that Ina was irked. Yet there may have been other reasons—for Joan, Mrs. Markey that is, is also a divorcée!

Gene was deeply shocked and sincerely hurt when Ina Claire married John Gilbert, but he's a swell person—sporting, regular. He became a friend of the Gilberts, was entertained by them and entertained them. And then the Gilbert romance ended in a draw. But where was Gene? Writing in Hollywood. And where was Ina? Appearing in Paramount pictures. And where, indeed, was Joan? Working for Fox.

It was at the home of the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye that Joan and Gene met, the home of that other glamorous Bennett—Con-

stance. And that, children, is how *that* started.

One cannot help wondering if Joan's blonde beauty was not, at first, reminiscent of Gene's former love. Both are blondes, both are women who dress exquisitely, are abundantly intelligent, the natural companions of men of fastidious discernment. Ina, with her wise, twisted smile, delicately cynical; Joan with her disarming pout, her almost naïve glance, seem very different types of women—yet they are both inherent sophisticates. Joan is a 1932 edition of a still young Ina.

As for Joan—Markey, she felt, was at last a man to trust and to believe in. Her loss of faith in men was real when her first marriage proved disastrous. Still an adolescent, in spite of her participation in adult life, Joan was as malleable as are most young girls of sixteen, and the unhappy turn of events to her romance plumbd unsounded depths in the soul of this impressionable girl. Her romance with Considine was probably a rebound from her divorcement. She was finding men again. Finding life and its eternal riddle intriguing. When she was apparently jealous, inconsiderate, and sometimes even conspicuously dramatic, her conduct must be condoned as that of severe readjustment. To me it seems that neither John Fox nor Considine were really *men* in Joan's life. They stand, rather, as ideals of a romantic girl's first love and as the rebirth of romance. Markey seems surely the first real (Continued on page 84)



The mother of the Bennett girls, the former Adrienne Morrison, photographed with her volatile young daughter on a recent visit to Hollywood.

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

The
First Year
Fox



I'd recommend this as the family film of the month, but that might keep you away. And I'm interested in pushing you in to see it, because it's a different Gaynor-Farrell film. In fact, it isn't a Gaynor-Farrell film at all. It's a Farrell-Gaynor, this time. There's a difference. Charlie Farrell has turned actor on us. He need no longer depend upon his ingratiating smile and boyish appeal. In "The First Year" he gives a splendid, up-standing performance of a young husband, probably the best thing he has done. Devotees of the team will like their latest. So will others, for this time it's clever, not cloying. It follows the trials of a "nice young married couple" through their first year, past hilarious complications to a refreshing finish. There are legitimate laughs by Leila Bennett, Maude Eburne, and Robert McWade; authentic charm by Janet and Charlie, and—good!—Dudley Digges.

Reviews of the BEST PICTURES



THIS MONTH:
Congorilla
Lady and Gent
The First Year
American Madness
Million Dollar Legs
Washington Masquerade

Million
Dollar
Legs
Paramount



The laugh picture for your list! It's wild, it's crazy, it's goofy. It's just utter nonsense. But it's funny. Don't ask me what it's all about because I don't know—there's no rhyme or reason to it, but there's something better—there's satire, slapstick, and the funniest gags concocted since Chaplin turned genius on us. The picture begins in the mythical kingdom of Klopstockia and ends in Hollywood, at the Olympics, in one broad jump. As the President of Klopstockia, W. C. Fields gets the lion's share of laughs. Jack Oakie, as the Fuller brush man from America who must devise some way to make \$8,000,000 for the crazy country before he can marry the President's daughter, pretty Susan Fleming, is grand as only Oakie can be. Lyda Roberti plays *Mata Macree*, "the famous spy no man can resist,"—yes, it's all as silly as that—in highly amusing and pictorial manner.

Lady
and
Gent
Paramount



The most human picture of the month! I don't care how critical you think you are, there are certain scenes in this film that will get you. Take a dumb prizefighter, a nightclub lady who loves him, have him lose the fight, have her stick by him, have them both overcome by a little orphan, and what have you? Hokum? Maybe. But the very best hokum. And when George Bancroft plays the ex-champ, and that clever Wynne Gibson plays the girl, and when they both squeeze every drop of sentiment from every scene, then you give in, and join me in enjoying "Lady and Gent." It's much too slow, and some of the dialogue is too smart-cracky, and often Bancroft has you worried that he is "going up in his lines," as we say on Broadway; but you'll like most of it. Miss Gibson is the real star of the piece.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

By
Delight Evans

If I like a picture, I'll say so. If I don't like it, I'll tell you why I don't. I'll rave if the picture or performance rates it, but I am not afraid to speak my mind. You'll find corsages on these two pages, but you'll smell cauliflowers, too. I can promise you unbiased and absolutely authentic reviews because I go to see the pictures I talk about. Every review is real, not written from a synopsis or studio hearsay or publicity material. I make no claim to review pictures before they are finally edited because I believe you are interested chiefly in what is going to be set before you on your local screens. I'm still a movie fan, myself!

D. E.



American
Madness
Columbia



If a good old word hadn't been so overworked, I'd use it right here. "American Madness" comes pretty close to being a genuine—here I go!—*epic*. It has not only the required "epic" number of extras, it has power, sweep, and imagination. And it strikes home to the heart of every one of us. Instead of a "Grand Hotel," here's a bank that is cross-sectioned and exposed. Why, there's drama here; and heartbreak; and romance, too. Walter Huston plays the president who built his business on faith; who believes in character before commercialism—and who has the courage of his convictions even when a run threatens to destroy his beloved bank. I can't begin to tell you how much authentic excitement director Frank Capra has found in his theme. The "run" is one of the real celluloid thrills of the month.



The
Washington
Masquerade
M-G-M



The most timely picture on the screens today! Metro has made this melodramatic smash for our Presidential year—smart showmanship. You'll see Washington putting on its most spectacular shows, and Lionel Barrymore giving a great performance against the background of national politics. He plays a United States Senator whose high ambitions crash under the pressure of intrigue and the wiles of a glamorous woman. Karen Morley plays the gal, and becomes in one graceful leap the screen's most intelligent siren. Here's a temptress with brains, something quite, quite new in movie circles. Barrymore plays magnificently one of his finest rôles. "The Washington Masquerade" is not only smooth and excellent entertainment. It's a tonic for tired Americans. See it and wake up!



Congorilla
Fox



Your adventure movie! By all means, see this. It's the first sound picture from the Dark Continent. And it is FUN. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson have apparently cast off their dignity as pioneer screen explorers and just set out to have a good time, and to give us one. They succeed! Here is natural, unposed beauty—the loveliest "scenic" shots ever made in Africa. Here is genuine comedy—two pygmies trying to light a cigar with safety matches—serious, mysterious to them; a howl to you. Here is excitement—a charging rhino. Here are actual sound effects. Here are the originals of those "Tarzan" gorillas. And here, most of all, is the *real thing*—you know it, you feel it. The Johnsons never descend to tricks. If they can't get a legitimate thrill, they have a laugh instead. Round up all the children in your neighborhood and give them a good time at "Congorilla." And don't forget to see it yourself!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

HOT off the ETHER

SCREENLAND'S gossip about popular Radio personalities

By Evelyn Ballarine

Her Songs Satisfy

HAIL the "Queen of the Radio"—she's Ruth Etting! She's charming, she's blonde, she's slim—and oh, yes, she sings! Grab your hat and gloves and let's dash over to the Columbia Broadcasting Studios and see La Etting "in the flesh" as she serves "Music That Satisfies."

Tonight she's wearing a blue print crêpe dress—very simple, but very smart; a red hat and a red bag are the only bright splashes of color in her otherwise subdued ensemble.

Ruth dislikes rehearsals—she'd much rather go on the air "cold." Ruth looks sad and wistful herself when she sings songs like that. Immediately after Miss Etting is off the air there are a series of telephone calls from her Broadway friends who never fail to listen in.



Ruth Etting, "Queen of the Air," is as lovely as her voice. And, Mr. Ripley, Ruth never took a singing lesson in her life! You see, hear, and like Ruth in screen shorts.



Remember Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson when they were in the movies? Well, now you can hear them clowning over the air every week. The boys "dress up" in character even though television is still "around the corner."

O.K., W. W.!

And now over to the National Broadcasting Station to see and hear Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter. Okay! Walter Winchell! Go ahead and give us an earful. Every Thursday night is Winchell gossip night. Instead of sitting around the fire and swapping gossip, as of old, it's smart to gather 'round the radio and let Winchell spill some of his swellegant stuff about the great and the near great.

Walter is prematurely gray. He used to be a vaudeville actor. And he doesn't care who knows that he was kicked out of school in the sixth grade!

* * *

Have you been listening to those two clowns, Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson? They're on the air every Thursday night with Rudy Vallee. And "durned" if they aren't making a comedian out of Rudy. They're positively contagious!

* * *

Let's have a look at "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd," "The Gloom Chasers" of the air. The plump lad with the rosy cheeks is the "Colonel," and the rather serious chap standing next to him is "Budd." Budd usually acts as stooge for (Continued on page 94)

Here's Walter Winchell, the one and only "W. W.," ace Broadway columnist, and the inspiration for all those pictures we've been seeing lately about the newspaper column writers.

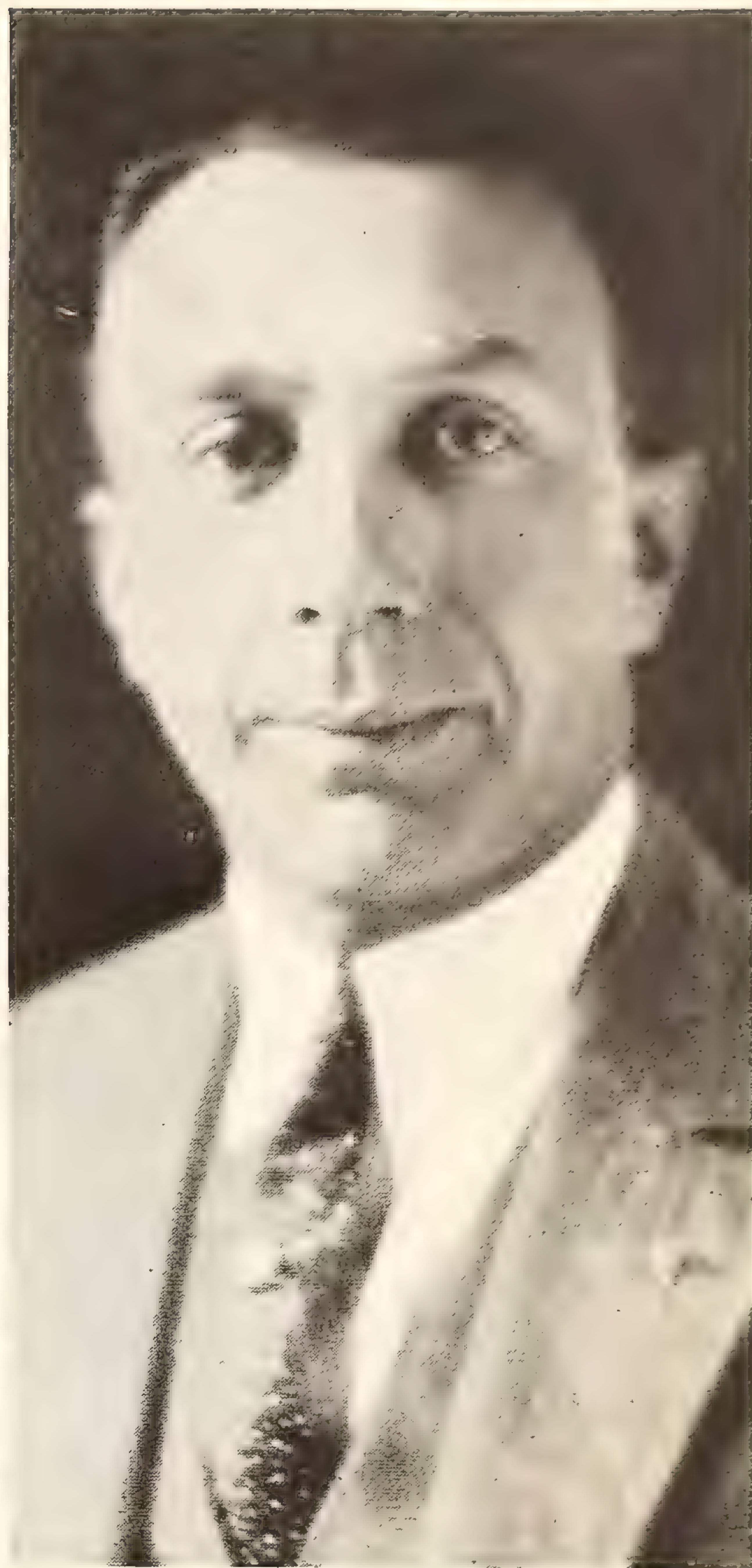


Thank Him for the Talkies!

Pen portrait of H. M. Warner, whose
company gave a voice to the films

By Lynde Denig

Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer," the first talkie. Presented by Warners as a pioneering move, it has made movie history which continues to be written to this day.



THE Warners came out of Russia when The Little White Father ruled right smartly with a Cossack whip and Siberia was a finishing school for dissenters.

There was plenty of gold in Russia at that time, but it was difficult to chip nuggets from the frozen assets. Warner, Sr., understood that conditions were brighter in America, a land of milk and money. He decided that the Warner clan would thrive on the milk and money, also a bit of the cream from the top of the bottle. Unfortunately, he did not live to see how thoroughly the cream agreed with his offspring.

Kindly Providence guided the Warner patriarch to Baltimore where the gentlefolk, in common with those of other cities, wore out their shoes on stone pavements. Shoes, as he knew from his own experience, for he was on his way to becoming the father of a family of twelve, were a basic necessity. He would serve the needs of the public, as well as those of his immediate dependents, by way of a shoe-repairing shop. Provided no one else wanted the leather, he could rely upon home consumption.

If only the far-sighted Baltimorean could have a peep into the closets of his sons, Harry, Jack, and Albert, today! They have the shoes, so to speak, with never a patch nor a rundown heel to mar them. But the Warner boys have worn out a lot of pairs on their climb from the cobbler's shop to the crest of the motion picture mountain. One of them, the stout-hearted and much-beloved Sam, who marked the path in the earlier days,

Close-up of a big man behind some of your favorite motion pictures: Harry M. Warner. His company has given you such stars as George Arliss, Richard Barthelmess, James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

died before the summit had been reached.

Harry M. Warner, who shouldered the responsibilities laid down by Sam, in addition to those he already carried, is the electrifying energy behind the names of Warner, Vitaphone, First National, wherever you may see them: sparkling in lights on the marquees of theatres, flashing from screens, catching your eye from billboards as you spin along concrete highways. He is president of so many corporations and a director in so many more that there is no need to name them.

Harry has held the money-bag when it was light as a balloon and when it was heavy with coin. In the transitory life of the motion picture, it has filled and emptied with the rapidity of an hour-glass. But heavy or light, Harry has stepped briskly along, living in the present and the future and tingling with the joy of the struggle.

Seated in his New York office, a sort of conning tower from which he surveys and directs a wide variety of interests, there is a touch of the Wall Street broker about his alert personality that expresses a new type in the amusement and commercial world: an international showman, a sort of three-in-one combination: showman-realtor-banker.

Harry knows the show business from the Broadway-Hollywood angle; but that is (Continued on page 90)



It was Betty Compson, one of the prettiest blondes ever seen on the screen, who said: "I have a sweetheart in every part!" Here's Betty with Hugh Trevor, when these two were believing their own love scenes.

*By
James
Marion*

Studio Sweethearts

THERE are three distinct classes of romance in Hollywood. First, there is the old-fashioned, hand-in-hand love that leads eventually to the altar. Then there is the "secret love" that seems to go nowhere in particular—but to the divorce courts in general. And there is the *third*, that keeps Hollywood and the gossips on tiptoe, and makes for all the silly rumors that continually exude from the film city. This last but decidedly not least type of romance is hectic but seldom permanent. Hollywood has a special name for stars in this group: *Studio Sweethearts*.

To Betty Compson must go credit for the discovery and exploitation of this new and handy idea. Betty's disclosure of studio romances has given Hollywood's famous sons and daughters a new method of whiling away otherwise weary hours during production of pictures, to say nothing of the publicity accrued. It all began with Miss Compson's remark to a very stunned and astonished writer:

"I don't know what I would do without my studio romances. I have never made a picture that I did not fall in love with some man in the cast. None of these harmless affairs ever lasted beyond the length of the production, but I think all concerned enjoyed them thoroughly. Nothing really serious—just like the sailors: *I have a sweetheart in every part!*"

With that explanation, Betty answered all the gossip about herself and Hugh Trevor, Grant Withers, and other leading men. In addition, she supplied the rest of the boys and girls with either an idea or an excuse. Since then? Well, let us see!

Take Joan Blondell and George Barnes, the Goldwyn cameraman. They met during the production of "The Greeks Had a Word For Them." Joan, always considered cute and talented, but never beautiful, was suddenly transformed into a gorgeous woman on the screen, and George, the cameraman, was the reason. Another studio romance, whispered Hollywood. True, Joan and George seldom went out in public, but they constantly lunched together. One day a newspaper reporter saw them and immediately published a "reported engagement." That was unfortunate for the reason that Barnes was in the process of getting a final divorce decree, so Joan denied a pending marriage. She and George were not seen together so much after that, but—you want to know a secret? They are to be married soon! Joan admits it openly, and as soon as her George is free to wed, she'll be Mrs. Barnes.

But here's one that will show you how trivial some of them really are—and how soon they stop and start again! Take the case of Lupe Velez and Lawrence Tibbett. That romance developed out of a playful attempt

Some Hollywood stars have "a sweetheart in every part!" Others live happily ever after. Read about both kinds

on the part of the vivacious Mexican to show the rest of the cast in "The Cuban" that she could turn the heart of the famous singer. It had been said that he was afraid of women—that he wanted no more of women after his divorce. Lupe was sure that she was able to make him fall and fall hard!

She tried, at first, to break down his natural reserve by saying things that would either make him laugh or embarrass him. He went her one better on every occasion by coming back with a

A studio romance that came true: John Gilbert and his Virginia, who met during the filming of Jack's picture, "Downstairs."



Connie Bennett and Joel McCrea, when Connie thought Joel was a pretty nice boy. But now she's La Marquise (Marquise de la Falaize.) (Left.)

Loretta Young and Grant Withers fell in love while making love in "Too Young to Marry." But it didn't last. (Below.)

fast retort that would leave Lupe sagging on her heels. With the net result: *She fell for him instead!* Every day they were seen to rush up to each other with a good-morning kiss. Luncheon? Always! Lupe even followed him into the men's barber shop and held one hand while he had the other one manicured. "Lupe and Larry have it bad," said the best of the insiders. But hardly had the studio romance reached the point where everyone in town was talking about them and conjecturing as to when they would become secretly married—when Lupe went off to New York on the same train with John Gilbert! That's how permanent they are—now they are and now they aren't. Maybe it is all done with mirrors.

If you will recall, Lupe and Gary Cooper started their romance during the making of a picture called "The Wolf



Song" in which they played together! At the start they were just Studio Sweethearts. No one expected that romance to survive the length of the production, but it did, and more. That is where this type of romance has Hollywood fooled! So many of them flash on and off during a picture schedule, Hollywood expects *all* will end with the final camera crank.

Connie Bennett and Joel McCrea, according to a once hot rumor, were to take the long plunge down to the altar. Gossip actually had this couple married. Joel was seen lying on the sands in front of Connie's beach place at Malibu with none other than the famous blonde lady herself. They were seen dancing, dining, first-nighting, and what have you. Oh, it was a hectic romance all right. And what happened?

Connie ups and marries the Marquis! We can't say at the moment whether or not this started out as a studio romance. Surely they were both working at the same studio, and were together a great portion of the time while this was possible. But we are inclined to believe that they were really in love long before they worked at the same studio—in fact, we are inclined to put a bit of credence in what (Continued on page 84)



Hardie Albright, the author of the story on this page, is also one of the most ingratiating among the younger male actors of the present-day screen.

What's the Matter with Farrell?

He's all right, says Hardie Albright!

it once because I believed (and still do) that one can't sell lunch wagons one day and the next be an actor. There are certain lessons to learn and they must be learned well. When the Graduation Day comes, however, I say give the worthy pupil his diploma.

John Gilbert realized the tragedy of having his voice recorded in a higher pitch than his public demanded. There was another excellent silent picture star, the hero of this tale, who reasoned that a voice can be trained and developed. It meant long hours of voice culture, exercises, scales, development of muscles never before used. It meant two years of untiring concentration, lung and abdominal control, diction—that fly in so many ointments—whole plays had to be learned verbatim. The least of all, it required some five thousand dollars! These hazards were all surmounted by the finest display of driving force I have ever seen. My money always goes on the horse with the urge to win even though his opponent has the better blood line. The desire must be there. To

THEY bow out here in Hollywood to five magic words. Assistant Directors, juice men, even executives like to hear them thundered in their ears. Casting Directors are not interested unless the Hocus Pocus is pronounced over the head of an applicant. They are indeed words of Black Magic. The words mean nothing and never make sense—but that is probably why Hollywood adores them!

Suppose you are introduced to a casting director and your representative says, "A great star in silent pictures," or "A well-known society debutante," or "Played many seasons in stock." In answer to any one of these statements you would receive a cold swaying of the head in a longitudinal direction and it would be rude as only a Hollywood-trained head can be. Why not, then, be in the fashion, ask your representative to put his nose high in the air, and in a very superior manner announce "From the New York stage"? Those, dear friends, are the five magic words!

Almost every outstanding star, every featured player in pictures today, has that label, and how many actually have the right to it?

Have you ever stood on a busy corner and looked up into the sky until you had a crowd doing precisely the same thing? Then perhaps you feel some of the cynical enjoyment that a small group experience at this moment having once said, "He was good in silents but he has no stage experience," about a certain young actor. I said



Mr. Albright votes Charlie Farrell a diploma for his fine acting in "After Tomorrow," the film in which he played opposite Marian Nixon, and in which he acquitted himself with high honors.

work as long and as steadily as this silent star did shows a burning desire to be a good talking picture actor.

Romanticism was a quality that the silent screen portrayed admirably. Who among us can forget the soothing forgetfulness of a masterpiece such as "Seventh Heaven." The talking screen can ill afford to part with this elusive emotion.

It was my very great pleasure to witness a performance filled with qualities I have seen experienced stage actors labor for years to attain. You were conscious of a pleasing, varied voice, not a studied one. There was an impromptu quality that comes only from an inspirational moment. The conception of the characterization was erudite and filled with mannerism that rounded the portrait into a living, breathing (Continued on page 94)

What's the Matter with Gaynor?

By Garret Fox

Want your Janet to
"go modern"?

SO JANET GAYNOR wants to be a sophisticate! Wants to graduate from frills and curls—from demure manners and gentle, soft speech. In "The First Year" she plays a modern bride, with Problems.

How do you like it, fans? Do you think she is making a mistake? Frankly, we do. Janet in "Seventh Heaven," in "Sunnyside Up," in "Daddy Long Legs," stood alone, in a class by herself—untouched even remotely by any competitor. Janet as a knowing young modern would be just one among many. The screen abounds in young ladies who can portray cultivated charm, sophistication, and *savoir faire*, and, through long experience, can do it better than Janet can hope to for a long, long time.

"Winnie" Sheehan, head man on the Fox lot, seems to feel that way about it, too. At any rate, we hear that he intends putting the little Gaynor back into the rôles that made her famous—the "Seventh Heaven" type of rôles of her palmy days. If you ask us (all right, then ask us now!) it's a wise decision. Janet Gaynor is a clever and competent actress in any type of rôle—but if Janet wants to keep her very roomy niche in the fans' hearts, she will give them the kind of pictures in which they learned to admire her, and in which she has no peer. Mr. Sheehan's choice for Janet's return to the simple life is "Tess of the Storm Country"—and that, as you know, is doing the thing up brown.

So good luck, Janet—let's see you make *Tess* the kind of girl she was meant to be. And in the future won't you try to remember that good old proverb: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to Gaynor the things that are Gaynor's!" And—remember what happened to Mary Pickford!

One of the few great "love teams" of the screen. Janet Gaynor, sweet and demure, and Charlie Farrell, handsome and manly, made movie history in many a picture of the sweetness-and-light school. From "Seventh Heaven" on, their films have been popular smashes. Will they go on together?



Janet and Charlie in that memorable romance, "Seventh Heaven," which brought them both film fame.



Is "The First Year" the last of the Gaynor-Farrell romances? Charlie has been "borrowed" from Fox by Warners for "Central Park" opposite Joan Blondell. Janet will star alone in "Tess of the Storm Country." Will you fans beg to see Janet and Charlie reunited?



"There's that cameraman again—I suppose he wants me to do a few poses. Well, may as well take it big—I've got my public to think of. I'll let him have a little of the old John Barrymore profile. Wish he had a movie camera instead of a still—I feel like wiggling my toes."

"Ho, hum, another day! Well, life is just one thing after another for us members of a big acting family. Guess I'll start off by giving 'em one of those stern matinee-idol looks—have to live up to the family traditions. Yes, sir, I've certainly got responsibilities!"

He's a brand-new Barrymore—
and here's what he thinks about

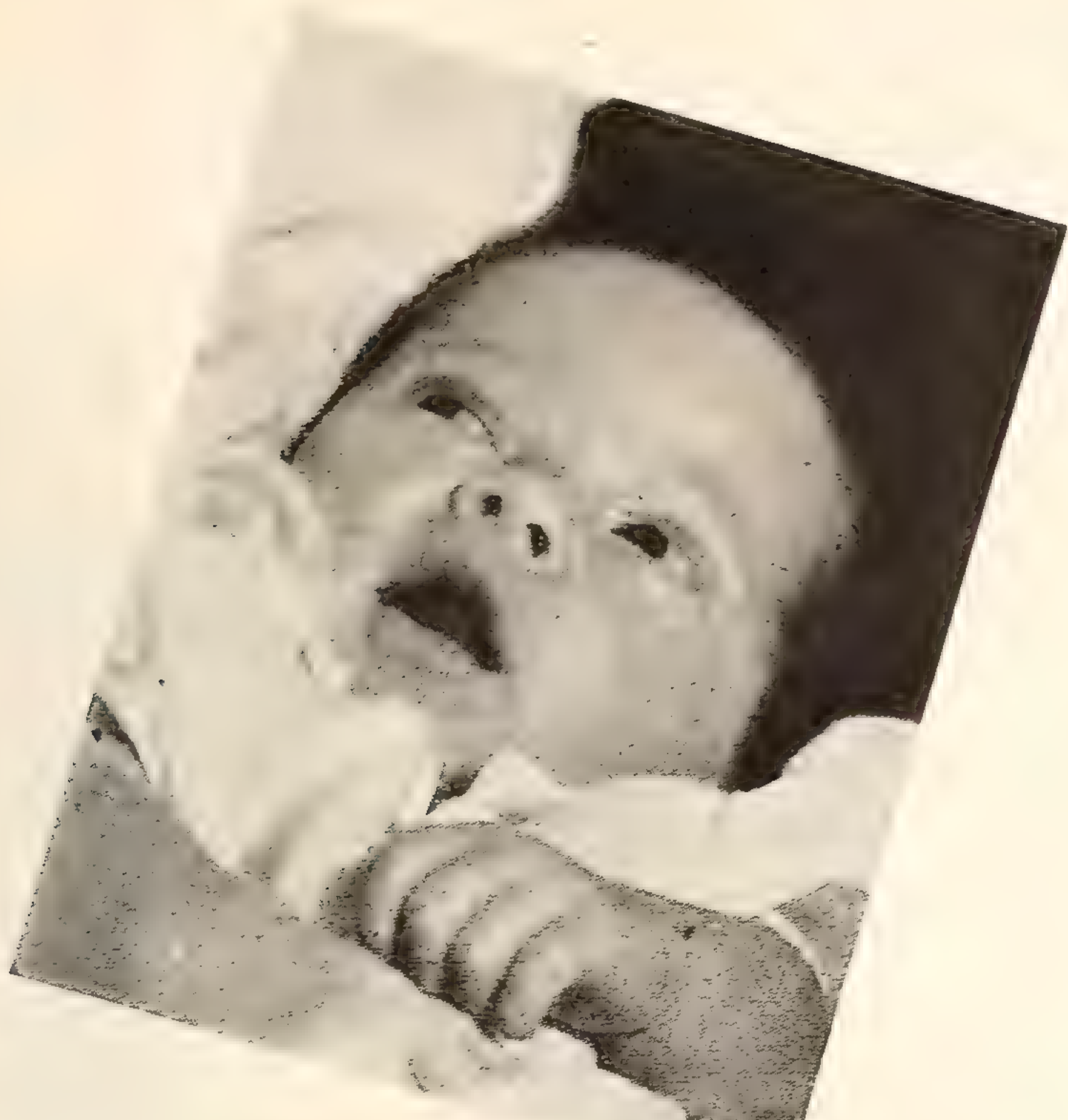
Fresh Heir!

Presenting John Blythe Barrymore,
newest member of the "Bib Parade."
Look well at this youngster, for as his
Aunt Ethel said, "That's all there is,
there isn't any more."

*Text by
Mortimer
Franklin*

"Huh, that's funny! Been eating my fingers all day, and I've got just as many as I started with. Dad seems terribly interested in my hair—says he thinks I swiped that wig he wore in "Svengali." Well, why shouldn't a he-man like me have a thick head of hair?"





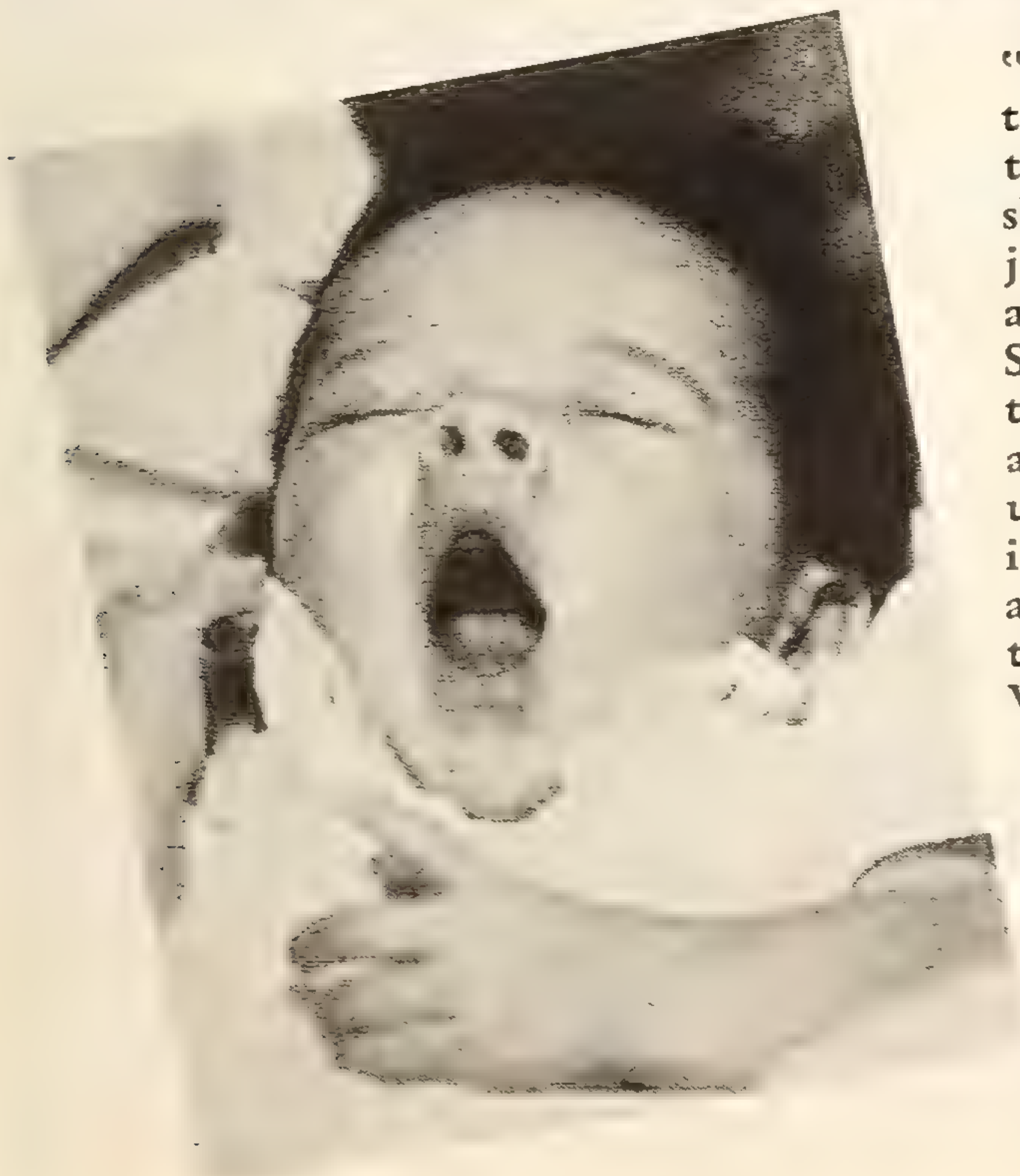
"Tee, hee, hee—ouch! How would they like it if I tickled *them* like that? Don't care so much for this babyish business—wait till I grow up to be six months old, I'll make 'em treat me like a regular guy."



"Mother and Dad are a couple of good skates—they certainly seem to get a kick out of me. Guess I'll give 'em a nice smile—may as well humor the dear folks. Say, if I'm as wonderful as all that I wonder why the stork didn't keep me, instead of giving me away to them like they say he did."

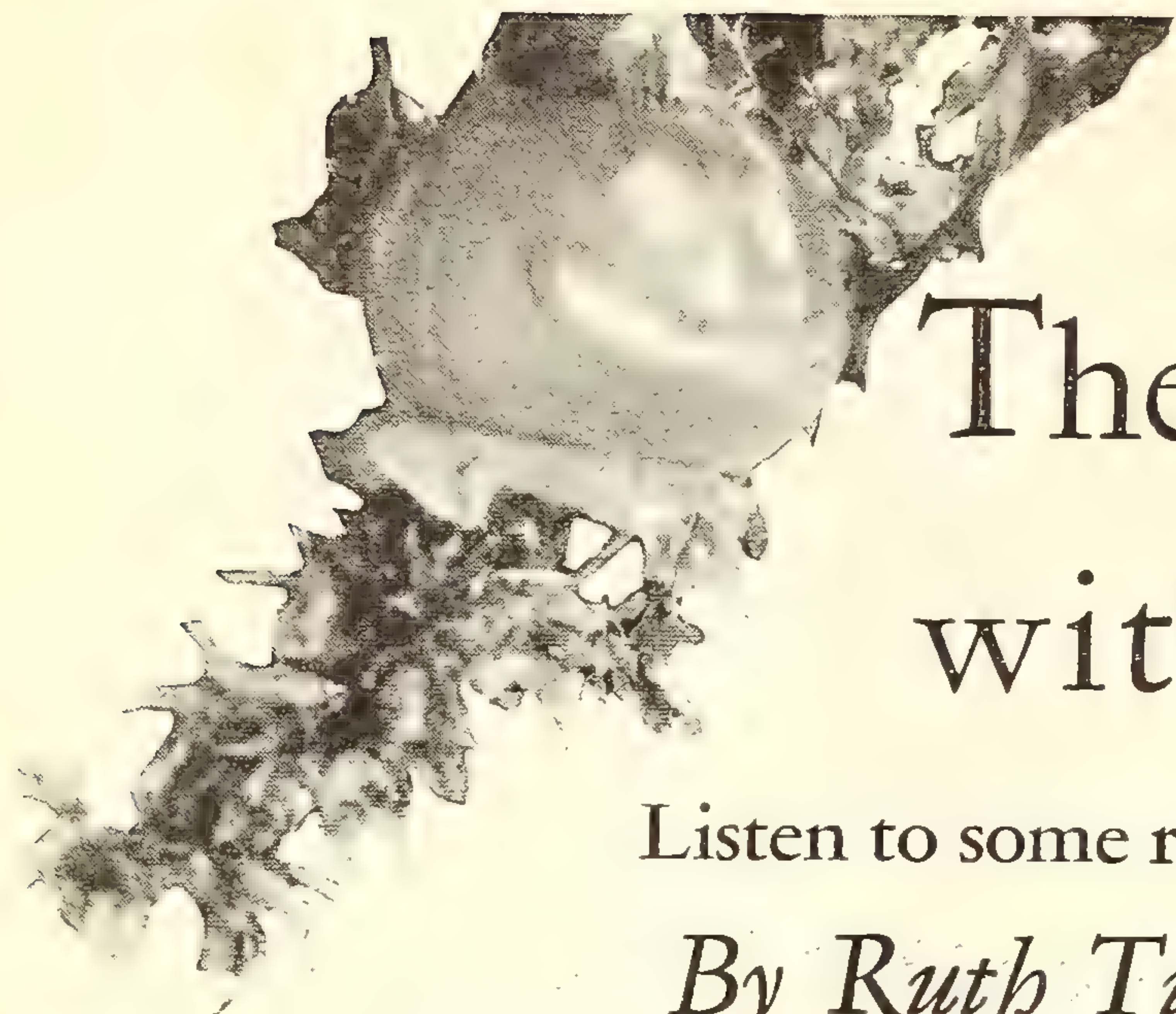
"What, no bottle yet? Guess I'll have to turn on a little of the family temperament. Ee-ee-yow! Uncle Lionel thinks he can do some pretty snappy ranting around, but just wait till he gets a load of one of *my* big emotional scenes!"

"Humph, they didn't give me a tumble. Guess I'll have to rehearse that a little more, then I'll panic 'em—a Barrymore never gives up. Well, I've done a pretty good day's work, guess I'll knock off now. Feeling a bit tired, anyway—tomorrow I'll—z-z-z-z . . ."



"Doesn't Mom keep a tight hold on me, though! What does she think I'll do—jump my contract and go to Europe? Say, I wonder why they don't hurry along that bottle. I understand an actor is expected to keep away from the bottle—but not me! When I want something I want it!"





AND NOW FOR The Ghost Walks with Nancy Carroll

Listen to some real Irish folk-tales of the spooky season

By Ruth Tildesley

HOW would you like to go to a Hallowe'en party held in a haunted castle in Ireland?

That's the spot Nancy Carroll chooses for her ideal party whenever the Fates permit.

"I'd like to give it in Castle Ree," she bubbled, "My mother used to live near the old ruins of that castle and she's told me so much about the spooks that were supposed to walk there. Maybe Castle Ree would be too dilapidated for hospitality, but anyway we'd have a haunted castle.

"In Ireland, you know, nobody dare go out the night the ghosts walk—they all stay home and cover up their heads—but we'd take plenty of holy water with us and be careful what we said about spooks, and perhaps the bad spirits would go out and do their haunting somewhere else and only the fairies would come.

"We'd all believe in fairies that night. My father truly believes in them. Do you know, when he was here visiting me I was terrified for fear people would laugh at him and break his heart? I gave a party for him one night and he was telling us about fairies and how close he came to seeing them, and someone asked why it was that no one sees fairies here.

"'God love ye,' says he, 'Fairies live in Ireland. They can't cross water. Ireland is an island and that's where they're bound to stay.'

"One night when he was a little boy, my father was sitting on the doorsteps with his parents and all the other children." Nancy's voice sank to a thrillingly low note, proper to all ghost stories. "Through the dusk they began to hear the music of a band.

"'That'll be the Killarney band!' says his mother, pleased, and began to keep time with her knitting needles.

"The music came closer and closer and they watched for the band to come marching down the road. But no band came. When the music was very close and not a soul in sight, my father's mother got up and ran indoors and all the other children followed her. They were all afraid to wait for the Little People.

"But my father was a brave boy and his father was a brave man, so they stayed there together on the doorstep, with their hands and their feet and their hearts turning to ice the while. When the music was right opposite them there in the road, my grandfather bowed his head in his hands, but my father stared straight at the place where the trumpets were blowing, and the fifes shrilling, and the drums going rub-a-dub-dub—and not even the dust stirring under the Little People's feet!

"I'm sending my mother and father back to Ireland now—their first visit in thirty (Continued on page 89)

Nancy tells ghost stories! And when it comes to witchery, she knows her pun'kins!



HALLOWE'EN!

Mr. Mouse, that gay Hollywood social light, goes to Pickfair for advice on Hallowe'en parties

"I've had mouse-warmings," Mickey explains to Mary, "so now I think I'll throw a Hallowe'en party!"

Exclusive photographs of Miss Pickford by K. O. Rahmn



Mary and Mickey



"If you use these place cards, and the decorations I've just described," says Mary Pickford, "I'm sure everyone will have a very mice time!"

BECAUSE Mickey Mouse is Mary Pickford's favorite movie actor, he went out to Pickfair with me to consult her about a Hallowe'en party.

"But I've never had a Hallowe'en party!" protested Mary.

"My little-girl memories of the night are all mixed up with Guy Fawkes' Day, which is celebrated in Canada on November 5th. You know the old song:

"Remember, remember, the Fifth of November!
Gunpowder, treason and plot.
I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.
Up the ladder, down the hall,
Half a crown will save us all!"

"The two days were so close together and we did the same things for both. We children used to run wildly about the neighborhood, crying: 'Shell out! Shell out!' and the grown-ups would have to come to their doors and give us apples and sweets. Little racketeers, that's what we were!

"Then we would reward them by making horrible noises or putting tick-tacks on their windows. Only I never had the courage to do the actual dirty deeds. I played 'jigger' for the bobbies—I think you would call it look-out for the cops here.

"At home we celebrated with taffy pullings. Poor Mother used to spend days afterwards getting the sticky stuff out of my long curls! I remember what fun it was to try the taffy in cold water to see if it was ready, and how grimy it got from small dirty hands, but how delicious!

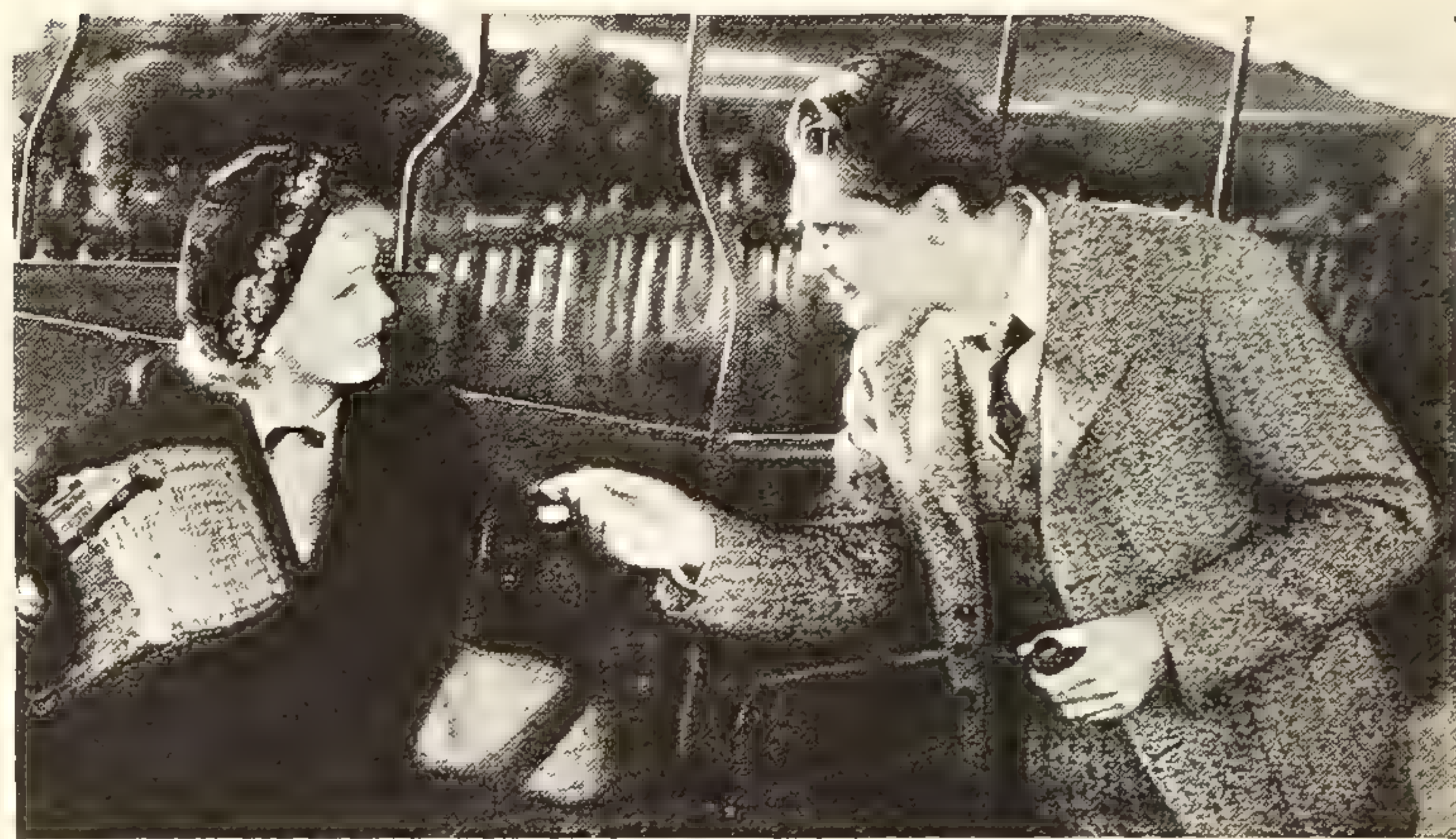
"Then we used to bob for apples and try to bite fruit hung in doorways. We did something else in which our small noses came out covered (Continued on page 86)

Reliable Reviews



Skyscraper Souls
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A "Grand Hotel" idea, a not so grand result. The entire film takes place in a skyscraper office building which houses a bank, swimming pool, penthouse apartment, and big business men on the make for stenographers and models. Warren William plays cleverly the rôle of the ruthless owner of the skyscraper. Maureen O'Sullivan is a stenographer temporarily lured by his wealth.



Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Fox

One of the great sob stories of modern times comes to the talking screen—and if you like it, here it is, done to the hilt! Marian Nixon plays the rôle of *Rebecca* competently, though her smartly-cut features do not make for the ideal poor-orphan type. Ralph Bellamy, when he escapes from the general air of saccharinity, is excellent as the benevolent young doctor.



Roar of the Dragon
RKO-Radio

Chinese bandits, plenty of shooting, a nasty villain, a mysterious heroine, and heroic Richard Dix. The youngsters may go for this because of the action, but for the more sophisticated tastes it is not recommended. Richard Dix is as good as the story allows; Gwili André—she'll remind you of Dietrich—in her picture début, looks promising but gets few opportunities to act.



Miss Pinkerton
First National

A faithful screen version of Mary Roberts Rinehart's mystery novel, but somehow not as exciting as we expected. There's a murder, of course, with everyone suspected, even Joan Blondell, who plays a nurse with *Sherlock Holmes* tendencies. George Brent is the handsomest screen detective you've ever seen. Joan's good, but we wish she'd be her wise-cracking self again.



Igloo
Universal

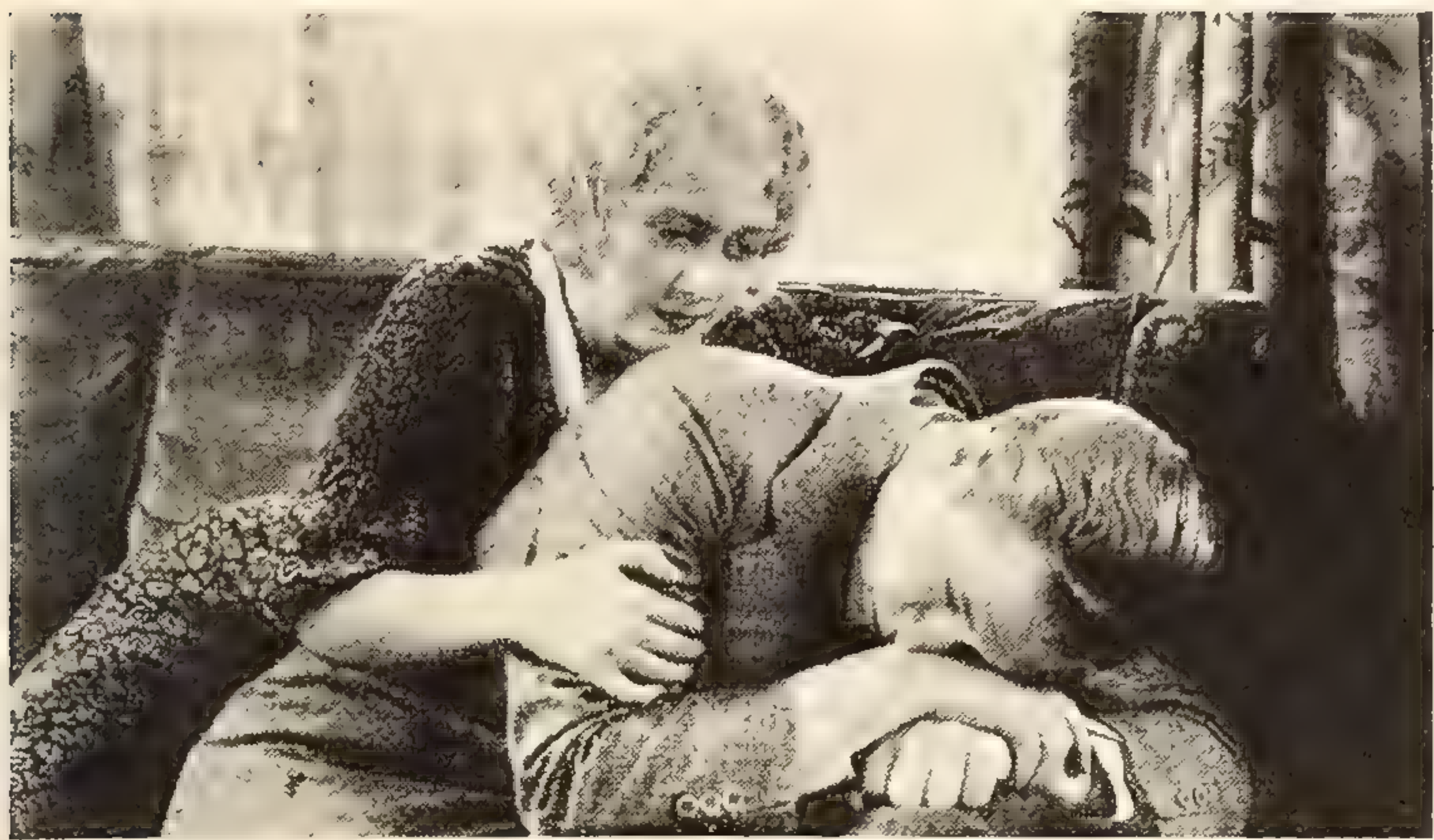
Let lovely scenes of the frozen north soothe you if you are fed up with the usual film fare. "Igloo" has moments of marvelous pictorial beauty, and it is an authentic account of Eskimo life. Polar bears and walrus, a baby seal and a real, live Eskimo beauty will entertain you. Don't expect much excitement, unless you are susceptible to the charms of Chee-ak, that Gableskimo.



The Purchase Price
Warners

You'd have to have plenty of imagination to enjoy this unbelievable yarn. Barbara Stanwyck, as a "torch singer," marries a farmer, George Brent, in order to escape the attentions of a New York racketeer. Brent—the polished, debonair lover—is hopelessly miscast in an uncouth rôle. Even Barbara Stanwyck's good acting doesn't help.

of Current Films



Make Me A Star
Paramount

Stuart Erwin in a rôle that fits him like a glove. And he plays it big. It's "Merton of the Movies" brought up to date. Stu is swell as the movie-struck country boy who crashes the studio gates, thanks to Joan Blondell. Why Joan was borrowed from Warners for this film will always remain a mystery. It's a Hollywood crime to squander her talents in a small-time rôle.



Madame Racketeer
Paramount

Alison Skipworth, in keeping with her character in the picture, a lady crook, steals this picture. As the "Countess of Auburn" Miss Skipworth is priceless. The story is amusing throughout. The "Countess" returns to her family who think she is a missionary, after serving a long term in prison—and then the fun begins. George Raft is good in a supporting part.



Jewel Robbery
Warners

A light, sophisticated, naughty comedy about a bored Countess and a gay crook who steals her jewels. The most amusing scenes are those in which Kay Francis, the countess, helps the suave Powell to dodge the police. The dialogue is smart and so are Miss Francis' clothes. The plot is slightly reminiscent of "Raffles." Powell and Francis, together again, are grand.



Aren't We All?
British Paramount

Despite poor sound treatment, this picturization of the well-known Lonsdale comedy proves gay and sparkling entertainment. The acting is adroit, and Lonsdale's lines scintillate—when you can hear them. Gertrude Lawrence plays with charm and spirit—but Hugh Wakefield, as the gay old rounder, gives a delightful performance which is the "most beautiful steal of the month."



Unashamed
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Based on a recent front-page murder, it is the good acting of the cast that makes this entertainment. Particularly Helen Twelvetrees' portrayal of a wealthy girl infatuated with a gambler, Monroe Owsley, who is later shot by her brother, Robert Young. Interesting court-room scenes with Young on trial for his life and Helen refusing to come to his defense. Yes, all ends well.



Stranger in Town
Warners

A rural comedy-drama with Chic Sale as head-man. Chic is the small-town big-shot who owns the grocery store and runs the post-office. All is serene until a chain store grocery opens across the street. Romance rears its head when David Manners, manager of the chain store, and Ann Dvorak, Chic's grand-daughter, fall in love. Mild stuff.

Here's Hollywood

A CURRENT Hollywood story concerns a famous actress, her about-to-be-divorced husband and her husband-next-in-line—it would be cruel to tell names, but no harm in guessing. The trio was about to start to a Hollywood party, but the wife (or fiancée, if you prefer) began fussing about which car to use.

"Can't you stop her fussing?" begged the husband-next-in-line.

The about-to-be-divorced-husband permitted himself a sly smile. "That's your job now," he murmured.

Live—New—
Colorful
"Chatter"

SINCE Jean Harlow signed her real name to her marriage license—Harlene Carpenter McGrew—Hollywood has coined a nickname for the gal. She's Dangerous Jean McGrew!

LUPE VELEZ' new automobile has the longest wheelbase of any car in Hollywood . . . Estelle Taylor, unable to sleep at the beach because the wild waves pounded, surrendered her Malibu home in midsummer . . . Rex Lease and Eleanor Hunt, married and divorced, are romancing again . . . Georges Barnes presented Joan Blondell with a brooch set with four diamonds and as many rubies . . . Mona Rico and James N. Crofton, millionaire sportsman, were secretly wed in Miami, Florida . . . Colleen Moore, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson may usually be found at Marian Nixon's barbecue dinners . . . Here is gratitude: Gloria Stuart, who won entry into the movies through her efforts on the Pasadena Community Playhouse stage, recently gave her services free of charge to that theater.



Here is the hot Hollywood news of the moment! Exclusive picture of Claudette Colbert going wicked in the Cecil De Mille film, "The Sign of the Cross," as the wife of Nero! Well, it's only a short step from that costume to a De Mille bathtub

Screen News
From our
Special spy!

GARY COOPER was approached by a girl and boy selling automobile polish, and they put up a pitiful hunger tale. Gary gave them a dollar, then decided to see what they'd do. He saw them enter a restaurant, and through a window he watched them devour a meal as though they had not eaten for days. Cooper was so touched by the scene, he called a waiter and sent them a five-dollar bill.

*Claudette Colbert as Poppaea
in "The Sign of the Cross."*

What are they saying? What are they doing? SCREENLAND gives you the genuine "inside" gossip

DEAR LILYAN TASHMAN: That trick you staged in the Brown Derby was clever. Don't think we failed to see you enter the restaurant, clad in fashion's latest. Unfortunately, you were behind a group of Iowa tourists; few could see your new clothes.

We wondered what you would do about *that*, and you didn't keep us in suspense long. You know, you could have ordered a telephone brought to your booth, where you might have talked without being seen or heard. Instead, you walked the length of the Brown Derby and used the instrument at the front end. You dialed a number, then turned and faced your audience. Believe us, nobody missed seeing you.

But did you know there was a large speck of soot on your nose? Of course you didn't, for you only staged the show; how could you know God would write in a funny line?

BRUCE CABOT fell into the nicest job in Hollywood. In order to have opportunities to study his make-up on the screen, Bruce volunteered to play opposite RKO newcomers in test scenes. A short time after that, the studio placed a dozen girls under stock contracts, and part of their tests included romantic sequences with Cabot.

NILS ASTHER is perturbed because his daughter, just learning to talk, concentrates on the word "no." Nils had so hoped she might grow up to be a movie star.

A FUNNY STORY is told about Herman Mankiewicz, the writer. When B. P. Schulberg was head man at Paramount, Mankiewicz went to his office about once a week and resigned. Schulberg always laughed—and that was that; Herman returned to work.

Schulberg left Paramount and Emanuel Cohen took over his duties. One day Mankiewicz burst into Cohen's office and shouted, "I resign."

"But Cohen doesn't know how to laugh," the writer told friends who later asked him how he lost his job.

HOW well do you know your screen and stage favorites! How many of the following "trade lines" can you place in the mouths of stars who uttered them:

"I got a million of them!"

"Yes, Mr. —."

"Is Everybody Happy?"

"Ay tank ay go home."

"Colossal."

"You ain't heard nothing yet."

"Mammy!"

If you know your stars, those quotations should make you think of: Jimmy Durante, Cecil B. DeMille, Ted Lewis, Garbo, John Gilbert, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford had retired one night, when Doug suddenly shouted from his room, "How much money do you carry in your pocketbook, Mary?"

"I don't know," she said. "A few dollars, I guess."

Doug immediately made her promise to place twenty-five or thirty dollars in her purse. "Don't spend it," he warned. "Keep it there. During these hazardous times, hold-ups are common, and highway-men have been known to kill or injure victims who have no money. If they find a few dollars in your pocketbook, they'll likely be pleased and will do you no bodily harm!"



Recognize her? It's your tiny pal of yesterday, "Baby Peggy," back on the screen as Peggy Montgomery, and all grown up at the age of thirteen!



"A Farewell to Arms"—though it doesn't look much like it! Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes are together in this torrid romance of the war, filmed from Ernest Hemingway's novel. Gary will be seen as a dashing captain, and Helen as a pretty war nurse.



The kid who isn't from Spain—but she doesn't give a bad imitation! It's Dorothy Layton, new little charmer in Hal Roach's company, and formerly of the stage.

"AN ASSISTANT supervisor," offers "Slim" Summerville, "is a mouse learning to be a rat."

LOTS of film come-backs for old friends of former stars. In addition to the return of Billie Burke in "Bill of Divorcement," and George M. Cohan in "The Phantom President," you may greet former favorites as follows:

Olive Borden in "The Marriage Racket." Thomas Meighan in "Madison Square Garden." Aileen Pringle in "Age of Consent."

"THAT crooked studio cashier who was sent to jail for seven years for embezzlement has got the seven-year hitch," chuckled Stuart Erwin, and ducked in time to evade a ripe tomato.

THE depression has struck Hollywood, making it necessary to cut down on everything, including first nights. The only one since "Grand Hotel" was "Strange Interlude."

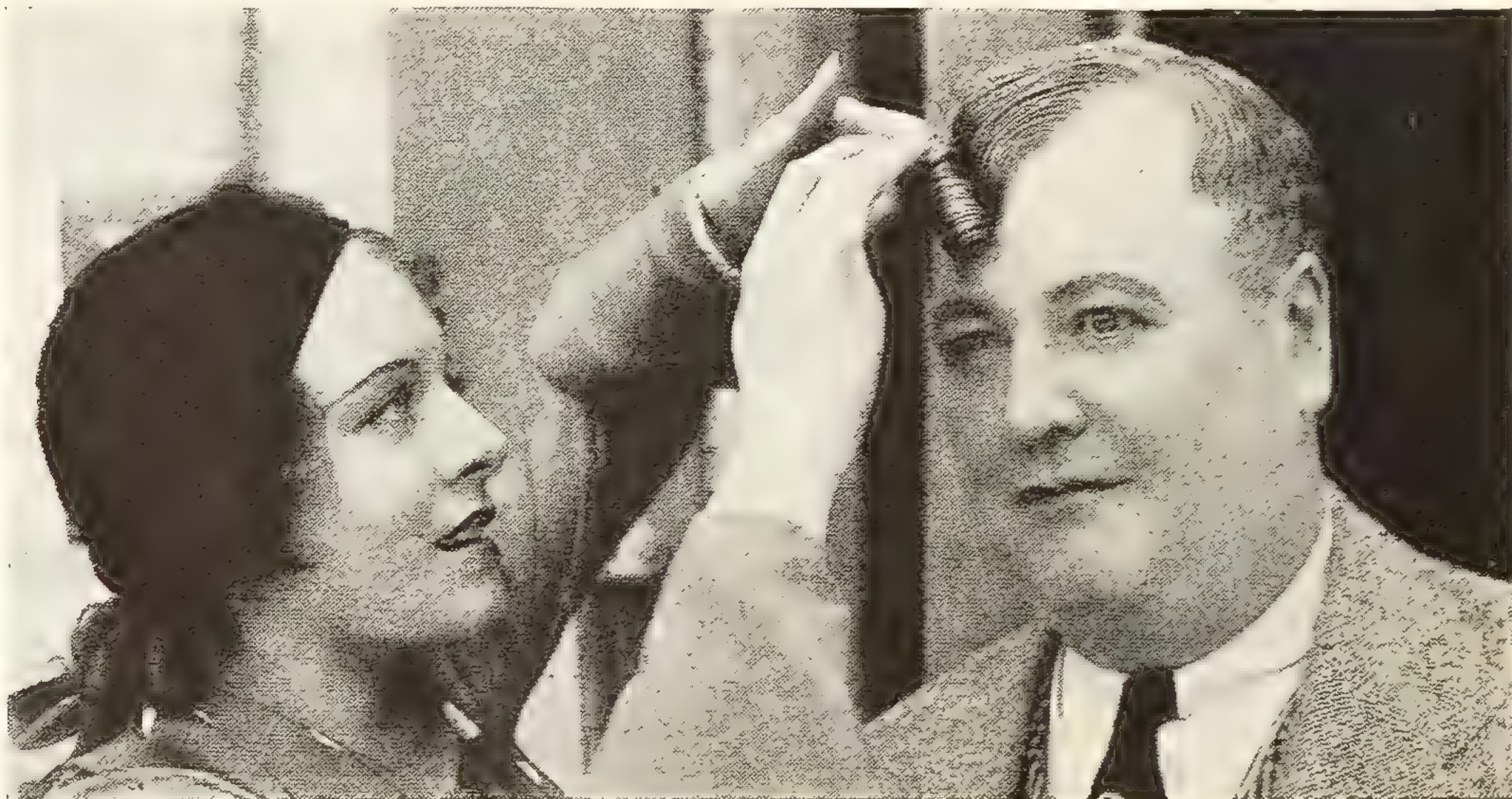
The highlight of the evening was the attendance of Ann Harding in disguise! In a party of four, who were Alexander Kirkland (who accompanied Ann), Elissa Landi and Rouben Mamoulian, the director. Miss Harding wore a red wig and was not recognized throughout the evening, even though she was introduced to numerous friends by the name of Mary Archer, "of the Virginia Archers," Kirkland added. Miss Harding assumed a

Southern drawl to complete her disguise.

Not even other members of her party recognized Ann, although before the evening drew to a close Miss Landi pierced the disguise. As for director Mamoulian, he almost insisted that she should visit his studio for a movie test.

Other highlights of the opening were: Clark Gable took an extra, a chum of his poorer days; it's nice that Clark has not forgotten old pals. Norma Shearer was lovely when she appeared on the stage in coral and pink, with puff sleeves that

seemed quaintly old-fashioned; but she hasn't a stage voice, and could hardly be heard back of the fifth row. Several thousand fans waited until past two o'clock to witness the departure of the stars. Ralph Morgan, a screen newcomer, received the most applause when the cast was introduced. Clark, Ralph, and Norma refused to make speeches, but the audience insisted, so Miss Shearer did her best (see above). Only two ermine wraps were in evidence. Hollywood gals are perking up!



Roll an eye at the "Bowery Roll," introduced by Robert Emmett O'Connor in "The Blonde Venus." Rita La Roy, also in the picture, puts a finishing touch to Bob's curl.



"This is the 'take'!" cries director John Ford, crouching in front of the two cameras shooting night scenes for "Airmail." Down below the platform are some of those interesting functionaries known as "props," "grips" and "gaffers."

IT WAS a dull day, and Marian Nixon wasn't feeling too full of pep. Director Al Santell was striving to make her cry for scenes in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." But Marian could summon no tears.

"What would you do?" asked Santell, suddenly inspired, "if you begged your husband for a new fur coat and he said no?"

Marian smiled. "I'd order it anyway!"

HOW rich is Charlie Chaplin, commonly believed the wealthiest screen star? Estimates extend from five million to twenty million dollars. One story has it that Chaplin keeps two million cash in a drawing account at one Hollywood bank.

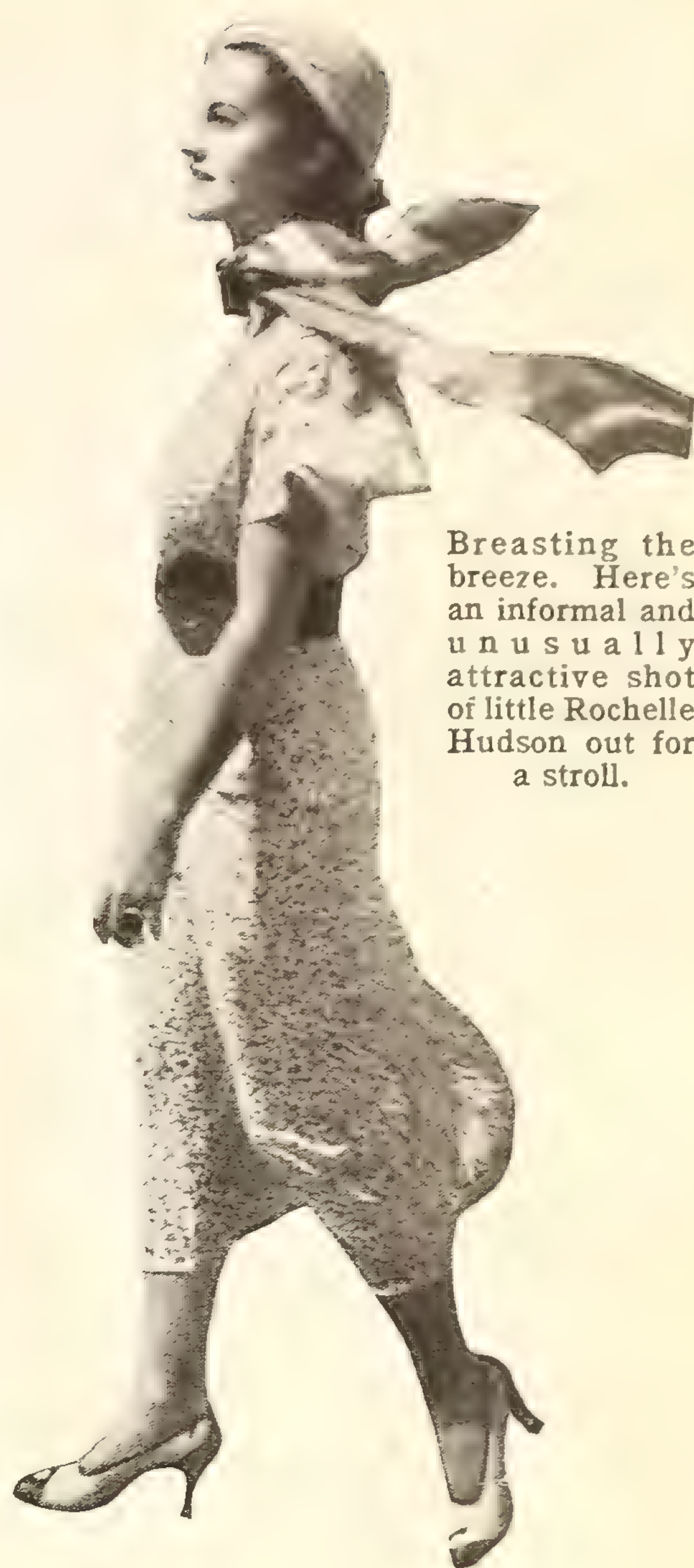
But when the Los Angeles tax assessor estimated the value of Charlie's taxable securities at \$7,668,578, the comedian did a literal nip-up and entered a counter-plea in which he contended its actual value is only \$1,657,316. Either way you look at it, it's still a lot of ough-day!



Tsk! tsk! Is it "getting" them? This is how Pat O'Brien, Constance Cummings and Walter Huston, all playing in "American Madness," carry on while relaxing between scenes.



Ralph Bellamy and Slim Summerville, featured players in "Airmail," perform their stuff in the shadow of a huge tri-motored mail plane as the cameras begin to grind. "See that the mail gets there," says Slim—"I'll take care of the female."



Breasting the breeze. Here's an informal and unusually attractive shot of little Rochelle Hudson out for a stroll.

ARE you one of the *frantic fans*? That is the name given them by Joan Crawford. Thousands of them saw Joan off for Europe on the Bremen, and in the rush of admirers, the star's expensive new gown was mutilated beyond use.

James Cagney registered at a New York hotel under his wife's maiden name. Despite this, he was recognized and mobbed by fans. Jimmy lost all the buttons and had the pockets ripped from a chamois sports jacket.

THE season's most cutting remark is that of the lemon-tongued critic who wished to know "if the players had doubles for their *thinking* scenes in 'Strange Interlude!'"

THE tough guys are getting all the breaks this movie season. A glance down the list of popular masculine stars reveals the names of Clark Gable, James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Chester Morris, Paul Muni, Ralph Bellamy, Spencer Tracy and George Bancroft among the leaders.

What with the batterings of these *hombres*, Hollywood's lovely damsels are black and blue, and it's a dull day when no feminine star is handed a knockout wallop on the chin.

IT IS pleasant to witness the return of John Gilbert to his old, jaunty self. Three years ago a series of harsh blows robbed him of his confidence, and he was



Bon voyage! Richard Barthelmess takes his family on a trip to Northern Europe—including the Scandinavian! They'll be back in September.

Greeting a popular American couple in England. Left to right, Jill Esmond, Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., Heather Thatcher, Laurence Olivier, Joan Crawford, and Noel Coward.

transformed into a dazed cynic, uncivil and ungrateful. His disappointing talkie debut, his terrific crash of finances in Wall Street, and the loss of his health proved near disastrous.

Following those troubles, Gilbert turned hermit. He shunned public appearances, and even secluded himself at the studio. If his love for Virginia Bruce has lifted Jack from the depths, the lady deserves a national vote of thanks.

THAT Panama Canal trip taken by Alice Joyce and Blanche Sweet proved to be an adventure. Before they bought their tickets in New York, a friend, employed by a steamship company, advised them to purchase second class accommodations. "I can fix things with the ship's purser," he said, "so you'll get first class staterooms the minute the ship leaves harbor. You'll save a lot of money."

So Blanche and Alice bought tourist tickets and got aboard. That day their friend lost his job with the steamship company, and the two ladies had to make the entire trip second class.

ASAMPLE of Groucho Marx's sense of humor! When Joe E. Brown was in the hospital, following removal of his tonsils, Groucho sent him a gift box containing salt crackers, popcorn balls and peanut brittle.

JACK OAKIE attended a Los Angeles theater where vaudeville had recently been revived. He sat quietly through a dull opening act, but as the second group of performers labored through a monotonous routine, Oakie's patience ended and he turned to his companion.

"It's true," he said mournfully, "motion pictures have robbed the stage."

BECAUSE she wore a bathing suit in "What Price Hollywood," Constance Bennett has become the innocent center of heated discussions. One faction claims that the picture, which reveals Connie in a charming, lovable characterization, will do much to win her new friends. The other faction contends that Miss Bennett's figure is nothing to go into raptures about, and that the bathing suit sequence in "What Price Hollywood" will do more harm than other scenes can repair.

The puzzling question is: Why did the producers insist on a bathing suit? She could have worn lounging or beach pajamas without affecting the meaning of that particular sequence.

IF YOU are quick-tempered, take a leaf from Irene Dunne's book—a book titled "Not One Word." It teaches temper control. Irene carries it with her constantly, because she has a quick temper. When she is angered, instead of speaking she opens her book and reads a few lines.

"NEW PATCHES for Old Romances," should be a thriving business in Hollywood. Recently repaired troubles include:

Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn report their quarrel settled.

Keystone



Dorothy Hale (right), new screen beauty. And will you look at that coat—it's the same model that Jessica Barthelmess and Joan Crawford fell for!



When Billie Dove was "glorified!" Now she plays a Follies girl in "Blondie of the Follies," with Marion Davies.



Serenity is the password in the Clark Gable household.

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson report that their temporary return to wedded bliss proved successful and is *again* permanent.

The John Considines (Carmen Pantages) have quit singing solos and are dueting once more.

AT THE insistence of the publicity staff, Richard Dix posed for some hot love photographs with Gwili André, his leading lady. It was the first time in his career that Dix agreed to such still pictures.

A few days after they had been distributed to the various publications, Dix

sent a studio publicity man around to make sure the captions used by the editors would not be offensive to the new Mrs. Richard Dix.

ANN HARDING has a problem. As long as her name remains on the side of her airplane in letters so many inches tall, she will be permitted a big income tax reduction chargeable to advertising. However, when she makes long journeys, she can have no privacy because the name on the fuselage announces her arrival at various airports.



Wash day! Hasn't Sally Eilers an attractive "line," even off the screen? She got them last Christmas from Panty Claus!

THE death of Florenz Ziegfeld, world's famous theatrical producer, was a shock to Hollywood, where he had many friends . . . Appearing opposite each other in "Farewell to Arms" are Helen Hayes, who is five feet tall, and Gary Cooper, who towers six feet, three inches. They're called Mutt and Jeff . . . Sharon Lynn returns to the screen in "The Big Broadcast" . . . Lina Basquette suffered painful but not serious injuries when she fell from the stage into the orchestra pit of an Oakland theatre . . . Eddie Cantor, autographing books, said "I'd better do this before they see my next picture" . . . One of Maureen O'Sullivan's ex-suitors asked for a date and was told, "I'm only going with Jimmy Dunn now" . . . Bing Crosby received more than 600 original songs from amateur writers in seven months, but all were returned unopened . . . Ann Harding spends \$450 monthly for protection; she has a night watchman, day watchman, night gateman and a guard for the Harding child.

What grace, what beauty! In "Horse-Feathers," which the Marx Brothers are broadcasting over a nation-wide network, Groucho is a football tosser.



Loretta Young comes to New York to begin a personal appearance tour. Look what she's reading—"The Sweet Cheat!" And so Young!

JOAN BENNETT doesn't mind admitting that she owes her present success to poverty. A few years ago, following her divorce, Joan was moneyless and jobless. She was too proud to throw herself back on her parents, so when she was offered a New York stage job, she accepted with alacrity. In so doing, Joan relinquished her lifelong ambition to become an interior decorator.

CLARA BOW has long wanted to direct pictures. She recently told friends that following her screen come-back, she will megaphone several Westerns starring Rex Bell, her husband.

EVERY studio has its *official greeters*—players who welcome visitors and pose for photographs beside them, and who attend dinners and make speeches.

Most visitors to M-G-M are photographed with Anita Page or Marion Davies, while Conrad Nagel makes the studio speeches. *Greeters* at other film plants include Minna Gombell at Fox, Loretta Young at First National, Sidney Fox at Universal, and Fredric March and Wynne Gibson at Paramount.

Greeters are selected with an eye to their trustworthiness. We shudder to think what might happen to distinguished studio guests if some Hollywood pranksters were on the welcoming committees.





Red-headed Peggy Shannon wears this cool costume in a not-so-cool rôle in "The painted Woman," in which Spencer Tracy and William Boyd also are featured. How do you like the new-model "shredded wheat" gown?

THE return of Janet Gaynor to simplicity in her screen vehicles is not unpremeditated. Janet was fully convinced she would never do sweet girls on the screen again, but when she learned that Marian Nixon and Joan Bennett were to be starred in pictures originally planned for herself, she got cold feet.

Then she saw herself in "The First Year," and she decided she was not as pleased with the Janet Gaynor of that picture as she had previously imagined she would be. So she went to the studio heads and told them she had made a mistake. They forgave her and now the charming, unsophisticated Miss Gaynor of old will return to us.



Here's a new telephone gadget which enables Adrienne Ames to talk all she wants to without getting "telephone arm."

A CERTAIN motion picture executive's offices are ornamented with autographed pictures of various stars. If the stars are under contract to his studio, their photographs hang on the walls of this executive's private office, but if they are not under contract, or are about to be discharged, their pictures may be found in the outer reception room.



Bette Davis and Warren William, fresh from Hollywood, arrived in New York for a brief visit before starting out on a personal appearance tour.

JAMES GLEASON was starring in a comedy, a burlesque of Tom Mix. One day the two met at the studio, both clad in chaps and spurs.

"Well, Jim," drawled Mix, "stealing my thunder, hey?"

"Na-a-w," retorted Gleason, "just borrowing it to go with my lightning."

HOLLYWOOD mixes its people oddly. A few months ago Constance Bennett leased the Beverly home of Adela Rogers St. Johns. The writer visited the star for the purpose of a linen inventory, and was allowed to cool her heels for a half hour while La Bennett completed her morning *toilette*. Miss St. Johns was offended, and a brisk enmity sprang up between them, resulting in a harsh magazine criticism by the authoress.

Now who should be writing Miss Bennett's screen stories but the same Adela Rogers St. Johns. Connie's two recent pictures, "What Price Hollywood" and "Free, White and 21," came from Adela's pen, and the two ex-enemies are now bosom friends.

IF RICHARD DIX'S married life doesn't endure, it will not be because his parents set him a bad example. Dick's mother and father recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. The entire Dix clan congregated in Hollywood to commemorate the happy occasion.



Meet "Diamond Lil!" Mae West, who created this lurid rôle on the New York stage, is in movies now.

A GROUP of men lounged about a Beverly Hills garage recently, discussing the ingenuity of modern motorcars and engines. One of the men, a tall, good-looking fellow, seemed to be well versed on his subject, and carried on an interesting talk about advanced camshafts for speed, double carburetion and forced gasoline feed. Presently this fellow dived under the hood of an automobile and illustrated his talk by pointing out various motor parts. When he emerged, his face and hands bore smudges of oil and grease. The marks were still there when he finally said good-bye and left in a Ford coupe.

The group stood looking after him. "That guy Clark Gable is a swell egg," one of them said, and all nodded agreement.

SIMILARITY of names causes considerable confusion in Hollywood. There are two William Boyds, two Robert Montgomerys, two Edmund Lowes and two Hugh Herberts.

"They're getting on each other's bills," said Walter Hiers.



Myrna Loy, looking more exotic than ever, as she appears as one of "Thirteen Women."

WHEN "Footlites" (the play, not the picture) opened in Los Angeles, Hollywood turned out to witness the local stage débuts of Dorothy Lee and Claudia Dell. Unfortunately, and despite the clever efforts of Misses Lee and Dell, the play was pretty awful.

The next day Robert Montgomery told a friend about it. "The opening chorus came on and sang a college song in which the words *Rah, Rah, Rah* occurred several times," Bob said. "They should have sung *Raw, Raw, Raw*."

SEVERAL guests, enjoying a buffet dinner at the home of Marie Dressler, were startled by a terrific crash. The cook had dropped a tray of dishes. A would-be witty member of the party peered through the door and asked Marie, "Did you drop some dishes?"

"No," Miss Dressler answered, "just dropped the setting out of my ring."

CAROL LEE STUART, seven pounds, four ounces of baby girl, was born to Sue Carol at two-thirty on the morning of July 18th.

Before Sue became a mother, friends jokingly asked papa Nick Stuart, "Will it be a boy or a girl?"

"What else could it be?" Nick demanded.

A CERTAIN exclusive Hollywood golf club that once lifted its nose at the motion picture industry and denied actors the right to become members, has fallen from its high horse. Recently a number of prominent stars have received invitations to purchase memberships. So many on the old club roster lost their fortunes in the market crash, it was found necessary to seek new members—and more money. Needless to say, the stars got together and rejected the club's second-hand invitation.

THINGS that may never happen:

That threatened Constance Bennett retirement.

That Clark Gable divorce.

A movie come-back for Alice White.

A wolf at Charlie Chaplin's door.

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Here's a new idea in tee carriers, introduced by Dot Layton, that is sure to be appreciated by every golfer.



A barrow of fun! Mary Mason and Phyllis Fraser are taken for a ride by Julie Haydon. Julie must have forgotten something—she tried to dump her load and go back for it!

Charlie Chaplin's Kids

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"The chauffeur served and drove," Charlie persists. "And his name was Albert—he was the chauffeur." For some reason Albert has made a lasting impression on Charlie.

"In France," says Tommy, "we lived at the *Pension Etoile*. That's a French name." He pauses courteously, to make sure I have it. "It isn't so nice as America. There aren't very many lights. There are almost not any lights in France."

Charlie has been eyeing me thoughtfully. "Parlez vous Français?" he asks suddenly.

I admit to a slight knowledge of the language—which I discover instantly was a great mistake. For they break into a rapid patter of French that's completely beyond me. They talk with astonishing ease—considering that they were abroad only nine months—and, to my inexperienced ear, with a perfect accent.

Tommy has caught my comment to that effect and, cocking an impish eye at me he clambers over the back of his grandmother's chair, he proclaims in what is intended to be a deep bass: "Je p-r-r-rononce mes r-r-r-s beaucoup." (I pronounce my r's very distinctly.)

Meantime Charlie has burst into song. "Au clair de la lune," he carols.

"Mon ami Pierrot," growls Tommy.

And so they go through the charming French nursery rhyme, Charlie singing in a high, sweet, serious voice—Tommy tumbling and laughing and clowning, to amuse himself primarily, and if his audience is also amused, so much the better.

He picks up a long stick—the stick on which his broken bird had once flown—and hands it to his brother.

"Do a Charlie Chaplin!" he commands.

Charlie hangs back bashfully for a moment, but is finally persuaded. With an adorably shy half-smile on his face, he starts toward us from the back of the room, his hands turned slightly outward, twirling the stick between his small fingers, and aping so perfectly that world-renowned trot that for one hysterical mo-

ment I almost expect to see the stubby feet swallowed up before my eyes in a pair of familiar, flat-footed shoes.

"Shall I do the monkey now? Shall I do the Chinaman?" Tommy clamors.

"Le singe! Le singe!" (The monkey! The monkey!) Charlie claps his hands. He hasn't yet learned that no actor should willingly relinquish the center of the stage to another actor.

But if Charlie is good, Tommy is uncanny. He hunches his shoulders slightly and his mouth takes on the protruding, bony structure of an ape's, as he starts pattering around what must be a cage, one hand plucking rapidly at his side, the other circling incessantly about his mouth.

He stops and laughs and is a little boy again. Then, with his fingers, he draws the corners of his eyes upward. Next second, all the life has died out of them. They're gray—old—tired. His mouth sags. His face is drawn. He shuffles slowly down the room—an age-weary, haunted Oriental. It's a little masterpiece. It must be seen to be believed.

It's evident that Tommy has created an impression. But his wise Nana takes a look at Charlie and smiles. "Tommy can't walk like his daddy at all, though," she says.

"No," Tommy concedes amiably. He thinks it over for a moment. "Because I'm a little pigeon-toed," he decides.

Charlie's tired now. He climbs into Conchita's ample lap—Conchita is the Spanish nurse the children had in Bronxville "years and years and years ago." She begins rocking him and singing a gay Spanish tune.

Tommy, sparring the empty air, stands listening for a second and his eyes begin to sparkle. One arm rises in a graceful curve over his head, the other hand is poised seductively against his hip, and a señorita in boxing gloves pirouettes about the room to Conchita's melody. But make no mistake. Tommy isn't showing off. His response to that music was as spontaneous and lovely as a flower's response

to the sun.

The children talk readily of their father. It doesn't seem strange to them that they see little of him, and almost as little of their mother, who has been touring in vaudeville for several years. They accept the fact, as children do, and are still too young to ask questions that can't be easily answered. They carry their father's photograph about with them; they know he's a great movie actor, and they've seen "City Lights."

"I liked the part where he ran all around the boxing man," Charlie crows.

"And I liked the part where he had a bell tied around his neck, and every time the man did punch him, the bell used to ring."

The New York newspapers featured the story that Mr. Reilly, Director of Safety for Fox, who had been sent by the film company to watch the Chaplin children, was guarding them against possible kidnapping by their father—a story which distressed Mrs. Grey painfully. "It's ridiculous and untrue," she protested, almost in tears. "There's no sense in such things. Please tell people that, won't you? Mr. Chaplin sees the children. They're very proud and very fond of their father. We're all proud of him."

And I couldn't help thinking of that earlier moment, when she had said to me with such fervor that there was no doubting her sincerity: "In the old days—when we lived with him—I loved and adored the ground he walked on."

How their father feels about this screen venture is, I suppose, nobody's business. The only report to have reached my eager ears from any reliable source is that he commented somewhat cryptically: "They don't have to do it."

On my way out Tommy escorts me to the telephone to call up the editor. I get the office and wait for her to come on the line, and I note a glint of wickedness in his eye as he raises his angelic face to mine, and I see his hand stealing out toward the receiver hook.

"If you jiggle it," I warn, "I'll have to get my number all over again."

He ponders that for a second. "But you *could* get it again, couldn't you?" he asks anxiously.

"Yes, I could," I admit, "but it would mean a little more trouble."

A hurt look steals into his eyes. "A little more trouble doesn't matter. If you couldn't get it again," he assures me earnestly, "I wouldn't do it. But anyone can take a little more trouble." And so guilty does he make me feel that I all but beg him to please jiggle the hook.

In September they're to start work on a picture for Fox, in which their mother will play the lead—a film version of the play, "The Little Teacher." What waits for them on the screen it would be foolish to try to predict—the children of that other little boy who walked the London streets, ragged and half-starved, looking for something to do so he could eat—and of the dark-eyed girl he found years later, playing in front of her door—the girl whom he made an angel in "The Kid," and then his wife. But if the director succeeds in capturing one-tenth of the natural charm which is theirs and which turned me all but maudlin, then the Fox Company will find themselves with a sensation on their hands.

Watch for them, anyway. They're well worth watching for—Tommy, the gay one, and Charlie, the wistful one.



The Chaplin boys, Charlie and Tommy, arrive in Los Angeles with their grandmother, Mrs. Lillian Grey, to begin work on their three-year Fox contract. Unlike their famous parent, they haven't the least objection to talking!

Dietrich—The Lady and the Tigress

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how they are mauled or manhandled they always land on their feet. If you, too, have this width between the eyes and a head as wide at the temples as Marlene Dietrich's, you too will have this sense of balance, rhythm and harmony.

Did you ever note in the pictures and busts of great musicians this tendency to breadth to the head? Had Dietrich chosen music, especially musical composition as a career, she might have had equal or greater fame and fortune than she has won as an actress.

Now I suppose you wonder what connection there can be between the cat tribe and music. Well, cats may not be far enough evolved to sing, but they are the world's best and most earnest midnight serenaders! Charles Darwin, the father of the theory of Evolution, could show us most interesting things about the aeon-long efforts creatures make to do the thing that they eventually master. Dogs bark, lions roar, for all the world to hear and know their feelings. Cats and tigers use their vocal ability to show their personal feelings toward one another.

Some people, like dogs, make a great show of their loves, hates, fears; their barking shows their momentary feelings. The whole cat family can wait quietly, patiently, until the proper moment; then, achieving the object of their stalk, one may hear nothing more than a most contented purr. Rub a cat's fur the right way and you can hear her try to sing a song of happiness; do the reverse and she has quite efficient ways of showing her displeasure. They say dogs worship men, but cats do not; certainly the Royal Bengal Tiger seems to reserve all feelings of love for the mate.

Marlene Dietrich is a harmonious though somewhat inscrutable personality who would have made an ideal Priestess in the Temples of the Cat Goddess of the Nile.

In this mechanistic, bombastic age of noise, confusion, haste, one with her feline personality awakens a response in the breast of millions because of the subconscious feelings of harmony, softness, and a perfect adaptation to place and time.

To best understand personalities sometimes it is best to compare them with their direct opposites. Let us consider persons with the round eye and bland stare of a gazelle or deer—they are often guileless, staring in open-eyed wonder at a world full of things they cannot master or understand.

Try this interesting experiment: open your eyes as wide as you can, if you are all alone; go before the mirror and let your mouth drop open, too; then, while holding this admittedly stupid expression, try to think, plan, decide, and you'll find the minute you are doing so your expression has slipped or changed to a more cunning or cat-like one.

Perhaps you think I am a cat lover or a Dietrich "fan," but I am neither. As a character analyst I find this study of animal traits and physical comparison to people is extremely useful. It's fun for anyone interested in personality and it's unconscious or conscious betrayal in words and actions.

Dogs have evolved from the ancient wolf ancestor into man's best friend and protector. Methinks tabby, though, was in the house and by the hearth long before her shaggy enemy was allowed past the kitchen door. For she has the most cunning and ingratiating personality.

How did the cat ingratiate herself into



Girls demand Gregory La Cava—or so it seems! Surrounding the fortunate director are: (top row) Geraine Greer, Betty Grable, Pat Farr, Louise Pierce and Mary Mason; (second row) Alice West, Phyllis Fraser, Jerry Hitchcock and Louise Moore; (at bottom) Linda Parker and Marion Weldon.

the hearts of men? By a thousand graceful feminine wiles. Watch a cat who has decided to adopt your hearth and home. Graceful posing, pretty purring, and an uncanny capacity to appear and disappear at the most opportune times!

Marlene Dietrich suggests the beautiful blonde Royal Tigress, not the ruthless hater of mankind. Don't forget the man-stalking tiger is the outcast like the rogue elephant.

Marlene Dietrich has a splendid, somewhat pointed chin, so she has the courage to fight for what she believes to be right for herself and loved ones. If you have a chin like this, you too have the courage to pioneer.

The live, tawny hair tells a story of a somewhat happy-go-lucky independent inner nature. There is an institute, in fact, there are many of them in Germany, where if you sent one hair of your head they would put it under a most powerful microscope and tell your racial type, about your health, probable occupation, and a world of interesting and most intimate things about your personality.

Your nose tells more about you than any feature, however, and shows the most constant impressions or desires of your nature. If yours is wide-winged and somewhat

retroussé, like our subject's, you too will be one of strong but controlled emotions. Some of the world's greatest coquettes have such noses.

If you have ever watched a pussy cat rub up against someone whose favorable attention she wanted you were amazed at tabby's ability to gain favor tactfully. There are a great many things to be learned from every feature of every creature. You never saw graceful swimming water fowl without webbed feet.

Human Engineering is a most fascinating study and if Marlene Dietrich's parents had taken her to a character analyst as a little child the potential, musical and dramatic traits of great promise would have revealed themselves most surely.

Marlene Dietrich is only one of the earth's millions of interesting personalities. You may be her opposite in everything, yet achieve a life as interesting through knowing and being yourself just as she has. You may have an inferiority complex or the reverse, but in either case it should be understood and harnessed for your success and happiness here and now. You could do far worse than get the truth about yourself if only on suspicion that you too have the potentialities of a great personality.

The Story of "Sad Face" Zasu Pitts

Continued from page 31

traordinary degree. The "husband's" head began to ache and he didn't like scenes anyhow. He threw her aside with one grand gesture and leaped for the door. The force of the impact when he slammed it after him threatened for a moment to collapse the set but the carpenters had builded better than they knew.

Mrs. Leslie Carter as "Zaza" was never more abandoned in her grief than Zasu as she hurled herself against the door and shrieked with what was left of her vocal powers, "Remember the chee-ild!" But the "husband" was safe on the outside and too weak to remember anything or to take any steps about it if he had.

Zasu collected herself, reluctantly relinquished the rag baby which she felt had been a mascot, and turned an expectant face towards the discriminating group that had gathered to watch her test. Her surprise, when they offered her \$35 a week to play in comedies with Flora Finch, can be imagined. Hunger knows no pride, however, so she took the job.

In a few weeks they told her she wasn't funny enough and gave her the air. She cried all the way home on the street car and her tears continued on through the day and all through the night. The next morning the man who had fired her called her up and told her it was just a joke—they wanted to see how she'd take it.

She returned to work, somewhat subdued but grateful. A few weeks later she left again—this time of her own accord—and proceeded to the Mack Sennett studio.

"What chance," she asked, addressing the gateman, "do you think I'd have as a bathing beauty?"

He looked her up and down, down and up, stroked his chin and shook his head regretfully. "Not a chance," he announced.

"Thank you," said Zasu.

That settled and off her mind, she proceeded to the Chaplin Studio, and Charles Spencer Chaplin put her under contract. For six months she remained in her dressing room from early morn till eve but was never called on a set. Edna Purviance's dressing room adjoined Zasu's but the leading lady never vouchsafed her a "good morning." Zasu had nothing to do but think.

At the end of six months she concluded that sitting in a dressing room was never going to get her before the public—or even before producers—so she left Mr. Chaplin flat and started out again on the road she hoped would lead to electric lights that spelled "Zasu Pitts" in large letters above theatres.

Griffith signed her for "The Greatest Thing in Life" and then decided she was too much like the Gish girls. After many weeks of rehearsals she was told the master had unbounded confidence in her future but no further use for her at the moment. She was through—out!

Then an independent company saw her, thought she looked funny and gave her a chance. After that, Marshall Neilan signed her for a part in "The Little Princess" starring Mary Pickford. That was the turning point for Zasu.

She was called a "type" and used for all sorts of parts where awkwardness was required. She played with Florence Vidor in several pictures and furnished an excellent foil for Miss Vidor's patrician loveliness. Then Brentwood Pictures got hold of her and featured her for two years in small-town comedies. The pictures were cheaply made but they suited her peculiar type. She exercised a potent heart appeal



New blonde—new scenery! Dolores Ray, pretty stage actress, has graduated from the recent Ziegfeld stage show, "Hot-Cha," to the movies. Her first picture will be, "By Whose Hand?"

on the public and her fame grew. Also her following.

An independent company was organized and she signed a starring contract with them at a salary of \$1,000 a week. Then she went home on a visit.

She walked down the street to the house where she had spent her childhood. It was a white frame affair with bay windows and the yard was overgrown with weeds. "You'd never guess from the way it looks now," she ventured, "that I had one of the prettiest gardens in town. Raising flowers was my hobby and I had them set out in neat little beds. People used to tease me and tell me my garden looked like a cemetery."

She turned away from the house and continued her stroll. Presently she encountered the editor of one of the papers. "When they told me the big salary you were to get," he greeted her, "I didn't believe it. But when I saw the contract I certainly gave you a spread in the paper."

"You certainly did," Zasu agreed. Of all the praise heaped on her since then it is doubtful if any lies closer to her heart than that one item in her home-town paper.

She went back to the hotel at peace with the world. One of her childhood dreams, at least, had come true: she was occupying the best room in the best hotel in town.

Returning to Hollywood she waited for the company to start work on her first starring picture—an opus that was not to present small-town life for small-town theatres but one that would present her as an ingénue with ruffled dresses and all the accompanying fripperies. She received her thousand a week for a few weeks and then her backers dissolved and disappeared.

Improvident by nature, she hadn't laid up a cent. She had bought an expensive car, laid in a wardrobe suitable for the parts she had believed she was to play and bought powder and perfume sufficient for the student body of a seventeenth century boarding school for girls.

When her bubble burst she was left to regard her recent acquisitions with a contemplative eye and wonder "what to do?" Almost a year later she reluctantly came to the conclusion that the people at Universal had been right: she must be funny. This point settled, she curled her hair, donned a portion of her million dollar wardrobe and sallied forth to look for a job. Any kind of acting job she could get.

Somewhere along the road she had married Tom Gallery. They finally persuaded some San Francisco business men to back them and made a picture called "Peter-Jane." It took them two weeks to shoot and cut it. Following the completion of the home-grown vegetable, she worked in "For the Defense" and "Is Matrimony A Failure?"

Then she retired to await the coming of her baby. It turned out to be a girl whom she promptly named Ann and she has a fit if she sees it spelled with an "e" on the end. Sometime later she completed her family by adopting "Sonny"—a waif whom the late Barbara LaMarr had previously adopted and who threatened to be left homeless a second time when the latter passed on.

After the birth of her baby girl, Von Stroheim cast Zasu as the lame and tragic *Princess Cecelia* in "The Wedding March." It was a triumphal procession for Zasu. She scored a tremendous hit in the part and Von Stroheim to this day contends she is one of the greatest potential tragediennes on the screen.

In typical movie fashion the producers ignored her in the new field and insisted upon her playing comedy parts. She was soon disporting herself opposite Wallace Beery in "Casey at the Bat" and "The Big Sneeze." Asked how she could be content to return to comedies after the success she had achieved in drama, Zasu eyed her interrogator wistfully. "Nobody dropped me on my head when I was little," she ex-

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What about Clark Gable Now?

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ture alone," he went on to explain as we talked at the studio. "In 'China Seas' it's entirely up to me to deliver the goods. I've always been featured with a prominent woman star before. I don't know whether I'm really popular or not." (Oh, Clark!) "Every hit in which I've acted has had a big feminine star of undoubted drawing power."

"You ask how I feel now that I've reached the climax of my career? Good Lord, don't say I have! To me stardom is the real beginning. The chance at last to show what I can do!"

Though he no longer claims that he is a balloon, liable to be popped back to the ranks of the unemployed any moment, he finds success still too new to be accepted casually.

Half a dozen times Clark has been absolutely stranded. With no money and no one to wire for help. He got himself out of the jams as best he could. Don't believe those occasions are forgotten.

Divorce?

Nine out of ten great stars let Hollywood spoil their home life. Clark Gable won't. So here's one marriage I think we can depend upon.

This is his second marital attempt, you'll recall. His first wife was Josephine Dillon, a graduate of Stanford University, class of 1908. An instructor of voice, she did much to train and encourage Clark when he was struggling for a foothold on the stage. Today she lives modestly in Hollywood, teaching other aspiring actors. She and her now famous husband never meet.

In his early thirties, Clark is married to a cultured, charming woman who has the knack of completely satisfying him in every way. Like the first Mrs. Gable, she is older than he. Her two grown children by

a previous marriage attend private schools in the East and spend their vacations in California.

"Mrs. Gable and I are thrilled with our new home," he told me with an enthusiasm that belied the trouble-making gossips. "We have always lived in apartments, but I've wanted a house all along. When we came West we stored our furniture in New York. Mrs. Gable went East and had it shipped out. We've had to shop for more to fill the house. And has that been fun!"

The new place in which they just got settled last month is in Beverly Hills. They are renting. The report that they had bought a lot in Benedict Canyon near the Harold Lloyd estate and would build there is wrong.

Suppose you hadn't had a home since you were sixteen and had been on the move the following seventeen years. Then you'd understand what this place means to Clark. He has tenanted all sorts of boarding-houses and apartments ever since he left Cadiz, Ohio, as a youth.

Margaret Livingston's Colonial House, in which the Gables had an apartment last Winter, was luxurious. But it wasn't the same as a home of their own. Besides, Clark loves to putter around a yard. He hopes the neighbors won't raise their lorgnettes when he waters the lawn or digs in the garden on his free days.

I asked him what he intended to do with his movie money.

"Travel!" he immediately replied. "I've covered a good deal of the United States while working at different kinds of jobs. I want to be able to go anywhere the spirit wills, and in comfort. Right now I'm saving as much as I can to guarantee a steady income in the future. We aren't going in for the traditionally lavish Beverly man-

ner! After I get enough salted away to take care of rainy days, we'll start to see the world in style."

His salary is said to be \$1,500 a week with bonuses on each film. It obviously isn't nearly so large as his popularity warrants—in comparison with the other stars. It will be gradually upped, though.

Today's Gable is not the man who worked as a glorified extra in several plays which starred Lionel Barrymore on the Los Angeles stage.

"The movies have taught me many things," he says. "I had never had a really nice home, for instance. The idea didn't appeal to me. I didn't particularly care to settle down in one place. Mine was a case of ignorance being bliss! Now I want a home, permanence. I have learned to appreciate the comforts which money buys."

"In another way I'm happier, too. I have the time to get outdoors and take up sports." Husky ever since he worked as a lumberjack, Clark was so busy keeping the wolf from walking in his door that he never had a chance to play tennis and golf. The direct, determined method in which he quickly became proficient in these two games is a tip-off to his character.

The average star would be instructed with all the quietness of a Hollywood first night. But Clark didn't go to a high-toned club where his advent would be a signal for a crowd to rally 'round. He found that the one-armed janitor of his apartment house had once been a fine tennis player. And he and the janitor went daily to the public courts in a Beverly park!

He decided that he ought to be adept at golf. The other afternoon a friend of mine chanced to see him patiently taking a lesson at an inconspicuous little course near the Bevelly High School. No flourishes for him!

"If I can't do it well, I won't do it!" This is one of his pet remarks. He has enough Dutch stubbornness in him to mean it. You read that the studio wouldn't allow him to play polo because it was too dangerous? The real truth is that Clark tried it and it was apparent that he wasn't cut out to shine in that sport. He refused to be mediocre, so he quit.

His grace on a horse was acquired for his first talkie. Clark was so anxious to get started in pictures that he gladly accepted the rôle of a hard-riding cowboy in "The Painted Desert"—when he'd never ridden a horse in his life! By the time production began he was cantering about with the aplomb of one to the saddle born.

How do you think he learned to ride? By going to a stylish academy? Not Clark Gable! He hired an old veteran of the range to teach him.

At M-G-M they tell me that Gable is not in the least conceited. Stellar sky-rockets are quite apt to acquire superiority complexes. Probably Clark keeps his feet on the ground because he worked so long and so hard before his big break came. He wasn't just a pretty boy, inexperienced and callow. He played in third-rate stock companies and on Broadway, was an extra in silent films.

When he was an unknown actor he covered the walls of his bedroom with photographs of his favorite stars. He idolized them. Now he is at the top of the theatrical ladder himself. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, it looks like he's bound to stay up. Every rival studio has unearthed a second Gable. Hol-

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Richard Dix's mother and father recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. And they live in Hollywood, too. The lady at right is Rich's sister, Mrs. John Compton.

George Brent Crashes Through

Continued from page 34

1925, with a comfortable bank balance. He wasted but little time and money hunting for a New York rôle. When none was forthcoming he organized a stock company of his own and went on a scouting expedition to find a likely location for it.

He found what he thought was a promising field for a permanent stock company in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and he signed a lease for a theatre there which bound him to pay a high rental for twenty-eight weeks. He brought his new stock company down from New York and opened the house.

The ensuing six months Brent puts down as the blackest days of his stage career. Week by week the New York bank balance dwindled. Time and insolvency ran a merry race for twenty-eight weeks. It was a draw. Brent paid off his company for the final week, made his last payment for rent and closed the books. He was twenty-two years old and broke again!

An unhappy venture into matrimony added to the complications of this failure. It lasted only a month and ended in separation and divorce. Brent himself never mentions it. His friends understand that he married a member of this first unsuccessful stock company, a woman older than himself.

Once again Brent went on the road in stock and again he saved his money and, when he had a little ahead, he organized another stock company of his own. The Pawtucket experience had taught him something about finances and he became a prudent producer. There were no other sheriffs in the offing.

Florida and New England were the new fields for his operations. Meanwhile, in 1928, he got his first New York chance in a play called "The 'K' Guy." It failed miserably and Brent went back to stock and the road.

He turned up in Denver with the world-famous Elitch's Gardens' stock company in the summer of 1929 and was leading man there for seventeen rôles. The assignment brought his total number of parts played close to the three hundred mark. Some of these had been at the rate of three new rôles a week.

Denver liked the tall, black-haired, hazel-eyed, Irish leading man and made no bones about it. The Elitch Gardens have graduated many famous players in their day and that engagement was actually the turning point in Brent's career. Fortune didn't exactly fall on his neck right then and there but things did look up a bit after the Denver engagement.

The first sign that his long apprenticeship in stock might bring results after the Denver appearance, came when he was offered a rôle in the Broadway production of "Those We Love," by John Golden. It was a short-lived success, however, but his own work won him a place opposite Alice Brady in "Love, Honor and Betray." Clark Gable was in the same cast. So, too, was Robert Williams, whose promising career in pictures was cut short by death a few months ago.

Under the management of Al Woods, who had produced "Love, Honor and Betray," Brent made the first of three disheartening treks to Hollywood in search of his future. He was told he was to play the lead in the screen version of "The Man Who Came Back," but he found Charles Farrell already playing the rôle when he arrived in Hollywood, and after numerous "tests" he was finally assigned

to a smaller rôle in "Under Suspicion," with Lois Moran.

He began writing frantic letters to Al Woods, urging the producer to call him back to New York for a chance to play in "A Farewell to Arms." He was eventually called back but too late for a part in that production and instead he played a rôle in another which closed when Woods went into bankruptcy.

Brent went back to Hollywood. There were several false starts. Eric Von Stroheim wanted him for a leading part in "Blind Husbands." Brent was enthusiastic. But the picture was never made and Brent played other inconsequential parts in almost forgotten productions. He was tested, he says now, for every good part that studio had in mind. But he never quite landed it. Meanwhile his friend and friendly rival, Clark Gable, had turned out to be a sensation. Only a few months before, in Hollywood, Brent and Gable had compared notes as to who was the more discouraged. Gable had won.



Just between us Britishers! Herbert Marshall, popular English actor from the stage, and Adrianne Allen, also a daughter of John Bull, must have a lot in common to talk about.

But now it was Brent who was discouraged. To add to his unhappiness he developed eye trouble and had to go east again for medical consultation and an operation on his eyes. His sister, the wife of Victor Watson, then the editor of *The New York American* and a well-known writer in her own name, took Brent to her home in the Adirondacks and nursed him back to health.

Once recovered it was necessary for him to start planning his career all over again. He made the rounds of the booking offices in New York. The road was impossible. Stock companies were returning to New York with discouraging reports about business. New York productions were opening and closing with disheartening promptness. Brent had never had a New York success and he knew Hollywood well enough to know that nothing would raise his stock there so much as a smash hit on Broadway.

But there were no smash hits available and so Brent left his name and prospective Hollywood address with all producers and started back for Hollywood.

"But I can fly back in two days, if anything comes up," he told them.

But nothing came up. In Hollywood an agent told Brent that he had arranged for the actor to make a test at Warner Brothers studios on a certain day.

"I'll be damned if I will," yelled Brent. "Tell them to—tell them I'll be there!"

So Brent made another test. He made it earnestly and he made use of all the things he had learned in the months since he made the first of innumerable screen tests for one company and another. Then he went home to see if there wasn't some mail from New York.

In due time a little group of executives, directors and players gathered in a Warner Brothers projection room to see the results of several tests made the preceding day. They were looking for promising talent in general and for a new leading man to play opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us," in particular.

Brent had never known any good to come out of a screen test. To this day he thinks they are unfair, foolish, and perhaps unnecessarily cruel. So he received a real shock when the agent called him by telephone and broke the news that Warner Brothers would consider signing him for a part opposite Ruth Chatterton and perhaps to a long term contract.

What Brent didn't know was that Ruth Chatterton, who had looked at screen tests of various players for two days running, had stood up in the projection room after Brent had said his little say on the screen and had demanded: "Where has this man been all his life?"

The rest is Hollywood history in the making. In rapid succession Brent was given leading rôles opposite Ruth Chatterton, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell and again with Chatterton. There are plans for him to be featured in leading rôles in his own right in the near future.

He rented himself a bachelor bungalow on Toluca Lake and moved in with two wire-haired terriers and "Joe," a handy man about the house. It was there he received the first cloudburst of superlatives which welcomed his appearance with Miss Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us," and which proclaimed him generally as one of the screen "finds" of the decade. It was his first real taste of fame. He was twenty-eight—and for practical purposes, still broke.

George Brent is convinced that whether he succeeds or fails—and it doesn't seem to be in the cards just now that he can fail—rests with the people of Denver and Pawtucket, Weeping Water, Oklahoma, and Topeka, Kansas, more than it does with the people of New York, even though he admits that a New York stage hit would have speeded up his screen career considerably. He wants to hear from the outlying precincts. He is convinced that as they go for motion picture personalities, so goes the nation.

Nine years' experience and some three hundred rôles are behind George Brent's present success. And further back, are eighteen years of adventurous living and an Irish ancestry that is rich in tradition and proud in spirit. And that, Miss Chatterton, is where George Brent has been all your life! And from now on his life is in your hands—another studio romance that turned into the real thing.



Photograph above by Lansing Brown, 1932

Ethel Clayton *is lovelier than ever*

ACTUALLY growing more attractive every year! Look at these pictures—they tell you plainly that it is possible to keep youthful charm, to grow lovelier, through the years. *If you know the secret.*

Ethel Clayton does and she says: "I am 38 years old and don't mind admitting it one bit. No woman need fear added years any more—if she knows how to take care of her appearance.

"Women on the screen, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm, and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. For years now I have used Lux Toilet Soap and I think my complexion is younger

looking than it was years ago."

This is Ethel Clayton's secret of complexion beauty—such a sure and simple way to guard and keep youthful charm!

It is Hollywood's favorite beauty insurance. No matter what your age, you will want to make it yours!

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Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It is such a favorite with them that it has been made the official soap in all the big studios.

Lux Toilet Soap is so gentle—so

beautifully *white*—that no other soap can rival it.

Broadway's favorite complexion care

Not only in Hollywood, but on Broadway, too, the stars protect the beauty of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

So enthusiastic are they about this luxurious soap, it is found in the dressing rooms of the Broadway theaters, and in theaters all over the country.

And so when the fascinating stars go on the road, they can still use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Surely you will want to try this gentle beauty care!

LUX Toilet Soap

Studio Sweethearts

(Continued from page 61)

Joel used to say when questioned on his romance with Connie: *I think that Miss Bennett is really much in love with the Marquis. I don't believe she has a real, serious thought for me.* That will show you just how small these studio romances really are most of the time. Joel and Connie were involved in a studio romance while Connie and the Marquis *were already in love!*

Mention of Studio Sweethearts cannot fail to conjure up the names of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell! We have often alluded to the fact that theirs was nothing but a casual studio romance, but the world chose to believe differently. It has since turned out that they were actually in love with other people at the very top of their private studio romance. Janet and Charlie were together during the making of several pictures. Hollywood liked the team off the screen just as well as the fans liked them *on!* Thus it is an easy matter to understand how their casual romance developed into a hectic bit of headline material. Those who still protest their views to the effect that these two are in love are just the type of people who don't believe in signs—after all, they are married, and *not* to each other!

And how about Frances Dee and Josef Von Sternberg?

There is a cute little scramble to untangle! As you will no doubt remember, Von Sternberg, the director, is the gentleman presumed to be so violently smitten by Marlene Dietrich. This is attested to by the fact that she was named in Josef's former wife's suit for alienation of affec-

tions. They were seen at every event of any importance for weeks on end. Then came the filing of the six hundred thousand dollar suit. It was probably thought best for Marlene and her director to give up their tête-à-têtes, at least for the time being. So, a studio romance developed between—Frances Dee and her director! Just a momentary flutter of the heart, nothing more. Von Sternberg began taking Frances all of the places he had formerly taken the beautiful German star. They were together constantly on the set and off during the production of "An American Tragedy." There was quite a good deal of talk to the effect that she was cutting out Marlene entirely—but now that the picture is finished and released the romance, if any, came to an end.

You remember the hectic love that developed between Loretta Young and Grant Withers during the filming of "Too Young to Marry." The kids eloped despite the strenuous opposition of Loretta's mother, and all went well for a while. Then it began to look as if Mother knew best. The Young-Withers romance went on the rocks, with Loretta getting a divorce.

But a studio romance that looks as if it might last is the alliance of Jack Gilbert and the pretty blonde Virginia Bruce. She was assigned the rôle of leading lady in Jack's picture, "Downstairs," adapted from the star's own story, and Jack proceeded to fall in love with her. She is an entirely different type from the former Mrs. John Gilberts and half of Hollywood is betting that she will make the temperamental Jack happy.

Then there's the studio romance of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Their romance started at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, and continued until they had reached the altar. This marriage is one of the points of interest in Hollywood—because it is a happy one. The colony is apt to be caught "pointing with pride" to this romance at any moment. It all started on that certain Christmas Eve when Norma finished working at eleven o'clock and was climbing the long stairs to her dressing-room with the thought that perhaps everyone else in the world was enjoying a sane night-before-Christmas. When she reached her dressing-room she looked out the window and saw her boss, Irving Thalberg, still working at his desk across the way. Hardly had she taken notice of this comforting fact when the telephone rang. It was Mr. Thalberg, who called to wish Miss Shearer a very merry Christmas. From then on it was considered a studio romance until the time came for the actual wedding.

And so Norma and Irving fooled the town and went the Studio Sweethearts a little better by becoming man and wife. However, this is one of the exceptions that prove the rule. Most of our very best Studio Romantics are just out for the ride—merely a method of passing a few hours together. The main reason you and I hear anything about them at all, is the fact that the "whispering chorus" works day and night spreading the news. Every season is rush season among the studio romance gossipers! And it's not advisable to place bets on these romances.

Joan Grabs The Bennett Spotlight

(Continued from page 55)

person to find worthy love in Joan's heart.

When their engagement was first announced, one of Gene's closest friends wrote him in sincere opposition. It is characteristic of Gene that he was deeply hurt. He could not understand—cannot believe—this first wife shall not always be his.

Joan, who has never concerned herself much with matters religious, although brought up in convents, has embraced the belief of her husband, and to climax the domestic scene the three-and-a-half-year-old Adrienne is an adored and adoring third in this newest triangle!

Let no one be deceived. Gene as a husband, talented, well-bred, fits admirably into the Bennett picture: that of Richard Bennett, the father, and his second wife; of Adrienne Morrison, the mother, now Mrs. Eric Pinker; of Constance and her Marquis; of Barbara, the brunette Bennett, and her radio-famed husband, Morton Downey. But Joan, the darling of the gods, and the certain despair of all men, will, in the future, be a somebody to reckon with. At twenty-one, on the very threshold of life, she has already crowded two normal lifetimes. Will she be satisfied to bask in her continued screen success, in matrimony, motherhood and abundant money? It is certain, as a Bennett, the limelight will be hers, probably the Bennett spotlight. One hopes that Gene will share its glamor. One can but speculate. Joan is very young, beautiful, self-willed. What, after you have seen the new Joan, a deeper, more womanly Joan in "Salomy Jane," do you think?



Joan Bennett, whose favorite colors are blue and white, expresses her personality by having her new Malibu Beach home decorated throughout in those hues. Here's Joan in her living room—and, oh yes, she's dressed in blue and white!

Roses & Razzes

(Continued from page 13)

MUNI WINS!

This is anent your four candidates for the Honor Page in your July issue.

Greta Garbo gave a brilliant performance in "Grand Hotel," but her integrity and artistry never waver, and I for one would not slight her past performances by singling her out for this one.

Ann Dvorak was a revelation in "Scarface," but she has still a long distance to travel between mere histrionics and brilliant portrayal.

George Raft established a complete departure in the portrayal of a gangster bodyguard and I admired his finesse throughout, but I also admire Lilyan Tashman's finesse in delivering a wise crack, Adrienne Allan's finesse as the "other woman" and Andy Devine's finesse as a burley weakfish, so why discriminate?

Ah, but Paul Muni! What a power—what an actor—what a sex menace! To him belongs your banner of recognition and to him alone. Paul Muni wins!

Betty Belous,
44 Vernon Street,
New Haven, Conn.

A BRITISH BOOST FOR BRENT!

What are the producers thinking about? In a day when we are deluged with sophisticated pictures they forget Evelyn Brent, a fine actress and one of the first to break away from the tradition of namby-pamby heroines.

Miss Brent is beautiful even when she scowls, and for this reason she has been typed. Again and again I have watched her compress her handsome features into an expression of gloom, to emerge at the end of the picture to tell some unfortunate person exactly what she thinks of them.

I am a fan of hers and could see these outbursts forever; and I ask you, Mr. Producer, who else could have maintained popularity in such rôles?

Give Evelyn a little fun! Let her tease somebody for a change! Why, even Greta Garbo was chased round a table in "Susan Lennox!"

Muriel Henderson,
Brighton,
Sussex, Eng.

FOR A GAME TROUPER

There have been many interesting "come-backs" but none so interesting as that of Lila Lee. Here is drama—renunciation, suffering, tragic sorrow. And in spite of all, she is still game, still fighting. Over two years ago she renounced her career at the height of her fame for the slim chance of regaining her health. How many of us would have had the courage to give up everything Lila Lee had at that time?

It has been a long, hard struggle and now she is back fighting still harder for a place in the movies. She is making the gamest, the pluckiest, the greatest and hardest "come-back" ever made in the movies.

Come on, fans, let's do our part and make her "come-back" the most successful ever!

Lillian Telander,
Mora, Minn.



Darling, YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE!

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Re-color your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the hair shaft—colors the hair where nature does. . . . Notox shades duplicate Nature's own. And remember, Notoxed hair can be washed, waved or sunned just like *natural* hair.

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Mrs. Roosevelt Talks about the Movies

Continued from page 21

Ever since she was a young New York society girl, before her gay wedding at which her uncle, Theodore Roosevelt, then President, gave her away, she has been devoted to humanitarian work. Shortly after her debut, she began doing social settlement work. She was one of the first "Junior Leaguers" to enter the welfare field. And her interest in philanthropy has never lagged. All during her married life she has kept it up, and has trained her children to observe the same point of view.

The Christmas Tree Party held by the Governor's Family for the Children of an Albany orphanage is a celebrated annual event. Governor Roosevelt trims the tree. But this is only one of the many activities of this sort undertaken by this gracious family.

Mrs. Roosevelt contrives by some amazing economy of time and energy to do the work it would ordinarily require three or four women to do. She not only manages her large household in the State Capitol while at the same time directing her New York menage which is always open, but she also heads a company formed by herself for the purpose of manufacturing replicas of early American furniture made by the country folk living near the estate belonging to Governor Roosevelt's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, "Hyde Park." This truly beautiful furniture—the mahogany Colonial desk before which Mrs. Roosevelt was seated was a sample of it—is sold and distributed in New York City through the Val-Kill Shop. And she teaches, as I have mentioned before, three days a week. Mrs. Roosevelt is vice-president of the famed Todhunter's School, where she adores her classes and is adored, in turn, by them.

I asked Mrs. Roosevelt, if she used motion pictures with her teaching.

"I presume most of the large private schools are equipped with motion picture projection machines, though I am not informed on the subject," she replied. "We, at the Todhunter's School, do not have projection equipment. Our membership is limited to only 100 pupils. But we do frequently ask our pupils to see special pictures at the theatres that we think will broaden their outlook and be of educational advantage. Or we take them to see the pictures ourselves.

"There are countless splendid film productions of literary masterpieces and historical subjects. This type of picture is being used to advantage in many schools. At Groton, where my younger sons are now studying, the Yale 'Chronicles of

America' Series is shown as a visual supplement to American History courses. Such pictures as these are truly beneficial.

"But I think it is generally conceded by serious educators that scientific films for the classroom have not really advanced far enough to be yet taken as important."

Mrs. Roosevelt said that she and Governor Roosevelt were both very greatly interested in rural schools and rural education, and seeing life made more interesting to people living on back country roads who were shut in during the winter.

She said that they feel that the motion picture would be of inestimable value if for no other reason than the contact with the world and with important personalities that they bring to isolated people. They wish that every crossroads school could be equipped with projection facilities so that country children might be inspired to achievement by seeing what the world beyond their own country road is like.

A tall, graceful young woman with curling blonde hair and a charming smile, entered the office breezily to pick something up. "This is my daughter," Mrs. Roosevelt said, introducing the winsome caller, Mrs. Curtis Dall.

I saw this daughter again a few days later in the same office occupying her mother's chair and busily assisting at the details of a new magazine called "Babies" which her illustrious mother, with not enough other things to keep her busy, has agreed to edit. She said the first motion pictures she remembered seeing were at children's parties, when she was a little girl. Mrs. Dall is the only daughter of the Franklin Delano family, and now has two children of her own. The other four Roosevelt children are boys.

A trusted secretary was waiting to take the answers to the correspondence which had accumulated while the Governor's wife had been away to speak at Chatauqua, where she had been the guest of the wife of the great inventor of the motion picture, Mrs. Thomas A. Edison. So we said farewell.

"Motion pictures have a great work to do in the world," said Mrs. Roosevelt thoughtfully as we shook hands, "that of clearing away the differences between people and bringing to light their similarities, their oneness. Because of their great possibilities for good, we must guard against their equal possibilities in the opposite direction. Their opportunity is almost without limit to build up the fine, constructive things in our common life on earth."

Mary and Mickey

Continued from page 67

with flour, but I can't seem to remember what it was."

Mickey, superb in yellow gloves and rose-colored boots, sat making notes while his hostess admired him.

"I'd like to dress up like Mickey," she confided. "It wouldn't be much trouble, except for the nose, and I might get a piece of cork, paint it black and put it on with stickum. Dear Mickey, he has no chin to speak of. He can't be a very strong character, can he? I'm afraid my chin makes doubling for him out of the question."

Her eyes were very big and brown, her curls very soft and gold. In her dainty blue skirt and sweater, with quaint puffed

sleeves, she might have been a modern Alice contemplating one of the creatures from a new Wonderland.

"But you want to hear about a Halloween party. When Gwynne was thirteen, Douglas and I let her give one at Pickfair all by herself. We went out, so that the children should feel no restraint. I think that when a child has a party, no one should ever say 'Don't!'

"I helped Gwynne decorate and we had pumpkins and witches, black cats and sheaves of corn everywhere. Gwynne fixed up a most gruesome-looking ghost in the room where they were to tell ghost stories, and when they'd told all the blood-curdling tales they knew, Gwynne sent

them up to the attic, one at a time, and halfway, *someone grabbed them!* They loved it.

"But Gwynne is sixteen now and much too old for Hallowe'en.

"They *will* grow up, won't they? I had a letter from Baby Peggy the other day. Have you seen her? You have? How strange she should have grown so tall! She was the tiniest baby. Her father brought her to the studio hanging on his wrist—yes, really, on a little silken leash that could lift her right off the ground. We all fell in love with her.

"You'd laugh at her letter. She spoke of 'making a come-back.' A *come-back* at fourteen! She said she had been a good actress 'as a child.' A dear little letter.

"Yes, Mickey, I *will* tell you about that party! If I have one for my picture friends, we won't wear costumes. Picture people are bored with dressing up. Hollywood has given several masquerades or costume parties, but they are all failures.

"The non-professional gets a great kick out of pretending for one night to be someone else. He loses all his inhibitions and plays like a child, or flirts to his heart's content. But to picture people, costumes mean work, no less.

"I might make a note on my invitations that clothes had better be taffy-proof, because everyone who comes will have to pull taffy. Perhaps we'd better provide teeth-protectors, too, since they are all to bob for apples.

"Of course we'll play 'Murder.' Charlie Chaplin is a star at that game. You know his funny little face? He pouts his lips out and tries so hard to look innocent, but he's nearly always the murderer and we convict him. For some reason, I'm always the judge. I don't want to be the judge, but that's how it turns out. Douglas is usually prosecuting attorney.

"The last time we played, a young girl had been shockingly murdered in a belfry. Charlie was organist of the church. The only clues were a hair ribbon and a small trinket; but somehow the keys to the organ led us to Charlie. These keys were found in a very suspicious spot, and though Charlie fought hard he was convicted.

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mickey, I'm going to decorate for the party! That's half the fun of it. I would have big pumpkins with lights inside at the gates of Pickfair, and a broomstick at the door—that's to keep the witches out, you know, and all guests must step over it. But some of the witches will be inside, lurking in dark corners. And we'll have a skeleton. And black cats for luck. And a ghost, if I have to impersonate it myself!"

Mickey Mouse and Mary went into conference then about menus and place cards and how to word invitations, and I left them in the flowering wonderland of Pickfair.

But let me tell you a secret. If Mary could give a Hallowe'en party without publicity, I know what she'd do.

She'd invite all the children in the Juvenile Hall who are under the supervision of the Juvenile Court, and make the party a day-long affair, with bathing in the pool and games on the lawns as additional attractions.

Those small prisoners touch the little star's heart.

"I remember," she told me, "I sent dolls and vanity cases to them one Christmas—dolls for the younger ones and the cases for the older girls. Some of those older girls are mothers at fifteen! And do you know, nearly all the girls asked the matron if she thought I'd mind if they took the dolls instead of the vanities. Poor little souls, starved for the things that belong to childhood!

"I went to work when I was five. I missed some things, too."

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434 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista
Hollywood, California

The Story of "Sad Face" Zasu Pitts

Continued from page 80

plained. "I've got to live and I want to make money. Once I laid off for two years trying to be an ingénue and there were no takers. If they won't pay me money to cry, I'll take their money to clown."

The talkies came in and it was found her quavering voice matched her fluttering hands and mournful eyes. There is probably no one person in the industry who has been as widely imitated at The Pitts.

Her stock went soaring and her salary kept pace with it. She was getting \$1750 a week and working constantly. Productions were frequently held up until she could finish one picture to go into another.

She felt her big chance had come when Universal cast her for the mother in "All Quiet On the Western Front"—a tragic, futile figure, too gentle to wrestle with the world, too innocent to fight with life. She gave a superb portrayal.

The night the picture was previewed, after the showing of the regular feature in a neighborhood theatre, her doom was sealed. The regular feature happened to be one of Zasu's comedies. The audience laughed until they were weak. When they saw her come on in "All Quiet" they thought her appearance indicated "comedy relief" in the otherwise grim drama and they started laughing again without waiting to learn the context of the action. The Universal officials, thoroughly alarmed at the reception given her and fearful lest the unexpected laughter ruin their masterpiece, did not wait to show the picture in another theatre. They got out the scissors and clipped Miss Pitts from the entire film—lock, stock and barrel—and re-shot her scenes with another actress in the part.

Zasu has been a comedienne ever since.

Then she and her husband reached the parting of the ways. They separated and lived apart for a year without taking steps towards a divorce. Both of them secretly hoped something would happen—some mir-

acle that would throw them together again—but it didn't.

Zasu was seen almost constantly with Charles Kaley and Bob Norman. Charlie had been brought out from Chicago to play "Lord Byron of Broadway." The director had wanted another actor for the part, had lost interest in the film when he couldn't get what he wanted. The picture had flopped. Charlie, as well as Zasu, had troubles.

Misery loves company so he and Zasu got together and swapped woes. Bob was taken along so, in case both of them talked at once, there'd still be someone to listen!

Night after night they sat at a small table in George Olsen's night club—in, but not of, the crowd. For once Zasu's status as a comedienne stood her in good stead: she didn't have to worry if she got wrinkles or if the late hours showed in her face. People would laugh at her no matter how she looked. The worse she looked the harder they'd laugh.

Her wide, mournful eyes belie the iron will that lies behind them. She has made a home for the two children and keeps it up. Once she referred to the children: "They're well raised and mannered," she said simply and, to my everlasting shame, I smiled. The idea of Zasu in the rôle of a conscientious parent was too much. "I mean it," she said mildly—and I was stilled.

She's as irresponsible off the screen as on. If she promises to be at a party in Hollywood at eight, the chances are that hour will find her dining on the terrace somewhere in Santa Barbara. She usually wears coat suits and her hair is blowing in all directions at once. I've never seen her in an evening dress.

Irresponsible or methodic, serge or satins, laughing or crying, hot or cold I can't think of anyone I'd rather be with. There's no one quite like her. She's—she's—well, she's Zasu!

What about Clark Gable Now?

Continued from page 81

lywood has concluded that even brunettes and men—as well as blondes—prefer his type! About his imitators, Clark gallantly maintains a discreet silence.

Will he last? I think so. He isn't temperamental and high-strung like John Gilbert. Not sheikish like Valentino. Not complex like Phil Holmes. He has a depth and virility which the juveniles lack.

What if he plays "nice" rôles? His hit was made as a dangerous he-man. When he has portrayed straight leads he hasn't been as effective. Much has been written about his appeal being purely elemental. If he goes Beverly Hills, will he lose that necessary vigor?

They don't expect to do a lot of entertaining in their new home. Clark already feels the strain which Hollywood puts on its celebrities. He loves to go away between pictures. The Gables are fond of Hotel Del Monte and of the desert. Which reveals Clark's varying dress moods. He likes to dress up and yet he also enjoys turtle-necked sweaters and old pants! He never goes to Malibu.

Did the mustache he grew for "Strange Interlude" please you? To grow—or not to grow one again—that's what he and the missus debate these evenings!

Soon he will be loaned to Paramount to co-star with Miriam Hopkins in a fiery number entitled "No Bed of Her Own." Imagine Clark and Miriam, who packs an

elemental wallop herself, in a torch story like this!

"They won't rubber-stamp me if I can help it," he declares. "I have played a wide variety of parts so far, and I anticipate continued versatility. While they're guessing, they're interested. That's the way I figure.

"I'm in such a peculiar business," he concluded our talk, "that I can't put my finger on anything definite. It's based on public opinion, studio breaks, and downright hard work. I've noticed that the fellow who is given responsibility usually works more seriously than ever. Stardom? I'm satisfied that it's a real job that will keep me out of mischief. Please hope with me that the fans and the breaks will be kind!"

This man comes from the class of people who assume that they have to struggle and fight for what they get. He doesn't think the prizes of the world are handed out on a silver platter. Hard knocks have prepared him to stand the gaff of movie fame.

"Hollywood no longer awes me," he says. "If worse came to worse I could go back to slinging hash!"

He deserves his pre-eminent place on the screen because he's earned it by years of apprenticeship. And because there's no one else exactly like him. To the women he's brought a new brand of love. To us men a masculine and intelligent movie hero whom we can respect.

The Ghost Walks with Nancy Carroll

Continued from page 66

years—and they're so excited, God love 'em! I've never been there, but from all they've told me, it must be heaven. Suppose they're disappointed! Suppose the place is filled with black strangers!" She brushed the thought away.

"Anything can happen in Ireland, and that's why I'd like to have my party there. Do you know, my grandfather once played cards with the devil?"

"It was this way. He was a man who loved his game of cards, my grandfather. One night, there was nobody at home who would play with him, and he was very cross; he sat there, shuffling the bits of pasteboard and grumbling.

"Sure and I'd play with the devil, if he'd only come along!" he says.

"And with that, comes a knock on the door.

"Grandfather jumps and his heart skitters about, but he goes to the door, bold as brass. 'Who's there?' says he, down deep in his throat.

"The Story Teller!" comes the answer.

"In Ireland, at that time—and maybe today, for all I know—men who called themselves Story Tellers used to go from place to place weaving tales for their supper or a night's lodging or a bit of silver.

"Grandfather lets him in, and a chill breath comes with him. He has a scarf about his neck, and though the room is warm and the fire is blazing, he refuses to take it off.

"After he's told his story, he suggests a game of cards. They play and the Story Teller keeps winning. Grandfather steals little glances at him, as he sits there, studying his cards, and he sees that the man's ears are pointed, like little horns. Grandfather begins to shake and tremble so that a card goes fluttering to the floor, and when he bends to pick it up he sees that the stranger's feet aren't feet at all, but cloven hoofs!

"Grandfather's hair is standing straight up on end by this time, and he stumbles to the door, stammering something about more wood for the fire. But he doesn't get more wood. He gets a bottle of holy water and runs back quickly and throws it on the Story Teller, and the dreadful creature vanishes in a whoosh of smoke!"

Nancy's own red-gold curls stood up a bit, too, and her bright blue eyes were twice their usual size.

"I'm horrifying myself!" she chuckled. "Everybody who comes to my party must enjoy being horrified, because that's the fun of Hallowe'en.

"I'll never forget my first Hallowe'en. We lived in New York, but in summer we'd go to New Jersey beaches, and this year we'd had such a marvelous time at the beach that mother took us down again for Hallowe'en.

"We were dressed in sheets and everywhere you looked it seemed as if there were ghosts. Finally Father made us all sit around in a ring, and he turned out the lights.

"He began to tell a story about a man who had been murdered in that very house and how his spirit always came back on the nights that shades go walking to try to gather up bits of his former body.

"He's here in the room now," says Father, in a terrible whisper. "These are his teeth!" And we passed the teeth from hand to hand—they were really kernels of corn, but they felt like teeth and everybody shrieked.

"And this is his hair—" That was corn silk, the dry pieces that feel so dead.

"And these are his eyes—" And what do you think that was? GRAPES! All clammy from being in the ice-box. I won't forget the feel of them if I live to be a hundred!

"That's the sort of entertainment my guests will get at the haunted castle party!"

"I'm no Gigolo," says George Raft

Continued from page 17

he was a taxi-dancer. He learned to grit his teeth and maintain an expressionless face while hefty females promenaded on his toes. He acquired the taciturnity that marks his work in the motion picture "Scarface." If you have not seen that screen drama, by all means do, for it will introduce you to Raft as mere words can not.

Many of the women he danced with were married. They were middle-aged wives who thought themselves wicked when they sneaked away for an afternoon of dancing. No doubt their husbands were trotting younger females elsewhere. But as many more of the women were not married, and from many of these Raft received insinuating invitations to become a gigolo. Some promised fine homes, servants, all the money he could spend; in short, the same promises that wealthy old men sometimes proffer pretty young girls. In both cases, the older ideas are similar.

Some young girls accept old men's invitations; others do not. Some taxi-dancers yield to the promises of old women; Raft did not. As far as fat old dowagers were concerned, he retained his youthful innocence. Young ladies? Well, er—let us return to our subject. *The idea!*

Raft refused all such vicious propositions because he possesses an inborn respect for himself. In all fairness to him, it is unjust to term him a gigolo today. In his own words, spoken somewhat bitterly, "I have been given the ill repute without the

reward that might have been mine had I done something to deserve the name." It is not right to call a man a thief until the proof is irrefutable. Raft would as soon be described a thief as a gigolo!

"I could never be a gigolo, even if my personal dislike for the vocation permitted," he says. "During the few hours I spent daily in my guise of taxi-dancer, I was sickened by the innuendoes of absurd old women, who were as silly as spinsters playing postoffice, and no more serious than a gin marriage. The one or two times during my life when I was tempted to chance a gigolo career, the thought of dwelling constantly in the company of an old hen with chickenish ideas restrained me.

"But sex really has little to do with my antipathy. Sex has its importance in life, and forever will have. My own tastes do not include women in the roaring forties, but I can conceive that other men's animi may differ from my own. My principal objection to gigolos is that they abuse masculinity. Man was placed on earth to work and provide for woman. When he shirks his duty and leans on woman for support, he misuses his purpose and his self-respect goes into the discard. I like my self-respect.

"Call me rough-neck! Call me taxi-dancer! Call me ham actor, if you wish.

"But listen, friend: *Don't call me a gigolo!*"

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Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Meat... <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	On... <input type="checkbox"/>
	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AUG
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Another Hollywood Conquest

Continued from page 27

if you could see some of the Hollywood heroes "in person" you wouldn't blame me!), went to all the parties, watched the fascinating girls on the set, in their dressing-rooms, and at home. My hostess broke down and like the grand girl that she is, let me in on a lot of real low-down as to how so-and-so makes her eyes look like that, how so-and-so got her famous figure, how so-and-so makes her eyes look like every man on earth raves about, and—oh, I'm literally popping with it all!

I became so obsessed with all these intriguing things that I made the decision then and there to "go into the business"—to learn everything there was about cosmetics, make-up, hair, body grace, (which included, of course, taking off here and adding on there), the right sort of clothes to wear for certain effects and so on. I could hardly wait for the day when I would get home, armed with all these things—and goodness knows, they are the closest things in the world to a girl's heart—and really "do my stuff." But, although I knew this knowledge was a source of tremendous power to me personally, I didn't fully realize how thirsty other girls were for it, until I returned to my old familiar, every-day life. My friends who knew what I had been doing began calling me up and descending upon me in droves. They would sit, pumping me for hours until I was actually hoarse trying to answer all the eager questions.

In the light of my newly acquired wisdom, I was simply amazed. They all began to take turns at my dressing-table and they would try to get certain effects, but the way they went about it! Suddenly a great light dawned: These girls knew practically nothing about how best to bring out their good features and subdue their bad ones. They were all rather attractive and smart in a perfectly uniform way, but they had certain regulation rules for make-up and that was that. In addition, the worst set-back of all for them was that they each and every one firmly believed that beauty was "God-given" and that if fate had not been kind to you on

the day you were born, there was nothing on earth that you could do about it!

Well, you can imagine what meat this was to me—fresh from Hollywood where beauty and glamor are created every day, where the art of developing personalities for the screen is just part of the day's work. After years of "grooming" hundreds and literally thousands of girls in order to bring out every ounce of beauty and personality that is in them, it would be well-nigh impossible to find a girl who could come through that mill unlovely!

For Hollywood has taught me this one all-important lesson: that good looks, charm and glamor are *absolutely within the grasp of every intelligent and clever girl*. The rudiments of beauty with which she is born are only the foundation upon which her skill builds the final creation of her personality. Hollywood is rather cruel to unattractive girls because it is impatient—it knows that unattractiveness these days is only due to ignorance, laziness, or negligence. Now, in most cases which I have encountered, the cause is ignorance, for there are very few women in the world whose vanity isn't sufficient to lash them into action provided they *know which steps to take*.

I am so fired with ambition to make every girl I meet as completely perfect as she individually can be that it takes all my self-control to prevent me from actually speaking to strange girls on the street, or the subways, beseeching, "Oh, my dear, please don't use that shade of lip-stick or powder" or "Why, oh why, don't you use more softening creams on that fine and perishable skin?" And so on, *ad infinitum*. So, I shall pour it out to you, (in small doses, I promise), and I am going to prove to you that it is a modern *sin* not to be utterly ravishing!

You are going to see some of the wonders that Hollywood knows so well unfolded in these pages and before long, the screen stars will have to look to their laurels, for we'll all be devastating! I'll be right here next month—please watch for me.

Thank him for the Talkies

Continued from page 59

not enough for an industry that recognizes no boundaries. He is something of an expert on real estate values, knows the foreign market and can play ball with a banker on his home grounds. He started counting pennies when he and his brothers sold newspapers on the streets of Baltimore, getting an early training in highly competitive salesmanship that helped him in the years to come.

From the selling of papers, Harry graduated to the sales force of a wholesale meat company, whereas Sam hitched onto the payroll of the Erie railroad as a locomotive fireman. It was Sam who started the family on the royal path to power after he had viewed "The Great Train Robbery," then being exhibited through the middle west as a tent show. He called a council of the Warners; surmised that something new and profitable was about to develop, and suggested that they all chuck their jobs and step out with a motion picture show.

The first Warner theatre (in reality just a hall furnished with chairs rented from an undertaker) was in Newcastle, Pa. "The Great Train Robbery" was the first Warner all-star attraction. Sister

Rose joined the troupe as pianist; Brother Jack, a mere youngster, as soloist; Brother Albert, as general utility man, and Brother Harry, as general manager in charge of finances. Brother Sam took a print of "The Great Train Robbery" on tour.

For a time, nickels and dimes bulged the pockets of Treasurer Harry. But presently, the citizens of Newcastle ceased to thrill to the terrors of "The Great Train Robbery," and he faced the necessity of offering something new, which presented more of a problem than he had foreseen. The General Film Company, the most powerful trust that the motion picture business has known, refused to feed the irregular little independents. The Warner boys might go back to selling papers, for all the Film Company cared; but Harry had tasted the rich blood of the movies and was just beginning to fight.

After a set-back in the first round, he returned with Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany," which placed him and his brothers among the favored few who made money out of the World War. Profits on the Gerard film took the hard-working boys to the tinsel

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temptations of Hollywood and built them a studio with a dressing-room for one star—none other than the redoubtable Rin-Tin-Tin!

Although it happens every now and again in theatrical circles, it still is exceptional enough to be news when a dog supports a family, and such a large family. During a critical period, Rin-Tin-Tin barked bank-notes into Harry's pockets, asking in return the best that the butcher had to offer, following the custom of other stars of the screen. And he got it.

It was characteristic of Harry, then, as it is today, that he regarded money somewhat as an engineer regards electricity. It is power, and useless until it is turned on to keep the wheels moving.

The income from "My Four Years in Germany" and from Rin-Tin-Tin went right back into circulation, buying the best that the current market had to offer in actors and stories: the "Mammy" singer, Al Jolson, and the patrician, John Barrymore, along with such noted and expensive fiction as "Main Street," "Brass," and "Beau Brummel." He bought plays from David Belasco, which, in that period, was the costly and the artistic thing to do. Also, he went arty with Ernst Lubitsch in the sophisticated "Marriage Circle" and "Lady Windermere's Fan." Also, he went broke, or nearly so, in one of the minor depressions which visited the motion picture business.

Harry approached a new set of bankers; sold them on the idea of pictures in gen-

eral, and the Warner brand in particular, and plunged yet deeper into the Hollywood maelstrom.

Somewhere in the hurly-burly of the high-pressure studios, the still, small voice of the talkie was requesting a hearing—only it was neither still nor small. On the other hand, it was harshly metallic and unsympathetic.

Harry Warner, along with the top executives of other producing companies, listened to the voice as presented by an engineer of the telephone company and considered the price excessive for an imperfect novelty. But he did not turn it down, not definitely, that is, as did other executives whose bids had been invited.

He summoned his brothers: Sam, Jack, and Albert. They agreed that it might be a swell invention and was worth a trial if purchasable at a low figure. After a few weeks of maneuverings, Harry's terms were accepted and the wide-awake Warner brothers closed one of the most important deals in the entire history of motion pictures. Under the fluttering flag of Vitaphone, they were the first to give the screen a voice.

In business, Harry Warner is a smart trader. He has to be. He thinks hard and fast and expects alertness from those around him. Anything he undertakes, he likes to do in a big way. He is an active supporter of cooperative plans which benefit his thousands of employees and is a generous contributor to charities. And, always, "He's a first-class fighting man!"

"Immortals" of Hollywood—Continued from page 29

gical laboratory comparable with the world's finest institutions of its kind is being added. The entire group of buildings were erected almost entirely through the efforts of Marion Davies. She first intended that only the children of war veterans would be treated there, but now the clinic cares for more than six thousand cases annually, all of them children whose parents or guardians cannot afford proper medical attention. Miss Davies insures the support of the Foundation by personal contributions, donations solicited from friends, and mammoth annual charity balls and shows.

There is a steamer plying the Ohio and Mississippi rivers named the Irene Dunne. It was built many years ago by the star's father, Joseph J. Dunne, but was re-named after Irene following her success in the New York stage play, "Show Boat."

Two famous feminine hair-cuts bear the names of prominent stars and promise to exist for many years to come. They are the *Glorious Bob* and the *Garbo Bob*, named respectively for Gloria Swanson and Greta Garbo. Other bobs have borne stars' names, but their particular styles did not endure. Today, few barbers do not comprehend the *Glorious* and *Garbo* bobs.

Jean Harlow's platinum blonde appellation promises to live into future generations, or even into future centuries, since the term has been universally accepted to describe a certain shade of blonde hair. So, whether you happen to like it or not, you must admit that Platinum Jean started something!

A great many stars have had flowers named for them. Among the most outstanding examples are the *Frances Dee Orchid*, which is pure white; the *Barbara Stanwyck Dahlia*, which won high honors in the Los Angeles Flower Exhibit this year; and the *Katherine MacDonald Rose*, still popular, although named more than ten years ago for the former star. Clara Bow was also honored by having a blood-red rose named after her.

A great number of stars have had clothes

and hats named for them, but the majority of these instances were for the purpose of commercial gain made possible through use of the stars' names. One instance that has outlived the years is the *Madge Evans Hat for Children*, created when Madge was a child stage and screen star, and still popular. Mitzi Green, Clara Bow, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Jackie Cooper, Alice White, Lilyan Tashman and Dorothy Mackaill are other players who have had articles of clothing named for them.

Colleen Moore, Joan Crawford, Betty Compson, Anita Page and Renée Adorée are among the stars whose names adorn bottles of perfumes concocted to their particular tastes, and now sold generally. A toy wooden repeating gun bears the signature of Buck Jones, the cowboy star. The Mary Pickford Doll is a favorite with little girls. The Tom Mix cowboy outfits have delighted the hearts of thousands of small boys. An annual race at the Havana, Cuba, track is the Ricardo Cortez Handicap, while Marian Nixon, Constance Bennett, Richard Arlen and Janet Gaynor are a few of the stars after whom race horses have been named.

Perhaps the most enduring, the most fitting tribute to the memory of a great motion picture star is the Valentino Memorial Society, which was organized after Rudolf Valentino's death. It is a wealthy, world-wide club with hundreds of thousands of members, who have caused to be erected, in this country and in Europe, a number of statues dedicated to the memory of the beloved Latin star. As a general rule, these statues are situated in public places. One stands in DeLongpre Park, a small recreational haven near the center of Hollywood, and to this one go scores of mourners, many of whom kneel and pray before the marble image of one they once adored.

Denied places in the Hall of Fame in Washington, it is only fitting and proper that the screen stars, who have done so much to ease the pains and ills of the world, should be honored elsewhere.

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"HOT TODDY"

(That's the pet name of Thelma Todd)

Read **"NICK NAMES"** in the October

SILVER SCREEN

Ask Me

(Continued from page 8)

cowboy star in the movies, ride the plains and wild horses, and watch the dawn peep over the sage brush, do you? Sorry, but my personal influence with the producers would never land anyone in the movies or even the sage brush—much as I'd like to assist you. Gary Cooper is 31 years old and not married. Lew Ayres is 22 and married to Lola Lane. Warner Baxter is 41 and has been married to Winifred Bryson since January, 1917. Clive Brook is 41 and is married to Faith Evelyn, formerly an actress on the London stage. Richard Dix is 38 and was married to Winifred Coe on Oct. 19, 1931. John Boles is 31 and has been married for a long time to Marcelite Dobbs.

Hilda G. You saw some one who resembled Robert Montgomery in "Hell Divers" for he was not in the cast. Stars do not appear as extras or play "bit" parts after they have attained stardom. Greta Garbo's latest release is "As You Desire Me." Clark Gable's new picture is "Strange Interlude" with Norma Shearer. There's a grand Gable story in this issue.

J. S. P. I'd feel like the lost-and-found column in the Daily Stoopnagle Star if I failed to settle a dispute or two. Carmelita Geraghty was Mary Pickford's sister in "My Best Girl." Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe, and Zasu Pitts were in "This Thing Called Love." "What Men Want" was released in 1930 with Pauline Starke, Barbara Kent, Ben Lyon, and Robert Ellis in the cast. Buck Jones is about 41 years old; Ken Maynard is 37.

Jim. Bramwell Fletcher was the young son of the Petrie family in "Daughter of the Dragon" and Frances Dade was his sweetheart. Gary Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead are starred in "The Devil and the Deep." Your favorite, James Cagney's latest release is "Winner Take All."

Bunny S. Your favorite villain Ralf Harolde, has several competitors in the "meanie" market: Paul Muni, George Raft, and Boris Karloff, to name three. Your pet rave, Ralf, answers to the family name of Wiffier. He was born May 17, 1899, in Pittsburgh, Pa., is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 148 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes. He has been married five years to a non-professional. Ralf spent 12 years on the stage before he made his hit in pictures. His latest releases are "Winner Take All" with James Cagney, "The Secret Witness" with Una Merkel and William Collier Jr., and "The Tip Off" with Eddie Quillan, Robert Armstrong, and Ginger Rogers.

Phyllis A. L. When in doubt about ages, weights and measures of your favorites, consult my department—I'll also throw in the color of hair and eyes, without extra charge. Lewis Frederick Ayer (Lew Ayres to the screen audience) was born Dec. 28, 1909, in Minneapolis, Minn. He has blue eyes, dark brown hair, weighs 155 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. His first screen appearance was with Greta Garbo in "The Kiss." His recent picture was "Night World" with Mae Clarke. Nils Asther's eyes are brown. His new film is "Washington Masquerade."

Helen L. Still the cry goes up for pictures with Leslie Howard. But just wait, gentle readers, you'll have a chance to applaud when he appears in "The Animal Kingdom," his recent stage success, and in "Smilin' Thru." Sari Maritza, the comely lass from Germany, makes her American

bow with Gene Raymond and Marguerite Churchill in "Forgotten Commandments."

Just Betty. Another new friend is given a hearty welcome—hope you'll like us as we know we'll like you. Melvyn Douglas was born April 5, 1901, in Macon, Ga. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 182 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. His wife is Helen Gahagan, famous Broadway actress. His first screen appearance was with Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never." Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surrey, England. He has brown hair, brown eyes, weighs 175 pounds, and is 5 feet 11 inches tall and has been married, but is separated from his wife. His last picture was "Arrowsmith" with Helen Hayes, and if his producer will ever decide the title of his next release, we'll have our "what-it-takes" for the first showing.

Virginia Ruth. You want to hear something nice about Greta Garbo? Tish, tish! I only know nice things about her. She has the longest eye-lashes I have ever seen. Her work in "As You Desire Me" was the best of her screen career, many believe. Clara Bow will make good in her new picture or I'll eat my words and that's saying a mouthful. After an absence of months from the screen, Clara will make a grand come-back in "They Call Her Savage." Wallace Ford was born in England, is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. He was educated on the stage. Never went to school a day in his life. His first picture was "Possessed" with Joan Crawford.

L. and F. From the number of inquiries I have about Barry Norton, something should be done about his absence from the screen. His small part in "Dishonored" was handled very skillfully and the world at large hoped to see him again in something bigger and better. He was born in Buenos Aires, South America, on June 16, 1905. His real name is Alfredo de Biraben. Typically Latin in appearance, he has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, and weighs 168 pounds. He has a charming personality. Not married.

Nova Scotia Fan. "Blondie of the Follies" is the title of Marion Davies next picture, if the producers don't change their minds. In the cast are Robert Montgomery, Billie Dove, Zasu Pitts, James Gleason, Jimmy Durante and Clyde Cook. I'm not in touch with fan clubs—sorry I can't tell you about one in connection with Robert Montgomery. His latest release was "Letty Lynton" with Joan Crawford.

No Name. Without your signature, it's difficult to address you, but "Hello" and how have you been? Sometimes a picture is taken off the shelf, dusted and revamped for future use but I don't know just how or when "Step-daughters of War" will be put to work. Ruth Chatterton will make three pictures a year for a period of two years for Warner Bros. Her first two are, "The Rich Are Always With Us" and "The Crash," both with the new leading man, George Brent, who will probably be Mr. Ruth Chatterton by the time you read this.

Just Me. You'll be my slave for life and how I've wanted a slave, if I will use my influence with the editor to print a full page picture of Peggy Shannon in SCREENLAND? Her next picture is "After the Rain" with Spencer Tracy. Peggy was born Jan. 10, 1909, in Pine-Bluff, Ark. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and has red hair and green eyes. Her real name is Winona Sammon. She is married to Alan Davis, the actor. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s latest releases are "It's Tough to be Fa-

mous" with Mary Brian and "Love is a Racket" with Ann Dvorak and Frances Dee. "Revolt" is Doug's next.

M. L. M. Constance Bennett, our October Cover Girl, was born October 22, 1905, in New York City. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs about 99 pounds. She was educated in private schools in New York and in Paris. Connie played with Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neil in "Sally, Irene and Mary" in 1926 for M-G-M. Madge Evans was born August 1, 1909, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Huddle" with Ramon Novarro, and the next may be "The New Yorker" with Al Jolson, Roland Young, and probably Harry Langdon.

June P. Joan Crawford has been doing some lively stepping from one grand picture to another since she appeared in her first release, "Sally, Irene and Mary." She was Sally. Joan's next will be "Rain," in which she has one of the most coveted rôles of the year, *Sadie Thompson*. A new leading man, William Gargan from Broadway, who had been playing in "The Animal Kingdom" was picked to play opposite *Sadie*. Don't lose a good night's rest over him, girls, he's married. In the supporting cast of "Rain" is another new-comer to the screen, Kendall Lee, who plays the wife of Matt Moore; and other well-known players are Walter Huston, Guy Kibbee, Beulah Bondi, and Walter Catlett.

H. W. and H. High Wide and Handsome—are you? Junior Durkin is Junior to us and so why not to you? He is about 17 years old and a real boy. Jackie Coogan has not announced any future picture plans. Mitzi Green has been doing personal appearances. She will be ten years old her next birthday, on October 22. Her next picture will be "Little Orphan Annie," for Radio. Joan Crawford is 24. Charlotte Henry was born March 3, 1914, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Price. Anita Louise (Fremault) was born Jan. 9, 1917, in New York City. She has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes, is a gifted pianist, plays tennis, fences, rides, and speaks several languages, including French, German and Spanish. Not married. Anita, your friends want to see you again so jump into a good part and we'll do the rest.

Miss H. C. S. Your "dream man," Buddy Rogers, hasn't made a picture since "This Reckless Age." He was on the New York stage in a Ziegfeld show, "Hot-Cha!" and is now doing radio work. But to refresh your memory about Buddy—he was born Aug. 13, 1905, in Olathe, Kansas. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Not married. He has a younger brother and two sisters and his parents are living. Tom Tyler's latest release is "Man from New Mexico" with Caryl Lincoln. Frances Dee is not married.

Roy W. Tom Keene was born on a farm in New York but doesn't tell us when. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His hobbies are horseback riding, swimming, and tennis. He won success on the stage as George Dur-yea and made several pictures using that name, among them, "The Godless Girl," "Tide of Empire," playing opposite Renee Adoree; played with Sophie Tucker in "Honky Tonk"; appeared with the late Lon Chaney in "Thunder" and was the brother in "Tol'able David." His RKO Westerns, made under the name of Tom Keene, are "The Saddle Buster," "Freighters of Destiny," and "Sundown Trail," with more to follow.



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FIRST PRIZE

"When I do not like the picture I watch the audience," says L. Mann of Berks Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "I saw a little boy put his arm through his mother's and snuggle up close when the 'worst boy in town' in 'Young America' stood before the judge."

SECOND PRIZE

"Chop, chop here. Chop, chop there. Here chop. There chop. Everywhere chop, chop. Just a best seller being heartlessly maimed for the screen." E. A. Warren of Mt. Hope, Washington, laments the passage through the meat chopper of Mrs. Barnes' "Westward Passage." Should have titled it "Westward Sausage."

THIRD PRIZE

"The efforts of the film advertising departments to be sensational," says Kay Beckwith of Seattle, Wash., "are ridiculous. If Cinderella's romance ever comes to the screen it will probably be billed as—'She Loitered With a Prince—The Searing, Soul-Searching Story of a Kitchen Maid!' " How about:—"Sin-Sin-Cinderella!"

Clever?

"You're telling me?"

SILVER
SCREEN 10¢

"The largest newsstand sale of any screen magazine"

Hot off the Ether

Continued from page 58

Stoopnagle. The guests in the studio during "The Gloom Chasers" broadcast have a grand time. But they have to keep suppressing their laughter, so that you-all can hear the gags. The boys are good.

* * *

And now for drama! Over to the "Crime Club" and see what "dirty deed" is being done, or who killed Cock Robin? This time we sit in the Control Room. Murray Lieberman, the handsome testimonial letter reader of that program, explains how the sound effects are made effective. (Just a moment before we go into our disillusioning act. Now is just as good a time as any to make a radio or talkie discovery. We nominate Mr. Lieberman! He's tall, dark, handsome, and has a swell voice.)

Ready to be disillusioned? Well, the action supposedly took place at a tea in the English mansion of "Sir something or other." Only two of the principals were speaking into the microphone but many voices could be heard in the background. That trick was done with a phonograph record. Also the clatter of dishes could

be heard. That bit of atmosphere came from the sound technician's table. He had several cups, saucers and spoons which he would click together every once in a while. And here's the pay-off—the climax was a crash through a door to trap the murderer. The realistic din heard was simply a few small, ordinary peach baskets—yes, the kind that hold about a quart of peaches—being stepped upon by those sound technicians!

But on the other hand, those are real canaries you hear singing on the Cheerio Program. It isn't any mechanical miracle, so the sound-men can't take the bows for this. You hear ten canaries who sing under the direction of their mistress, Miss Elizabeth Freeman. Miss Freeman teaches the birds to follow melodies by playing them on phonograph records (the melodies—not the birds!) countless times. It takes three years of hard training to teach the canaries—the birds are taught when they are very young. Even then some birds never learn to do it.

And the moral is, if any: You never can tell!

Screaming Beauty

Continued from page 51

tively terrify you. Did you hear it in "Miss Pinkerton"? You're going to hear it some more. It makes the hair rise on the heads of the studio electricians, and Joan loves to frighten electricians.

Kay Francis plays more stately parts and her emotions are seldom expressed by screaming. She can do it with the best of them, but it ruins her voice for days, which makes her shrieks too costly for any kind of use.

And so you see how a little girl made good in Hollywood by means of a great big scream. Perhaps you, too, can scream. Try it out at the dinner table some night and see what happens. If your family collapses beneath the table, dragging table cloth and dishes with them, if the neighbors rush in, if the police arrive—then you have a future. Hollywood is waiting for you. You may get your picture in SCREENLAND MAGAZINE!

What's the Matter with Farrell?

Continued from page 62

human. It was a genuine, sincere performance. One moment we felt tragedy; the next, laughed at some comedy line.

The line drawn between the actor and the character was so delicately applied that it was impossible to tell which was the character and which the individual. You must take my word for it that the actor has very little in common with the

personification. It was a case of pure art.

I suggest, very humbly, that we present Charles Farrell with his graduation diploma for his fine work in "After Tomorrow" and never again retard his progress, because he worked long hours at home-work when the rest of us simply went to classes, took notes, and let it go at that.

More Reviews

Continued from page 69

White Zombie

United Artists

This, meant to be a super-super shocker, doesn't shock. According to Haiti tradition, a "Zombie" is a living corpse from which the soul has departed. Madge Bellamy is made a "Zombie" by Bela Lugosi, ex-*Dracula*. But you won't be able to take it very seriously.

Kriss

First Division

Excellent scenery here—the picture was filmed on the beautiful island of Bali, with a cast of native Balinese. It isn't a travel film, but a somewhat too melodramatic love

story. The heroine of the film is charming, and the hero is a husky lad with a *Tarzan* physique. You'll get those Bali blues when you see this gorgeous Paradise.

Radio Patrol

Universal

Glorifying the American policeman. You'll see heroic cops killed; gangster fights; you'll hear sirens scream and machine guns bark! It's exciting in spots, but you've seen stories similar to this. Lila Lee makes her comeback here. She's lovelier than ever, but her rôle is very slight. Acting honors are divided between Russell Hopton and Robert Armstrong.

Mystery Ranch Fox

Here's a typical Western thriller, for those who crave it. There's nothing particularly new or startling about it; but George O'Brien makes a properly dare-devilish hero, and Cecilia Parker is appealing as the girl. O'Brien in the process of foiling the villain, shows some excellent horsemanship. The picture throughout is photographed with exceptional beauty.

The Man Called Back Tiffany

A nicely acted and well directed drama. Conrad Nagel comes through with a fine performance as a doctor who was all washed up but who comes back strong, with the aid of charming Doris Kenyon. But it's John Halliday's picture. As a philandering husband, he's immense. The high-lights of the picture are the stirring court-room scenes.



Keystone

And now the Philippines Islands, which have long been enthusiastic about the talkies, have produced their own audible picture, "Moro Pirate," with a complete native cast. Here's the attractive leading lady.

SHORT FEATURES:

The Idol of Seville Educational

A miniature version of "Carmen," and recommended to all music lovers. The singers are very capable, and make this Operalogue excellent screen entertainment. Renée Denny makes a memorable Carmen.

The City of Contrasts Irving Browning

You've seen many travelogues of New York City, but see this one, too. It's different. The photography is excellent, and it is interestingly directed. Norman Brokenshire, of Radio fame, delivers entertaining chatter throughout the film.

Campus Murder Mystery Vitaphone

Who murdered the dean of the college? Find out for yourself. This is one of the better S. S. Van Dine Murder Mystery series. With John Hamilton and Harriet Hilliard.

Rudy Vallee Melodies Paramount

In which pert Betty Boop, the cartoon cutie, flirts with Rudy Vallee. Betty invites Rudy to a party and Vallee sings four songs. Very entertaining.

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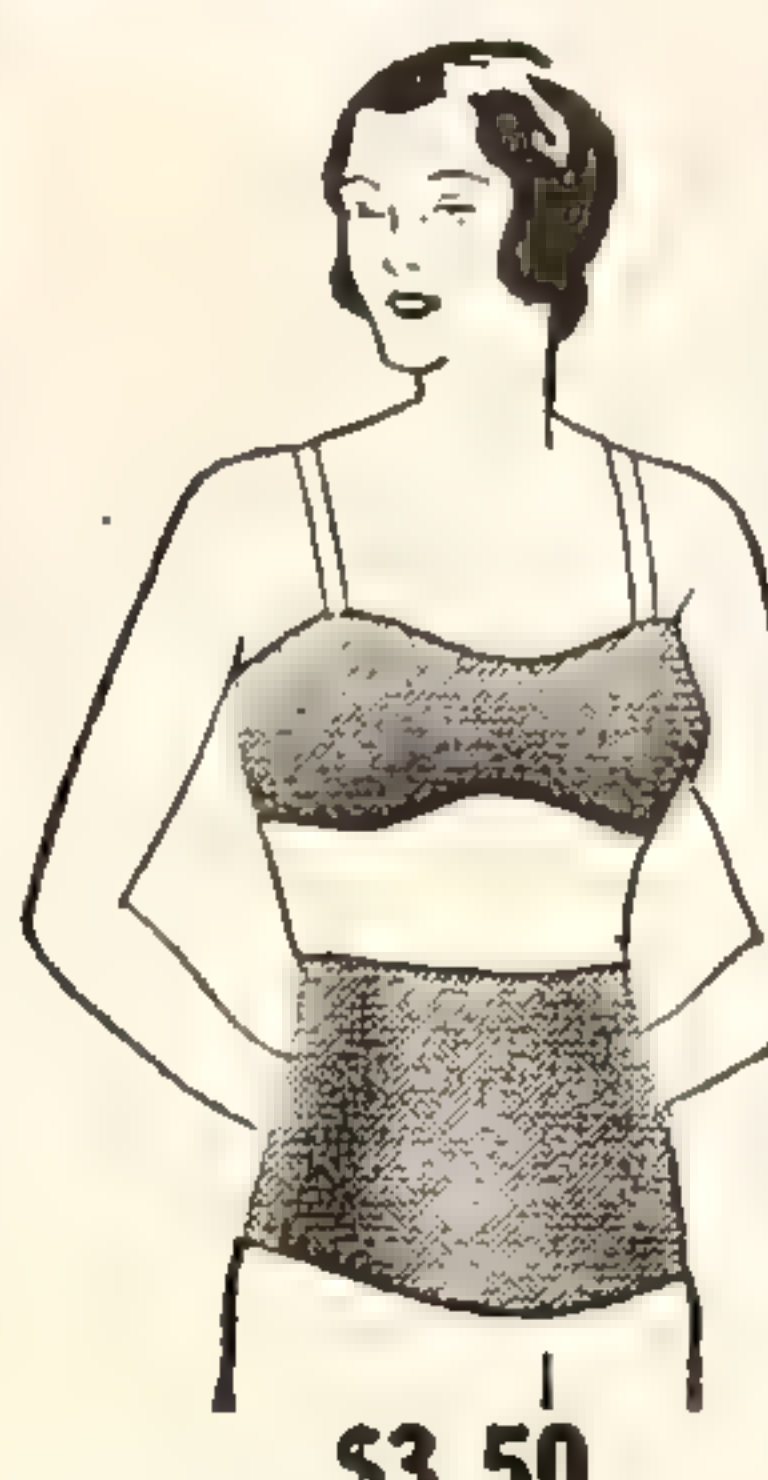
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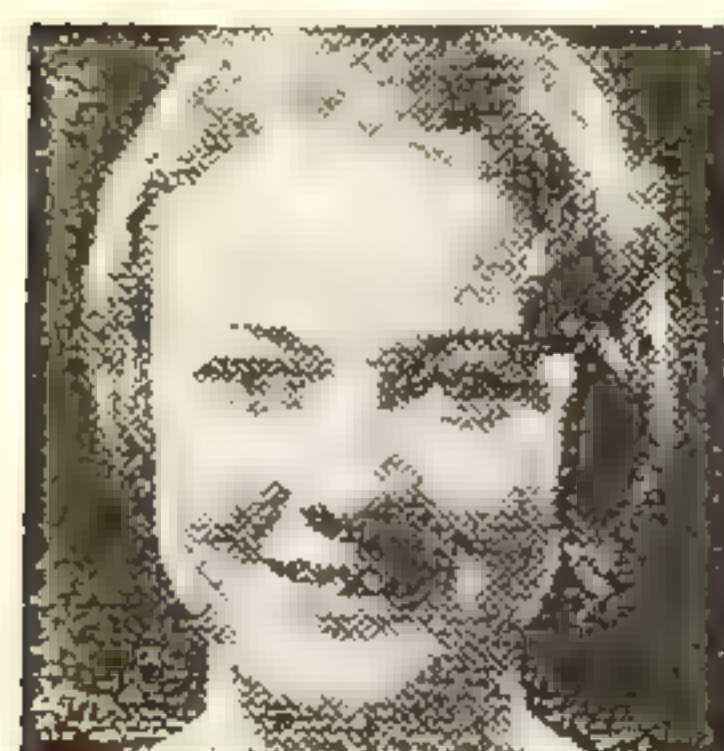
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I wished that I'd never been born.
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(Edithe Neubert, Harvey, Ill.)

BLUE-JAY

CORN PLASTERS

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Here's Hollywood

(Continued from page 77)



Dancing masters! Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton try their hands at directing the chorus of "Speak Easily," the comedy in which they will clown together. Won't Garbo be jealous, now, eh, Jimmy?

IS THERE a motif behind the Fox Company's consistent firing of actresses rumored engaged to George O'Brien? Perhaps studio heads recognize his attractiveness as a bachelor.

Whatever the truth may be, it is a fact that four girls who were once under contract to the company, and were reported engaged to O'Brien, were released from their contracts. In the order of their romances and dismissals, they are Olive Borden, Marguerite Churchill, Conchita Montenegro and Cecelia Parker.

THAT Maurice Chevalier divorce surprised Hollywood, because up to the very minute it was announced, nobody dreamed of serious marital trouble in the French star's household.

After the newspapers carried the announcement, a well-known Hollywood columnist was seen running about town, frothing at the mouth. "My reputation is ruined," he was moaning. "They're the only couple in pictures I haven't rumored about to separate."

LOWELL SHERMAN'S first public appearances since his divorce have been in the company of Geneva Mitchell, ex-Follies girl... Andy Devine, Universal comedian, is separated from his wife but she refuses a divorce; she is Catholic... Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Cecelia Parker have turned off the heat... Maybe there's a laugh in the changed name of the defunct Bank of Hollywood building; its new title is The Equitable Building... Gloria Shea accidentally thrust her hand through a window pane and several stitches were necessary... Edmund Lowe owns a cherry tree ranch in California... Clark and Mrs. Gable are among the most constant patrons of the various night clubs

around Hollywood... Bing Crosby's middle name is Lillis, but don't dare use it... William Powell gave Carole Lombard a pair of Dachshunds on their first wedding anniversary... Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler have buried the hatchet and will do a new comedy together... Katherine Hepburn, Broadway actress, recently captured by the movies, will give Lilyan Tashman competition for "best dressed actress" honors.

CECIL B. DeMILLE chose Elissa Landi for a rôle in "The Sign of the Cross" because, he says, "there is the depth of ages in her eyes, today in her body, and tomorrow in her spirit." Sort of a chip off the old rock of the ages?

ELISSA LANDI endangered the sight of her left eye when she idly swung a rose stem and a thorn penetrated the iris... Hoot Gibson gave Sally Eilers a gorgeous diamond brooch on the second anniversary of their marriage... Dorothy Wilson and Eric Linden are Hollywood's newest lovers, although he paid no attention to her when she was a studio secretary... Irene Dunne and husband E. H. Griffin spent her summer vacation in Honolulu... Arline Judge's baby should arrive in December... Constance Bennett lost the first legal step in her agent's suit to collect \$16,000 commissions the agent alleges she owes... Gwili André is studying to lower the tone of her voice and Americanize her broad English, following previews of her first R-K-O pictures, in which she was difficult to understand... Richard Dix bought a camera and snapped three dozen pictures of his family, but forgot to adjust the lens; the negatives turned out black... Jimmie Dunn kiddingly answered telephone calls

in the Fox publicity department, and demanded of calling editors why they wasted so much time; pandemonium reigned until the joke was explained to the editors.

AND now we have the Tarzan swimming suit for kiddies! They're cut in imitation of Johnny Weissmuller's scanty costume in the picture, and are featured by a New York department store. A "Tarzan yell," we understand, is thrown in with each suit.

IS ANN HARDING a terribly lonesome and unhappy woman, as an aftermath of her divorce?

Current gossip in Hollywood indicates that Ann's broken melody of love has left her bitter. Whether or not this is true, it is a fact that she has become a social and business recluse second only to Garbo. She has no telephone in her home, and she often leaves Hollywood, unaccompanied, on cross-country automobile tours.

HARPO MARX read in Walter Winchell's column, that New York City makes \$500,000 a year on its garbage. "Huh; shoe string movie producers make more than that," Harpo harpooned.

THE rumor floating around Hollywood to the effect that Howard Hughes is engaged to Mary L. ("Timmie") Lansing, pretty New York society deb, is regarded skeptically by "Cholly" Knickerbocker, gossip columnist of the *haute monde*. Writing in the New York American, "Cholly" observes, "Certainly no formal announcement of the betrothal has been made here in New York by 'Timmie's' parents, the Cleveland C. Lansings, of 3 E. 94th St., and 'Brookhill,' Salisbury, Conn., and until Mr. and Mrs. Lansing broadcast the news I, for one, decline to believe 'Timmie' is engaged to anyone."

TOMMY LEE and Virginia Cherrill, romancers a few years past, are at it again . . . O. O. McIntyre, the columnist, refused an offer to make a radio broadcast at \$6,000 a night . . . George M. Cohan wrote a song titled "We Need a Man" and it was played at the Democratic convention . . . Lillian Rich, former star, has divorced her radio announcer-husband, Lionel Nicholson . . . That first movie serial, "The Perils of Pauline," is to be re-made . . . Russell Hopton's fad is photography and he has snapped pictures of scores of stars . . . Estelle Taylor invoked the aid of the sheriff's office to collect salary due for an independent picture in which she starred . . . Ann Dvorak didn't want to play in "Cynara," so without telling the studio, she accompanied her husband, Leslie Fenton, on a sea trip . . .

OF COURSE, everybody knew that Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes would be divorced, after which she would wed George Brent. But most people expected Ruth would file suit in Paris. Instead, Ralph sued in Reno, Nevada.

Brent and Ruth selected the month of August for their marriage. August appears to be quite the nuptial month this year, for other couples who chose the same calendar period for weddings are Joan Blondell and George Barnes, and Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert.

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THERE are four kitchens on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio grounds. One is the general commissary kitchen, that supplies food for the big studio restaurant. Another is the kitchen situated back of the executives' quarters; there food is prepared for studio chiefs.

The other two are attached to the bungalows of Marion Davies and John Gilbert, and are used daily by private chefs who prepare meals for those two luminaries.

THE naked archer with the bow and arrow is running rampant in Hollywood. New hearts pierced by his arrows include:

Buster Collier and Marie Prevost, resuming an old love.

George E. Stone and Betty Gillette.

Dorothy Lee has finally concentrated on Marshall Duffield, and when Dot concentrates, they give in.

Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper's love thermometer has jumped to about 200 degrees.

TO BALANCE Dan Cupid's activities, "Dat Ol' Davil Divorce" has stuck his nose into several family affairs:

Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton are no longer one.

Rumors of trouble in the Owen Moore-Katherine Perry household gain strength.

Edna Murphy received her divorce from Director Mervyn LeRoy.

William Powell and Carole Lombard are reported to be on the verge of a split—but they have denied it.

Ralph Graves and his wife are now the once-were-weds.

EVERY noon, when he is making a picture, Will Rogers lunches at the same table in the Fox studio café, and about him gathers a small group of friends. Rogers never fails to read his daily syndicated wire, which he dispatches from the studio shortly after noon. If the group laughs, Will acts as pleased as a bashful boy, blushing under his tan and rubbing his mouth and chin shyly.

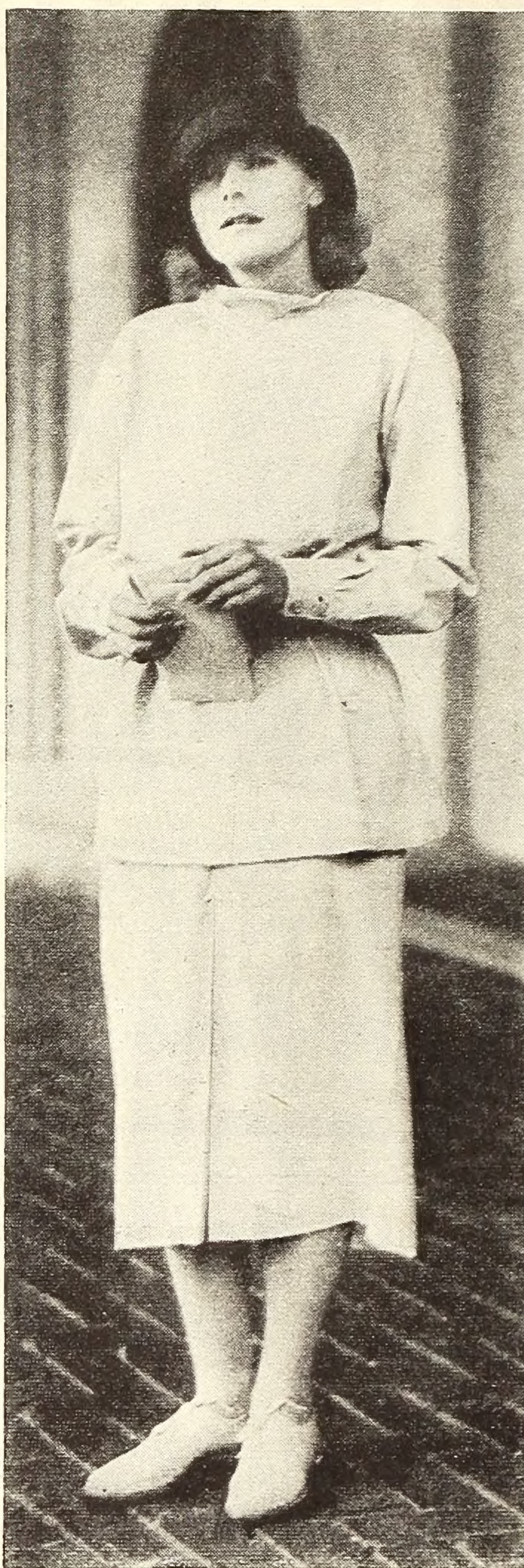
HOLLYWOOD'S only "No-man" has fallen victim to his own immovable opinion. Warner Baxter employed Ed Marcel to tell the truth about his work on the set, and Warner stressed the fact that if Marcel became a "Yes man," his job was ended. Recently Warner decided that his man Friday's salary was too large, so he asked Ed to take a cut. "No!" replied the employee, and now Baxter is minus a "No-man."

NOTHING is quite so complete as a Barrymore squelch, no matter by which Barrymore. Ethel was enjoying a motion picture program the other day, and a newsreel of Alfred E. Smith was shown. In his brief talk, Smith used the word "first," but pronounced it "foist."

"What grammar!" a smart-alec behind Miss Barrymore scoffed. "Foist! That guy would have no more chance to be President than me."

Her Royal Stage Highness turned and regarded the speaker in the aloof Barrymore manner. "Than I, is correct," she murmured.

MANY humane stories are told about Roscoe Arbuckle. Among them is a tale of his generosity years ago, when he was a Mack Sennett star. Friday was



Acme

Garbo, en route to Europe, not only consented to pose, but admitted she will return to Hollywood at \$600,000 a year!

"extra day" at the Sennett studio, and every extra who hadn't worked during the week was given a job. If there were no scenes to be photographed, the extras were run up and down a street, while blank cameras trained on them.

The man who signed the pay checks was Arbuckle, but because he didn't care to have his generosity publicized, the extras were presumably paid by the studio.

HAS it ever occurred to you that never, in the history of modern stage or screen, has a star given birth to twins?

BARBARA STANWYCK sings for the first time in "The Purchase Price" . . . Perhaps wedding bells will ring for Ina Claire and George Cukor, the director . . . Gloria Stuart is taking flying lessons from Florence Lowe Barnes, famed aviatrix . . . Astrologists told Barbara Weeks she should become a great actress because

Venus was in the same spot on her birthday as on Garbo's . . . Lionel Barrymore greets Karen Morley with "Hello, actress" . . . Clara Bow reduced twenty pounds in thirty days . . . Hundreds of girls wrote to Jean Harlow to ask if she thought they might find husbands if they changed their hair to red . . . Tala Birell forgot to take her passports when she went to Mexico; because she was foreign she was detained several hours by the immigration officers when she attempted to return . . . Mary Astor, husband and baby returned to Hollywood, where Mary plans soon to resume her screen work.

SOME pictures you should see, and why: "Tess of the Storm Country," because it returns Janet Gaynor to unsophisticated rôles, in which she excels.

"No Bed of Her Own," because it will present two of the screen's most interesting somebodies, possessed by Miriam Hopkins and Clark Gable.

"The Sign of the Cross," because it marks the return of the old Cecil B. DeMille—extravaganza, Roman bath, spectacle and all.

"Walking Down Broadway," because Eric von Stroheim directed it, which should be sufficient recommendation.

GARY COOPER told this story in the café:

"I have a friend who constantly moans about his inability to get a job, but instead of looking for one, he plays or sleeps all day long. He is like the darkey who reported, 'Ah done went fishin', boss, an' when I gits back, de wolf at mah do' is sleek an' fat. De onlies' way ah can figger, is dat Oppo'tunity come to knock at mah do' and de wolf et 'im!'"

R-K-O studios asked one hundred critics throughout the country to name the thirteen most glamorous women of screen history. The thirteen who received the most votes were:

Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Barbara La Marr, Ann Harding, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Clara Bow, Dolores Del Rio and Marie Dressler.

The critics did not adhere to the strict definition of the word *glamorous*, of course. It is difficult to discern why Janet Gaynor and Norma Shearer were not named, as long as the voters were permitted to broaden the meaning of *glamor*. Others who might have been given more votes are Alla Nazimova, Pola Negri and Betty Compson. Today they are not so prominent, but once they occupied the same pedestals on which the Garbos and Crawfords are now poised.

TWO interesting women appear in a film titled "Bill of Divorcement."

Billie Burke, screen actress some years ago and the widow of Flo Ziegfeld, is one. The other is Katherine Hepburn, who comes of a socially prominent New York family, and is said to be worth sixteen million dollars in her own name.

Miss Burke, at the height of her career, was one of the most beautiful women ever known to the stage or screen. She is still lovely. Miss Hepburn is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College. Bored with social duties, she decided to pursue a useful career, and chose motion pictures.

CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this new fascinating way

forget all about "matching
your skin" and select shades
to match your costume

BY PATRICIA GORDON

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin*. The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds*. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. It does what no other lip rouge has ever done; colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible, permanent. You'll love it!



WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same*. You couldn't use *other shades* for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who

has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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